California Ladies' Magazine

DECEMBER, 1903

10 Cents CALIFORNIA LADIES' PUBLISHING CO. $1.00 a year

What is the Matter? What is the Matter? What is the Matter?

WHY are so many of the young girls wearing neat

Rings,

Pins,

NecKchains,

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Etc.

WHO was so kind as to furnish these beautiful things?

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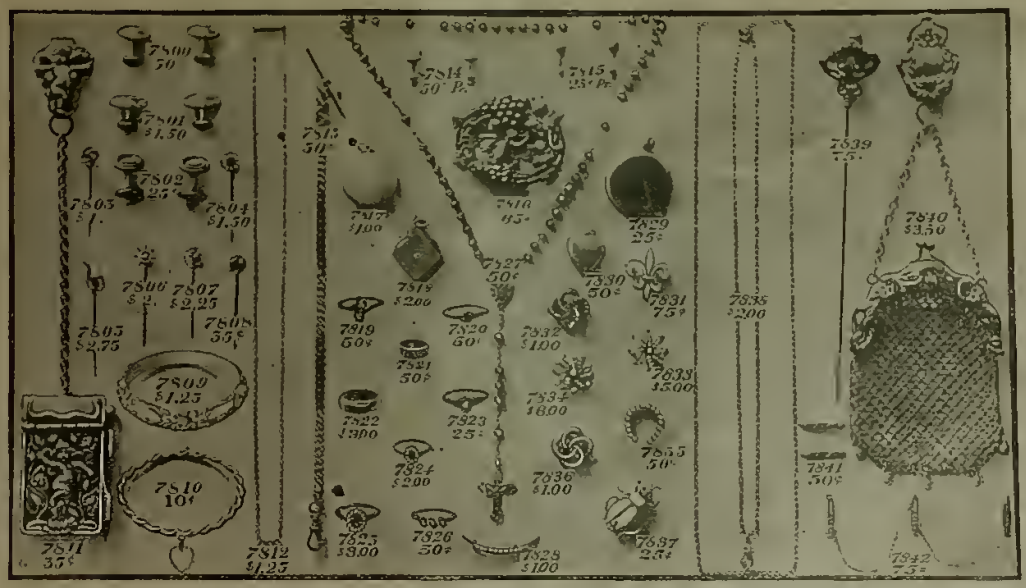

WHY are nearly all the young boys wearing

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Silver

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and

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If you wish to know how thousands of young girls and boys were so successful as to get these presents, write to the Mail Order Department of HALE BROS.

HALE BROS., Inc. of San Francisco, Cal.

The Greatest Department Store on the Pacific Coast is Sending Them all These Presents Free of Charge.

PIANO FREE

The California Ladies' Magazine will give a beautiful No. 18 Kimball piano as a present to any individual, organization, fraternal order, church, club or other institution managed by women, on the Pacific Coast, for the largest number of subscribers in 1904. This piano is one of the finest instruments manufactured, and is worth $600. It is 7 1-3 octaves, has ivory keys three strings and agraffe with an elaborate case and hand-carved panels.

The contest is now open, and will close December 31, 1904.

This is a splendid chance to get a piano free. The successful contestant may get the prize for 100 subscribers, or even less. This is the best opportunity offered to any one on the Pacific Coast to get a fine piano free.

Subscription to the California Ladies' Magazine is one dollar a year, cash in advance, and subscriptions should be forwarded as soon as secured.

Announcements of the number of subscribers received from the leading contestants will be published each month. All subscriptions should be sent to the CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE, 906 Broadway, Oakland, California.

Literary Announcement for the Year 1904

The California Ladies' Magazine for 1904 will be a great improvement over that of the preceding year. Many new features will be introduced, including an Editorial page of current comment, a Literary Review, Storyette Department, etc.

Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, one of the most noted writers of the day, will begin in the January number a romance entitled "Bread and Hyacinths," which will be published in serial form. Mrs. Eyster combines a rare and beautiful personality with vigorous intellect and world-wide experience. She is peculiarly fitted to both charm and interest the thousands of readers of this magazine, who are in the least familiar with the literary world. Anything from her pen will be read with great interest.

With the January number Mrs. Sophie E. Gardiner will commence an interesting series on the subject of "What Men and Women Should Know Before They Enter the Matrimonial Life." This will run for twelve months. The same well-known writer will also contribute one page each month under the title of "Noted Women of the Day."

The first of a series of articles entitled "Peculiar Customs of Various Peoples," by J. M. Scanlon, will also appear in the January number, and be continued in February, March and April.

The California Ladies' Magazine will contain, during the year, over one hundred short stories by some of the best and most pleasing writers.

The Department of Cooking will occupy the usual space, as in 1903, and will be interesting to every house-wife.

Our Beauty Doctor will answer in each number all questions relating to that Department, which will be welcomed by the ladies.

The Children's Page will be very interesting.

We shall continue to publish contributions from talented juvenile writers. Prizes of $5 each will be awarded for the best short story, which should not contain more than four hundred words.

KIMBALL PIANO NUMBER 18.

Which will be given to the party who sends us the most subscribers in 1904.

The Household Department will prove entertaining to every lady in the land.

Our Fancy Work pages in 1903 were so attractive that they received many encomiums of praise, classing them as the best in any woman's publication in the United States. This Department will be more interesting in 1904.

There will be five pages of Fashions each month—one for girls and young ladies, one for boys and young men, and three pages of general interest to women. The illustrations will be from the brush of the best artists, and the fashions from Paris, London and Berlin, the leading centers of the world. These will be received three months in advance.

The California Ladies' Magazine in 1903 received favorable comments from many of the leading journals of the country, classing it as one of the best publications of the kind in the United States. We quote the following extracts:

"The best magazine in the world"
"It is superior to any other ladies' journal."
"A guide and an educator."
"The finest magazine for ladies."
"Handsomest magazine ever published in California."
"Most interesting magazine we have ever seen."
"The best magazine we have seen."
"It is a thoroughly up-to-date ladies' magazine."
"A sharp competitor to the Ladies' Home Journal."
"It should grace the reading table of every home."
"Most interesting magazine we have seen."
"The most creditable Coast publication."
"Educator true to his country."
"Leading light in literature world."

We shall not only keep the magazine up to the same standard of excellence, but improve all departments in 1904. The subscription price will remain the same—one dollar a year.

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CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE

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ON THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM — By Aloysius Paskulich

One evening, in the year 746 of Rome, on the 7th day before the kalends of January, which corresponded to our 25th of December, two Roman officers left Jerusalem, on horseback, by the Gate of Damascus, followed by an escort of soldiers and slaves.

One of them, advanced in years and free of speech, recalled, by the coarse vulgarity of his features, the type of Vitellius. An epicurean in doctrine and habit, he quoted his favorite poet, Horace, in season and out of season; his name was Mansius Quadratus. The other was barely 30 years of age; he responded only by monosyllables to the inexhaustible loquacity of his companion; his countenance was austere, his hair closely cut, of the Roman fashion, and his marked features were clearly defined against the pure sky of a beautiful Palestine evening. Taking no heed of the frivolous babble of Quadratus, he gazed pensively on the white solitudes which surrounded Jerusalem, like one following but in his mind the solution of some problem.

"Sooner or later, my fine Octavius," said the epicurean, "you will come to see that wisdom does not consist of dreaming of the future, but in enjoying the present; you cannot change the world; the world, my young friend, is older than you. I grieve to see you giving up your noble mind to vague dreams of a future, which disenchant you with the joys of the present, condemning your youth to the vain hopes of some intangible good. Alas! my Octavius, the world is going from bad to worse, believe me. One must accept it as it is, take one's share of pleasure as a wise guest, and not weary one's heart by expecting the return of the golden age."

A momentary silence followed this exhortation; nothing was heard save the regular tread of the two horses, the noise of the heavy swords as they struck against the saddles, and the hurrying steps of the escort.

"But," resumed the irresponsible Quadratus, "may one at least know where you get hold of these ideas concerning the future of the world? Only answer me, Octavius, in case my question be not indiscreet, I respect the opinions of others, provided I be let alone in my own. To be frank with you, it is said that since your sojourn in Jerusalem, your mind has become infected, and that you have not proved quite proof against the superstitions of the people of Judea."

Before Octavius could answer, a slave broke away from the escort, and ran forward to the riders. Both of them, absorbed—one in his thoughts, the prattle— had swerved from the high road which led direct to Bethlehem. Warned of their mistake, they retraced their steps, and entered the ravines which descend to the foot of Mount Zion.

"Octavius," resumed the elder man, "let me entreat you to cast off this melancholy for which you have no excuse, neither in your circumstances, nor in the general state of the world under the divine and glorious Augustus. Look at the empire—look at the whole universe—happy at the feet of Caesar! Do not shut yourself out of the general joy, to brood over vain theories of which even yourself—"

"Quadratus," interrupted Octavius, "we begin to feel the evening freshness. Do you think we are still far from Bethlehem?"

"We are hardly half way," said Quadratus; "when we have passed the top of yonder hill, we shall see the light of the village. We shall arrive barely in time to take possession of our night quarters. There is but one inn at Bethlehem that I have heard of, and I know not how all our Jews are to find room there; for myself I cannot bear the shadow of one of the race within fifty feet of my room; I am not like a certain officer of my acquaintance, for whom the charms of Judaism—"

"Quadratus," said Octavius gravely, "as you persist in recurring to that subject, I had better put a stop to the joke."

"Now he is offended! No one can have a joke, even with the young people. Verily I believe that soon the world will not know how to laugh."

"What will you have Quadratus? There are unreasonable souls, who console themselves for everything with Falernian wine. I am not a Jew, as you intimate, nor am I tempted to become one. I am a Roman, like yourself, free from superstition, and not overtroubled, it seems to me, with scruples. I have, on the contrary, tasted of everything, and found

all things vain; I am dying of weariness, in the midst of pleasures; I envy you your light-hearted happiness, and wish I had the secret of it. The pleasures of this world only wake in my heart a hunger and thirst which they are powerless to assuage. I would fain go to sleep like you, in the enjoyment of them, and forget the world and myself; but some vague, infinite longing comes to trouble my slumber and plunge me into endless dreams and desires. And so I wait, for whom, for what, I know not; I invoke Him who is to come and give the answer to this prophetic longing of my soul. Without this hope, I would not remain a day longer in this world."

"You are ill, my friend," answered Quadratus, kindly; "you have caught the malady of the age. By Hercules! I owe a grudge to the dreamers who have spoiled so many of my best companions. If I could get hold of your Plato, I would have him thrashed by Murena here. Would I not, Murena?"

"Yes, my lord," answered the slave, looking at the officer with a stupid laugh.

"And what may this new-fangled fantasy be, which you call the infinite. It has not even a name in our Roman tongue," resumed Quadratus. "What proves to you that man needs any better world than this?"

"You are really satisfied, then, with the good things which you can find in this world? Can you seriously mean that? Just think, old age will soon be here; infirmities and the evening of life are coming on, and then what pleasures remain to you? The remembrance of a few joys bought most— at the price of the sufferings of others; the feeling of an immense void in life; then death, and after that, nothing! Is this really to be the end of all things, that bright intellect, that loving heart whose goodness I have so often proved? I cannot believe it, Quadratus, I cannot believe that this wretched dream of a day holds the secret of man's destiny. I believe in a better solution of the problem; I believe that the human race will not continue forever in this darkness, should it be even needful for a God Himself to come to earth, and bring us the treasure of truth."

Quadratus burst into a loud laugh.

"Come, that is something like a solution! and the only thing that remains to be done is to break the bond of Prometheus, and to let him bring back the sacred fire among us!"

"Do not be so ready to laugh at the old fables of the philosophers," replied Octavius; "that one of the Prometheus always touched me."

"How green he is!" cried the epicurean; "all the same, it's a fine thing to be so young when all the world is so old!"

"You think the world so old, do you? I think it is very young; in fact, I believe it is only emerging from its infancy. I think it is on the eve of a moral awakening of both conscience and heart, when it will arise and go forth to its august destiny, guided by a Savior whose power shall be—like His love—infinite."

"And you believe in that Savior?"

"I believe in Him."

"And you await His coming?"

"I await it."

"You are more seriously ill than I thought, Octavius," said Quadratus, gravely.

At this moment, the little caravan left the narrow pass which runs at the foot of Mt. Zion, and, leaving the valley of Cedron, crossed the broad hilltops, from the heights of which the eye embraced a majestic view. To the north lay Jerusalem, reddening in the last rays of the sun; to the west rose the mountains of Judea; to the east, beyond the Dead Sea, the mountains of Arabia.

Quadratus turned to the escort, and ordered them to hurry on to Bethlehem, and see that fitting preparations were made for the arrival of himself and his companion.

The leader has no doubt guessed the mission on which they are bound. Augustus had issued orders for a general census of the empire, and the inhabitants of Palestine had been convoked for the census, to the principal cities our two officers had been sent from Jerusalem, to see that the commands of Caesar were duly carried out. They were to arrive in Beth-

APPARITION TO THE SHEPHERDS.

lehem that same evening, and commence their work on the following morning.

They had been riding on in silence for some time, when Quadratus said, "Octavius, I am thinking of our ill-luck in being exiled from Rome amongst these barbarians, whilst Augustus is closing the doors of the temple of Janus, and proclaiming in pomp the majesty of the Roman peace. The eyes of the whole universe are fixed on Rome, and here are we, sent to count up the population of these contemptible people of Bethlehem! By Hercules! it is too bad, and I swear that this shall be my last year of service in the East."

"The East!" echoed Octavius, mentally following the train of thought that name awoke and hardly hearing his friend's lamentation; "the East! If mysterious traditions are to be believed, the time has come when this old land of the rising sun is about to be endowed with a new and mysterious life. Mystic land, I love your palm trees, your austere solitude, better than the tumultuous glory of the Capital!"

"You do not answer me," observed Quadratus.

"What did you say?" said Octavius, absently.

"I said that we were entering the field of Rama," replied Quadratus, visibly piqued.

The caravan had indeed just arrived at the memorable field, where Rachel had wept for her children, refusing to be comforted because they were not. Night had spread her veil over the solitude of Rama, and the desolate plain looked more solemn than usual, as the Romans rode past the tomb of Rachel. The Jews of their escort were hurrying toward it, in order to press their lips to the sacred monument, when Quadratus called them back in a loud stern voice.

"Let no one leave the ranks!" he cried, imperiously; the first who does so, shall be put in irons for the night."

An old Jew muttered beneath his teeth some inarticulate words that might have been a curse.

"These Jews are a race of superstitious fools," said Quadratus. "Last week only I was obliged to establish order amongst them in the Temple, where they were kicking and struggling with their sheep and their oxen; can anyone conceive anything more absurd than the idea that one pleases the gods by slaughtering and burning animals on their altars?"

"I do not not agree with you," replied Octavius, coldly.

"Ah! then I give it up," said Quadratus. Presently, as if anxious to atone for the impatient exclamation, he said, good-humoredly: "How are we to set about our business in Bethlehem to-morrow? Apropos, what does Bethlehem mean? With the Jews, every name has a legend, and it amuses me sometimes to get them explained to me." Turning toward the escort, "Aram! come here; follow me," he cried; "tell us what the name of Bethlehem means. Prepare for some outrageous story," he whispered to Octavius.

The Jew left the ranks, and with bent form advanced to the side of Quadratus' horse, whose bridle he seized, not so much to lead the animal as to steady his tottering steps.

"Bethlehem means house of bread, my lord," he said; "the name is symbolical; our rabbis tell us that it signifies that one day Bethlehem will feed all the nations of the earth."

"Excellent! these beggars are astonishing with their pretensions of saving the world. Go on, old fellow."

"Bethlehem is also called Ephrata, which means the fruitful."

"I will wager," said Quadratus, "that she is called Ephrata, because she is to be the richest and most beneficent city in the universe, and is to pour forth her treasures to the very ends of the world?"

"It is even so, my lord," answered the Jew, gravely.

"By Hercules, behold me a rabbi!"

"Bethlehem," resumed the old Jew, "belongs to the tribe of Juda, and the ancients of the people call it the city of David."

"David, David," said Quadratus; "he was one of your kings, was he not?"

"He was, my lord."

"And this King David was born in Bethlehem?"

"Yes, my lord. Our rabbis see in the fact a sign that the true David will be born in Bethlehem, that is to say the King of the world, to whom all nations have been promised as an inheritance."

"Do you hear this, Octavius? They are amazing, these beggars. Speak low, old man! If Caesar were to hear you, he might be jealous of this King of Bethlehem. Go on," said Quadratus, laughing heartily; "and David, what was he doing in Bethlehem?"

"Before becoming the annointed of the Lord he kept flocks," replied the Jew; "this is typical, our rabbis say, of the great Shepherd who will unite men in one fold, and lead them from the desert of this world to the everlasting pastures."

ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS—By W. A. Bouguereau.

"Better and better!" cried Quadratus. "The King of Bethlehem is also to be King of Olympus! A little while ago he was dethroning Caesar; now let Jupiter look to his thunder!"

"Amen, it is so," continued Aram. "Other great men were born in this village: Abithan, Obed, Jesse, Booz. It was in these fields through which you have now passed, my lord, that Ruth gleaned the wheat left by the reapers. Our rabbis say that the harvest was the symbol of the life to come, in which all souls, to the very last, will be gathered together and appear before the face of Jehovah."

"Shall I be there with the rest?" asked Quadratus.

"Yes, my lord," answered Aram, solemnly.

Quadratus was highly diverted.

"And when is He to make His appearance, this David, this universal King, this Savior of the world? When will He be born in His palace of Bethlehem?"

"According to the calculation of the weeks of Daniel, His coming is near at hand."

"Near at hand! So much the better. I should be very glad to—Octavius, what is that moving in front of us, a little way ahead?"

"I see a man and a woman walking slowly; we will soon be up with them."

"How say you, Aram?" said Quadratus, in the same mocking tone; "suppose it were thy Messiah coming to take possession of His throne at Bethlehem?"

Old Aram started, stopped short and flashing at the Roman officer a look in which the ardor of the believer was mingled with the passion of the patriot. "Perhaps?" he murmured, and fled.

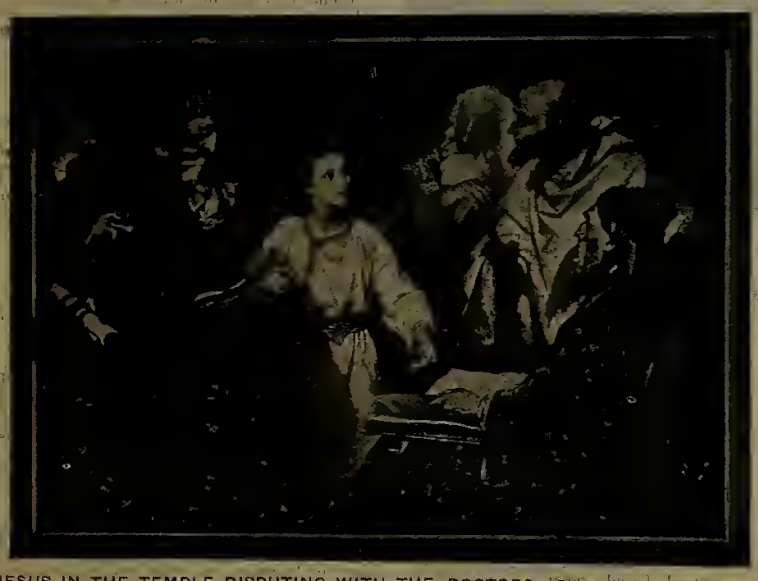
"You shall be crucified when we catch you!" shrieked the officer, but when the soldiers were about to pursue the runaway, he bade them be still, adding, contemptuously, that the old slave was an idiot, not worth his salt.

"Perhaps?" repeated Octavius, echoing the mysterious word of the Jew, and a strange trouble set the heart of the young man beating, and made his pulses throb. "Perhaps?"

The road was steep and narrow, and a few more steps brought the horses up with the wayfarers whom they had noticed a moment before.

"Old man," cried Quadratus, "who are you, and whither are you bound?"

The old man turned towards him, showing a countenance full of majestic sweetness; he bowed with



JESUS IN THE TEMPLE DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS—Painted by H. Hofman.

And it came to pass that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.—Luke II, 46, 47.

dignity, and answered in Hebrew. Quadratus did not understand.

"He tells me that his name is Joseph," said his companion, "and that he is going to obey the orders of Caesar."

"And your—what is her name?" continued Quadratus.

"My friend," said Octavius to Joseph, "what may be the name of her whom we take to be your daughter?"

The stranger again answered in Hebrew.

"She is his spouse, her name is Mary," said Octavius to Quadratus, "and she is in pain."

"Silence!" said Octavius, flashing an indignant glance at him.

The young man felt his heart strangely stirred within him; an emotion which he could not explain thrilled his soul and words rose to his lips, which some mysterious force compelled him to utter. He bent from his saddle toward the woman, who toiled on wearily, and speaking in low, reverent tone, "O thou who are called Mary; whomsoever thou art I know not; but an imperious instinct compels me to ask thee the secret of thy destiny! Daughter of the Jews, I have read the writings of thy prophets; they have troubled my spirit without satisfying it. If thou hast the secret of life which can put my soul at rest, in the name of Jehovah, speak!"

The maiden turned toward him, and lifted her veil; at the same moment a cloud parted, and the evening star threw its radiance upon her face. Who shall tell of the beauty of that vision? The virgin's brow was pale and illuminated by a seraphic light; she did not raise her eyes, but in a voice low, clear and sweet with divinest music, she answered:

"Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God."

The veil dropped, and the vision was gone, and from the beautiful hills which surrounded Bethlehem was heard an angelic voice: "My soul doth magnify the Lord. For He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden; for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call Me blessed."

When Octavius awoke from the dream into which the voice and the words had thrown him, he was in a room at the inn, his arms lay on the ground beside him, guarded by a sleeping slave. A lamp, suspended from the ceiling by a long chain, cast a weird and flickering light around. He sat down before a scroll of Virgil, the poet who so mysteriously foreshadows the birth of the Messiah and has furnished endless controversy to the schools. Octavius read, with swimming eyes, the poem which, to his troubled heart, now sounded like the inspired utterances of a Sybil.

A solemn stillness marked the midnight hour;
And strangers old in years, true shepherds still—
Watched o'er their countless flocks afar; whose dower
A range embracing every vale and hill.

Each increase to their flock they note with care;
And none succumb unknown to Time's rude hand;
Nor wayward Arab from its fold can 'ere
The watchful eyes escape that small band.

Yet still! amidst their flock there did appear,
A scintillating stranger, from whose rays
Come forth a heavenly voice whose words of cheer,
Did soothe the Magi in their deep amaze.

Glad tidings of great joy to you I bring;
Was carolled forth by heavenly hosts unseen;
For unto you is born this day a king!
Born to the world of pure but lowly Queen;

A King, uncrowned by earthly diadem;
A King encrowned by heaven's bright hallowed rays;
A King without a throne at Bethlehem;
A King unknown! He in a manger lays.

So onward come! He is the kingly light;
That unto grief a lasting peace will bring;
Though narrow be the road; the way is aright;
Aye! bright the road; it leadeth to the King.

This departure from Jerusalem, the bantering taunts of Quadratus, his own mysterious doubts and yearnings, the voices that called to him from the solitude of Palestine, his dreams, his hopes, seemed so strangely quickened by the interpretations of the old Jew—by that "perhaps," spoken in such a mingled tone of irony and exhaltation—then the meeting with those two solitary wayfarers, the woman statelier than a goddess, despite her lowly garb, and radiant with unearthly purity—the name of Mary, which sounded so mysteriously sweet—the supernatural light on her angelic countenance, the tones of her voice, so child-like and so strong, and solemn as an echo of eternity; the rapturous joy, to which they stirred his soul after years of skepticism and unrest; the vague sense of destiny fulfilled, and a sudden passionate desire for death; all these influences rushed with overmastering power on the young Roman, and, leaning on the table, he dropped his head into his hands, and remained lost in thought. Suddenly he started up, and stood listening; he stepped toward the terrace which commanded the surrounding country. The sky was flooded with light; the midnight silence was broken by sounds of unearthly melody that seemed to waft towards him words sweeter still—Pax hominibus bonae voluntatis!

The strong man trembled like a woman; was he the sport of an overwrought fancy? Had he gone mad. He could not tell. He did not ask. He felt that a change had come over him; that some unseen stroke had cast his soul asunder as the thunderbolt cleaves the rock where it falls. His faculties were new-born; his whole being was renovated. He no more doubted the reality of this transformation than he doubted the miraculous light that flooded the midnight heavens, or the divine truth of the message which had been delivered to him on the roadside when the virgin turned upon him that celestial gaze which had penetrated his inmost soul.

Octavius turned slowly from his terrace and returned to his room. He was a new man; his doubts were at rest; the long-sought treasure was found; he believed in God and the Savior whose coming was to redeem the world. The peace which was brought to him by the angelic heralds who announced it to all men of good will, that first Christmas eve, dwelt with him forevermore. Guided by the yearning of his soul, he made his way before many days to the cave where the King of Bethlehem lay enthroned in the manger, he worshipped Him, and heard once more the voice of the Virgin Mother which had stirred his soul to its first act of living faith. It was said that he received the order to command the massacre of the innocents, and refusing to obey it, died. The roll of Papyrus upon which he had been wont to record the incidents of his gay and brilliant life showed that the last page had been written on the evening of his entry into Bethlehem. He had traced on it these words in Hebrew: "Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God," and beneath them was written the name, Mary!

JESUS TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER.

When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son!—John xix. 26

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN.

American Women Who Have Married European Titles

BY FRANCES DE FOREST

Countess d'Aramon.
Countess Arthur.
Countess de Gabriac.
Countess de la Forest-Devonne.
Countess de Castellane.
Duchess de la Rouchefoucauld
Marchioness de Valori.
Baroness Leon de Brin.
Countess de Pourtales.
Countess de Diesbach de Belleroche.
Countess Paul von Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg.
Countess Adolph von Bruning.
Princess Salm-Salm.
Princess Serge Belosselsky.
Princess Engletcheff.
Countess Barthold von Hoyningen-Huene.
Countess Richard Grayhovski.
Princess Brancaccio.
Countess de Forresta.
Princess Colonna.
Princess Poniatowski.
Countess of Edla.
Duchess of Saxe-Cohurg.
Countess von Moltke.
Countess Belle Zecky.
Marichioness of Dufferin.
Duchess of Roxburg.
Lady Curzon.
Lady William Beresford.
Countess Lerefeld-Kaepping.
Baroness Von Horst.
Countess of Tankerville.

Twenty years ago it was a novelty for an American girl to marry a nobleman, but to-day such an occurrence awakens little interest.

It is not to be wondered at that these international marriages are so numerous, for when one considers that many of our American girls are now educated abroad, it seems but natural that they should marry men in whose society they have been so much more than in that of their own countrymen.

Most of the women who marry noblemen have wealth and beauty, which augmented by the gifts of rare brilliancy and intellect, make up a combination so tempting that the scions of noble houses can but feel proud to exchange their titles for so much that is charming and lovely.

Contrary to general report, most of these international marriages are love-matches, at least on the part of the American girls, for European noblemen have such courtliness of bearing, such grace of address, and show such defferential manner toward women, that they become at once ideals of romantic personality in the eyes of democratic American maidens, who are generally in love when they walk to the altar to receive their coronets.

There is, without question, a wonderful glamour about all that belongs to a title. It means power and position and admiration, and ever since the world began these have been among the things most eagerly sought, most ardently longed for; why, then, should some put to scorn the delight of the American girl in her title, and all that it carries with it? For, surely, none is better fitted to adorn a coronet than our countrywoman, with her cleverness and beauty and marvelous adaptibility to all circumstances; and with her charms she has done more to convince foreigners that we are not an uncouth people than anything else.

There have been more marriages contracted by American girls with English noblemen than with continental noblemen, yet without considering the

BARONESS VON HORST.

Anglo-American noblewomen, there is a brilliant array of transplanted Americans who belong to the continent of Europe.

There are more American noblewomen bearing French titles than any other, which can be accounted for by the fact that so many of our American girls are sent to France to be educated, or go there to visit in the American colony of Paris. They are frankly sought by the French noblemen, who are not always attracted by the large dot, but by the famous charm of the American girls themselves. They are sure to be entertained, and that is what Frenchmen want most.

It has been rumored that American wives of French noblemen are not received into the families of the Faubourg St. Germain, although their marriage entitles them to such an entree, but this is false, for the refined, gentle Americans are welcomed most cordially, and they bring new life and new ideas into the rather routine lives of these aristocratic homes, and they are treated exactly as if they had been born to the nobility.

The Countess d'Aramon was Miss Mary Fisher, the daughter of the late J. Fisher, Esq., of New York, and she was married in the late seventies to Count James d'Aramon, formerly an officer of the French army. The Count and Countess live in the rue Gillee in Paris, and are prominent in the society of the most exclusive nobility. The Countess is a very graceful and beautiful woman, and is famous for her rare taste in dress and her charm as a hostess.

The Countess de la Forest-Divonne was before her marriage Miss Florence Oudemied, a beauty and belle in Washington society, but since her marriage she has lived abroad, where she is a brilliant figure.

The Countess Arthur de Gabriac is one of the youngest and most beautiful of the American countesses of France. She was married in Paris in October, 1897, and embraced the Roman Catholic faith just prior to her marriage, receiving the Pope's blessing at the altar.

The Countess de Gabriac was Miss Fanny Fithian, the daughter of Judge J. Adams Fithian, of Santa Barbara, California, and the granddaughter of Mr. Richard Conolly, the City Comptroller of New York, and a member of the famous Tweed ring. She was born and educated in Paris, and all her tastes and manners are French; in fact, she speaks English with a decided accent.

This is not the first marriage to an American in the de Gabriac family, for the grandmother of the present Count is an American, formerly Miss Florence Phalen, of New York.

The Countess Boniface de Castellane is perhaps better known to the public than others who have made as brilliant marriages, as the vast fortune which she took with her to France caused her marriage to be much commented upon in both French and American journals.

The Countess was Miss Anna Gould, the daughter of the late Jay Gould, and she was married in New York at her brother's house on Fifth avenue in 1894. She went directly to Paris, and has never revisited her native land.

Her marriage has been a very happy one, and she has two handsome young sons, to whom she and the Count are devoted.

The Count is a deputy from Castellane, and has a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. He is a strikingly handsome man, very blond and aristocratic looking, and as he pays great attention to the elegance of his dress, he is a noticeable figure wherever he goes.

The Count and Countess have built themselves a palace in the avenue du Bois de Boulogne. It is copied after the palace of the Trianon at Versailles, and was built at the cost of many millions of francs. The Castellanes do not entertain largely, except in summer on board their yacht, in which they take long cruises.

The Duchess de la Rouchefoucauld was Miss Mattie Mitchell, of Portland, Oregon. She is the daughter of Senator Mitchell, and was for several seasons the most famous beauty of Washington. She met the Duke de la Rouchefoucauld on the Riviera one winter, and the marriage did not follow for several years, although the two were engaged. This marriage is known to have been a love-match, as Miss Mitchell had no fortune whatever to offer as a dot.

The Rouchefoucauld family is one of the oldest and proudest in France, and the American Duchess is an ornament to the society of the Faubourg St. Germain, to which she belongs.

The Marchioness de Valori was Miss ..ary Ledoux, the daughter of J. Ledoux, Esq., of New Orleans, the family being one of the prondest of French Huguenot descent in this country. Miss Ledoux was married in the late eighties to the Marquis, who was formerly an officer in the French army.

The Baroness Leon de Brin was Miss Anita Ledoux, of New Orleans, and a sister of the Marchioness de Valori. She was married in 1886, at Paris, and her husband is in the French diplomatic service.

The Baroness has a beautiful country seat, Chateau de Beau Soliel, Loire Inferieure.

The Countess de Pourtales was Miss Florence Drouillard, of Nashville, Tennessee, and she divides her time between Paris, the French watering-places and Nashville. The Count de Pourtales has lived nearly all his life in the United States, and for this reason the marriage does not seem at all like an international match.

The Countess de Diesbach de Belleroche was Miss Meta McCall, daughter of the late John McCall, Esq., of Philadelphia. She was married in September, 1871, at Geneva, to Count Alphonse de Diesbach de Belleroche, a member of the French diplomatic service.

The Count and Countess divide their time between Nice, where they have a beautiful residence befitting their rank, and Paris.

Of the German-American noblewomen, one of the most prominent is the Countess Paul von Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg. She was Miss Helen Moulton, the daughter of Charles Frederick Moulton, Esq.

She was married in Paris in 1863, to the Count von Hatzfeldt, who is and has been for many years the German Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

The Count and Countess were divorced in 1874, but were reconciled and remarried at Baden-Baden in 1889. They have three children, the Countess Helen, Count Paul and the Countess Marie.

The cousin of Count von Hatzfeldt, Prince Hatzfeldt, married an American woman also—Miss Huntington, the daughter of C. P. Huntington, Esq., of New York.

MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN.
(nee Flora Davis.)

COUNTESS LEON DE MOLTKE.
(nee Edith Garner.)

COUNTESS OF TANKERVILLE
(nee Lenora Van Marter.)

The Countess Adolph von Bruning is the most recently married of all the German-American noblewomen. The Countess was Mrs. Gordon Mackay, and was married in the early spring of last year at Washington. She was before her first marriage Miss Treat. The Count was a diplomat in the German service, and gave up his position in order to marry the beautiful American. The Count and Countess are now living in Berlin, where the beauty and charm of the accomplished American woman are greatly admired.

The Princess Salm-Salm has recently been visiting in America, after many years of absence. The Princess was an American girl, Miss Agnes Leclerq Joy, and married Prince Felix Salm-Salm in the early sixties at Washington. She has traveled the wide world over, and has been received at many courts. Her life has been one of adventure and romance, and her influence has been very great wherever she has been. At the time of the American civil war the Princess was a hospital nurse, and after the war she went to Mexico with her husband and became the ardent champion of Maximilian, doing all in her power to save him.

On May 14th of last year the princess presented the flags and guidons of the Eighth and Sixty-eighth New York Volunteers to these regiments, which were commanded by Prince Salm-Salm during the war of the rebellion. The flag of the Eighth regiment was presented to that body by the German women of New York. The presentation speech was made at the City Hall by Mr. August Belmont, on May 14, 1861, at which time Colonel Blenker was in command.

The flag of the Sixty-eighth was the gift of the State of New York.

The two flags and four guidons were taken to Germany by the Prince after the war.

It was through the efforts of the Princess that her husband was commissioned Colonel of the Eighth regiment, and she alone recruited the entire regiment known as the Sixty-eighth New York Volunteers. Both the regiments were composed mainly of German-Americans.

There have been many brilliant marriages of American girls with Russian noblemen, and these marriages have been notably happy ones.

Among the most brilliant of recent Russian-American marriages was that of the Prince Serge-Belosselsky-Belozersky and Miss Susie Whittier, of Boston, daughter of General Charles A. Whittier. The marriage took place in 1894, and the Princess has never revisited her native land.

COUNTESS SEREFELD-RAEFFRINY.
(nee Edith Louise Wyman.)

The prince belongs to one of the old-Horse to the Grand Duke Vladmir, who commands the army in and about St. Petersburg. The Prince and Princess have a superb palace on an island belonging to the Belosselsky family, about two miles from the center of St. Petersburg.

The Princess Engaletcheff was Miss Evelyn Partridge, of Chicago, famous as a belle and beauty in that city. She was married to the Prince in October her native city with her husband, who was at one last, in Chicago, and since that time has resided in time one of the Imperial Guards at St. Petersburg. The most of the Princess' life has been spent in Europe, and she is well fitted by education and natural gifts to be the wife of a Russian prince.

The Baroness Barthold von Hoyningen-Huene, of Russia, was Miss Emily Lothrop, daughter of George V. Lothrop, Esq., former United States Minister at St. Petersburg. She was married in 1888, at New York, and has since divided her time between the United States and Russia.

The Baron Hoyningen-Huene is Captain of the Chevalier Guards of the Empress of Russia.

The Countess Rechid Bey Czaykowski was Miss Edith Collins, of New York, the daughter of Clarence Lyman Collins, Esq., and the great-granddaughter of Commodore Vanderbilt. For a number of years Miss Collins was the ward of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, and she inherited a large fortune from her mother.

The Count Czakowski is the representative of the Turkish government at The Hague, and is of Polish descent.

One of the most beautiful American Princesses is the Princess Bancaccio, of Italy. She was Miss Elizabeth Hickson Field, of New York, the daughter of J. Hickson Field, Esq. She was married in Rome in 1879, to Don Salvator Brancaccio, Duke of Lustra and Prince of Triggiano, Marquis of Brancaccio, and a Spanish grandee of the first class. The Princess is Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Margherita of Italy.

The title of Prince of Brancaccio was created in 1391, and the residence of the noble pair is the superb Brancaccio palace at Rome.

The Countess di Forresta was Miss Skinner, of New York, and was married in that city to the Italian Count, who was then Charge d'Affaires for his government at Washington. He had been a prominent figure in society for a number of years at Washington and Bar Harbor, was afterwards transferred to Madrid, and is now the Italian representative at Munich. The Count and Countess have one son, to whom Dr. William A. Dunn, of Boston is godfather, the doctor having been best man to the Count at his wedding.

The Princess Colonna's marriage, although a brilliant one, was, as all the world knows, a most unhappy one. She was Miss Eva Julia Bryant, the daughter of Mrs. John W. Mackay, her first husband being Dr. Bryant.

The marriage took place in February, 1885, at Paris, with much pomp and ceremony, and for a while it seemed a most happy marriage, but the Prince and Princess are separated.

The Prince is a member of one of the proudest and oldest houses in Italy. He has many titles: Prince of Galatro, Prince of Paliggiano, Prince Colonna and Prince of Stigliano, a Spanish grandee of the first class, and an officer of the Italian cavalry.

The Princess now lives with her mother, Mrs. John W. Mackay, and the two children divide their time between mother and father.

The Princess Poniatowski was Miss Elizabeth Sperry, the daughter of one of the most prominent and wealthy men of Stockton, California. The Prince and Princess were married at Stockton and have since resided in San Francisco. The Princess has the full enjoyment of her title with all its honors and accessories, yet she lives in her own country, among her own people.

The Prince quickly adapted himself to American customs and manners, and is now established in an extensive mining business in San Francisco. He is an Italian, although his ancestors many generations ago were Poles, as his name plainly tells.

The Countess of Edla is the only American woman who ever married a king. Her husband, however, was not born to be king, but was made king-consort by his first wife, Donna Maria II da Gloria, Queen of Portugal. He was Prince Fernando of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and received his title of king in 1837; he was regent during the minority of his son, from 1853 to 1855. Don Fernando held in Portugal a position similar to that held in England by his first cousin, Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria.

The Countess of Edla was Miss Elsie Hensler, of Carver street, Boston, and was born of humble parents, who little dreamed that in the future their daughter's name would be written in the royal red book of Europe as that of the honored wife of a king.

Miss Hensler had a superb voice, which proved her fortune, and made one of the prettiest love stories of the century. By the kind efforts of friends she was sent to Europe to perfect her voice, and when she appeared in opera at Lisbon it was the opening night of the opera season, and the birthday of the King. All the royal family was present, and from the royal box the King saw and fell in love with the beautiful American singer, and made haste to honor her with an offer of his hand and heart.

The marriage took place in the royal chapel, June 10, 1869, and just previous to the wedding the King's brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, conferred upon Miss Hensler the title of Countess of Edla of Saxe-Coburg.

The marriage was one of ideal happiness from first to last. The King was a man of the most refined tastes in art and music and literature, and his wife was a woman of rare accomplishments, whose tastes followed his closely. They lived in the superb palace, Pena Castle, surrounded by an immense estate which was cultivated under the supervision of Don Fernando himself. Many trees and shrubs were imported from Massachusetts, the native State

LADY CURZON
(nee Daisy Leiter.)

of the Countess, and this was done at the express wish of the King.

The Countess might have been Queen of Spain, for in 1869 the crown of Spain was offered to Don Fernando by General Prim and General Serrano. But Don Fernando replied that he preferred his peaceful private life at Pena, and the Countess shrank from the duties of a queen.

Don Fernando died in December, 1885, and since that time the widowed Countess has lived in retirement at Cintra.

The Countess von Moltke-Huitfeldt was Miss Bonaparte, of Washington, the great-granddaughter of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, who was King of Westphalia. The Countess is, therefore, a great-grandniece of the great Napoleon. She was married at Washington in December, 1886, and went directly abroad, where the Count is attached to the Danish embassy at Paris.

The Countess Bela Zichy was formerly Mrs. Fernando Zyanga, nee Miss Mabel Wright, and she was married to the Austro-Hungarian nobleman in New York after obtaining a divorce in South Dakota from Mr. Yzanga, the brother of the Duchess of Manchester.

Well, old New York has quite outdone itself this time in what shall we call it—toadyism? A certain young lady, Miss Goelet, bought herself a costly toy for a million dollars—a titled young husband—and the women public wanted to see if he was worth the price paid, so they tore and scratched each other's dress and face in their eagerness to get a view of the bride's dress and the husband's face. The police found themselves powerless to hold the mob in check, and the poor little bride was frightened nearly out of her wits. What a sermon could be preached on fashionable weddings in general, and this one in particular!

To counteract this wholesale title buying the handsome young American must brush up, make himself so very attractive, so attentive, so kind, so entertaining, and, when he is married, become such a good husband, that the title "American" shall be worth more to any woman who wants a companion for life than any foreign title of Count or Duke in the world.

LADY WILLIAM BERESFORD
(Mrs. Hammersley, of New York.)

WHY WESTERN WOMEN ARE BEAUTIFUL

BY LILLIAN FERGUSON

TYPE OF THE WESTERN WOMAN.

Like Topsy, they have "just growed" that way ever since the great West became a cradle for new generations. And why have they "growed" into the lithe, radiant beauty that has become famous on two continents? The question may not be answered in a breath.

The close observer will tell you that he can recognize among a dozen representative women—by which is meant women who represent types of various localities—the one who hails from this side of the Rockies. This astuteness on his part is not a mere matter of guess work. The typical Western woman has characteristics that are unmistakable to eyes accustomed to them, and to the study of the most fascinating of subjects, woman's charm of face and figure. For the Western woman is a law unto herself; a being of distinct personality, yet a composite creature in whose fair person one may find a remarkable blending of charming attributes, the more attractive because of their combined strength. One cannot say of the Western woman who is beautiful—and when she is beautiful she is dangerously so—that she is a blonde, brunette, a demi-blonde. She may be any one of these three—or something else quite as effectually fitted for man's undoing. The result is the same. The coloring of eyes and hair, the tint of complexion, the cast of features, by none of these signs may the woman of the West be discovered in a crowd of other women. Yet nine out of every ten men who know and study "types" will single her out unhesitatingly.

Upon analysis of the subject, one can arrive at conclusions by a negative process. The Western beauty is discoverable more by what she is not than what she is.

To proceed, then, along this line of reasoning. She is never pale as to coloring. She is never spirituelle as to physique; nor staid, nor prim, nor placid, nor diffident, nor bold, nor timid, nor reserved is she. And upon one unfailing sign may the observer stake his reputation as a guesser—her vivacity, which is of a kind wholly Western, for, whatever else she may or may not be, this complex creature is never stupid.

If intellectuality alone be an element of fascination, the spectacled maid of Boston town would prove a victorious rival over the woman of the West. But she doesn't, for the reason that there are various kinds of intellectuality, and the one may be alluring where the other is not. The intellectuality of the Eastern girl is calm, deed, translucent as a lake on a summer's day. That of the Western girl is like a sparkling stream, shallow here in the sunlight, but yonder in the shadow circling unexpectedly into a restful pool which mirrors the fathomless depths of a clear, logical mind; a stream that leaps from waterfall heights and dashes on its wild, free way joyously, while the lake of the East lies motionless and impressive, with never a ripple on its surface.

And there you have it. You always know just where to find that dignified bit of Boston brains, but her Western prototype—ah, a merry dance sirs, will she lead you.

The girl of the East does exactly what is expected of her; the girl of the West delights in doing the unexpected.

Given these mental characteristics, it follows as the night the day that the woman of the West should have a temperament in keeping with them. And she has. She is impulsive, level-headed, vivacious, warm-hearted, generous, independent. She loves the life in the open air which the climate makes possible. She finds health in the woods, and becomes a Diana and athlete combined, losing not one whit of her femininity in so doing. That under such circumstances the daughters of the West should grow into beauty and grace is the most natural thing in the world.

A WESTERN WOMAN.

California, Oregon and Washington have types of womankind to be proud of. They are alike, yet different.

It would be absurd to say that all Western women are beautiful. The majority of them are entitled to praise for prettiness, and a surprisingly large percentage of them are undeniably beautiful. But they are something more than this. The ideal Western woman is gifted with common sense. She frequently has genius as well.

I can think of no one so thoroughly typical of this latter class as Blanche Bates, the clever actress who just now has New York at her feet. Miss Bates is beautiful, sensible, with rare mental endowment and irresistable charm, and a native daughter of the great, growing West.

There is an advantage on this side of the continent which women are sensible enough to avail themselves of—that is to say, women in general, and which is made possible by the much-vaunted amiability of the climate on this Pacific Coast.

This advantage which the Eastern women have not, is the opportunity to exercise in the open air every day in the year.

The gospel of pure air and muscular training as a combination for the betterment of health and the development of physical beauty, is as old as the California hills or the Catskill mountains. But it is a truth that should be preached again and again, for those who practice it are splendid examples of its beneficial effects. The California girl and her Oregon and Washington sisters are enthusiastic devotees of outdoor athletics. They ride and drive horses; they play golf, tennis, croquet; they row on lake, stream, and bay; they go yachting and swimming; they climb mountains and ride wheels; they hunt and fish, and at college they play basket ball.

And why should not the consequences be evident in strong muscles and finely moulded figures? Yet meet these girls of ours in a ball-room, and the contour of delicately rounded arms and throats reveal no trace of masculine ruggedness, nor does the firm white skin show so much as a hint of tan.

That is because they have accustomed themselves from childhood to cast breezes and warm fogs, summer and winter sun, and the dry air of the interior counties. They live and thrive on climate—with a hearty, unpoetic appetite for beefsteaks as well.

There is but one alternative left to the Eastern girl who should also be beautiful. It is to come west and live in the open as many hours of the day, as many days of the year, as are possible. She may not grow up with the climate, as our girls happily have done, but she can grow into the serene and beautiful old age in which, according to the opinion of some, women are seen at their loveliest and best.

Beautiful Western Women

MEN OF "49"

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

We have worked our claims,
We have spent our gold,
  Our barks are astrand on the bars;
We are battered and old,
Yet at night we behold,
  Outcroppings of gold in the stars.

When the rabbits play,
Where the quail all day,
  Pipe on on the Chaparal hill;
A few more days,
And the last of us lays,
  His pick aside, and all is still.

We are wreck and stray,
We are cast away,
  Poor battered old hulks and spars;
But we hope and pray,
On the Judgment Day,
  We shall strike it up in the stars.

Though battered and old,
Our hearts are bold,
  Yet oft do we repine;
For the days of old,
For the days of gold,
  For the days of Forty Nine.

JOAQUIN MILLER—Poet of the Sierras.

Words by JOAQUIN MILLER. "49" Music by LEILA FRANCE.

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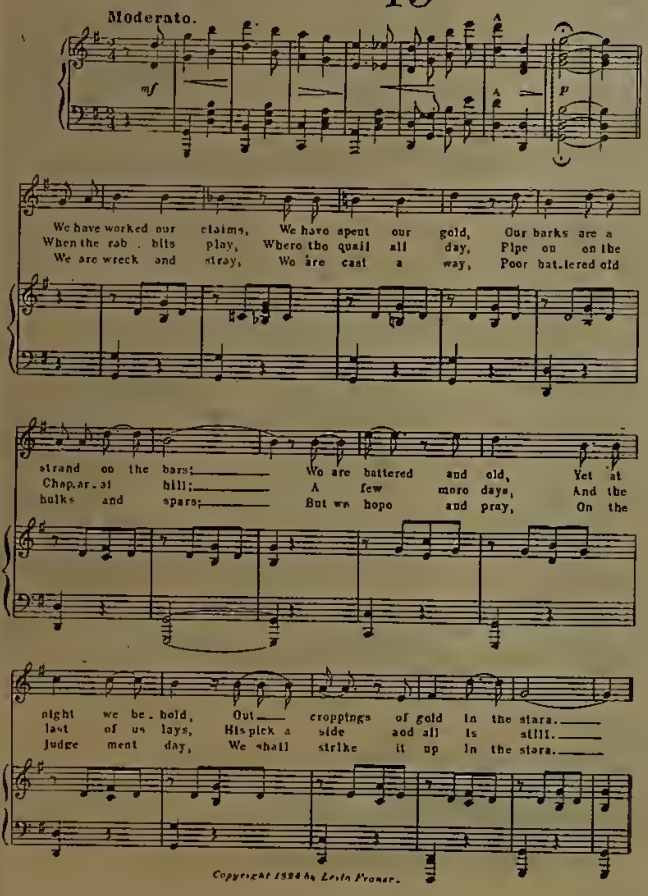

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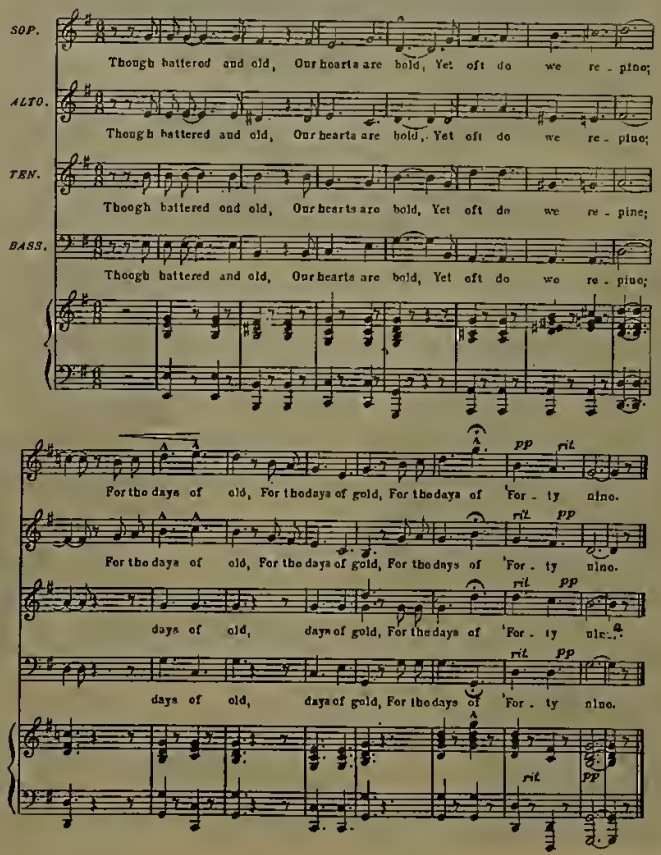


MISSION BELLS.

FAIR Mission bells, sweet Mission bells,
What wond'rous tale your soft voice tells,
Of pious women's noble stand
So long ago in far-off land.

Men gave the gold which they could spare,
Then noble woman gave her share—
Took off her brooches, rings, her gems—
Yes, melted up her diadems

To give her part to carry light
To heathen sunk in Godless night.
Then listen to the sweet-toned bells,
And learn the secrets that it tells.

The gold and silver all can hear,
It rings so rich, so loud and clear;
But hark! a tone tone that's richer far
Than tones of metal ever are.

O noble ladies of Castile,
Your pious offerings, earnest zeal,
Shall live once more—your Missions give,
And prove, indeed, your spirits live.

Then ring, sweet Carmel Mission bell,
For to a list'ning world you tell
That health and beauty here are free,
In lovely Carmel-by-the Sea.

—MARY CAMERON BENJAMIN.

I SEE a vision of the past that's vanished,
And voices hear that long, long since were still;
And dusky faces that Old Time has banished
Once more these hoary piles do throng and fill.

This tent of skies above me bends in glory,
The old past halts to close its pond'rous gates,
And o'er its page of yet unwritten story
The smiling future holds her pen and waits.

Waits till the silent air awakes to lesten
To glad Te Deums from the tree-tops flung,
Where in the morning sunshine gleam and glisten
The Mission bells amid the oak boughs swung.

There swing they still, the Mission wall uplifted,
Beneath tiled roof, in stately beauty stand;
Bells of the past! whose music slowly drifted
Above the altars of this heathen land.

'Twas then the clanging doors of Superstition
Swung to, and waiting Progress seized the key,
And dawned the morning of Hope's glad fruition,
Whose fulness lay in the bright Yet-to-be.

O Mission walls! how sacred is your story!
O blessed milestones on the weary way
From the dark night of savage superstition
To the full light that crowns our land to-day!

The past, enfolding with its deeds of valor,
A Mecca for the pilgrim's weary feet,
A shrine the story of the cross shall hallow,
Where we with reverent voice the past may greet.

—MRS. ELIZA A. OTIS.

THE ANGELUS.

BY BRET HARTE.

BELLS of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance.

Borne on the swell of your long wave receding,
I touth the father past,—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The White Presidio,
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portola's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward slowly drifting,
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old,—
O tinkling bells! that lulled the twilight music,
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness,—
Break, falter, and are still!
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill.

GRANDFATHER AND LITTLE EVA

BY MME. CHURCHILL

One fine day, a little before the Nativity, little Eva asked her grandfather: "What is the meaning of Christmas?" The old man took the little girl on his lap, and in a loving tone said:

"The day draws nigh when the Messiah is to appear in His humanity before the eyes of men, whose only hope of redemption is through Him. At this time, an edict went forth ordaining that a census should be taken of all the subjects of the Roman empire, in the execution of which the Jews were directed to have their names enrolled in their respective cities. Joseph and Mary, being of the family of David, were obliged to go to Bethlehem, the city of David. They received this order as coming from God, the source of all authority, and admire the wisdom of His Providence which brings all things to the execution of His designs, and makes the census ordered by Augustus serve the purpose of fulfilling the prophecy of Micheas: 'And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, are a little one among the thousands of Judea; out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel.'

"Let us contemplate them journeying towards Judea. The distance is great; they are poor; the season is inclement; what have they not to suffer? But nothing can, for a moment, disturb the peace, the courage, the patience, the resignation of their souls. Perfect imitators of God who is coming into this world to toil and to suffer, they not only accept their trials without a murmur, but they regard them as favors, and from hearts submissive and fervent they offer up to Heaven only hymns of thanksgiving and praise.

"'How beautiful upon the mountains,' exclaimed the prophet, 'are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, and that preacheth peace.'

"How much more beautiful are yours, O Holy Virgin, who brings us not only good tidings of salvation, but the Savior Himself—Him who alone can pacify all things, and shall take the title of 'Prince of Peace.' O blessed woman, we lovingly kiss the traces of thy footsteps, while begging thee to remember us with thy Divine Son, so that he may truly be both our peace and our salvation.

At length Mary and Joseph arrive at Bethlehem. They enter into that city of their illustrous ancestors, where, doubtless, many of their relatives and acquaintances still reside. They, therefore, hope they will meet with hospitality, and be supplied with such necessaries as their fatigue and their destitute condition require. But, alas! they meet only refusals; all the doors at which they knock are closed against them—"there is no room in the inn." "O God!" exclaims St. Francis de Sales, in contemplating this picture, "what contempt does the world exhibit to persons the most heavenly and holy."

Mary and Joseph, not being able to find shelter in Bethlehem, repaired to a wretched cave which had been used as a stable, but which will be, henceforth, a consecrated spot infinitely more honorable than the tabernacle of Shiloh and the Temple of Solomon, for it is there He is to be given to the world in whom the Law and the Prophets terminate, and of whom the Temple and all symbolical religion were but the figures. The night had reached its middle course; a night dark and cold, typifying the night of ignorance, error and crime in which the human race was then plunged; but it was the long-looked-for hour in which the Sun of Justice was to appear in the horizon. Mary and Joseph are engaged in prayer, offering anew to God the desires of the just, who had never ceased to sigh for the coming of the Redeemer. On a sudden a celestial brightness encompasses them, and the Incarnate Word, leaving the virginal womb, like a ray of light passing through pure crystal, presents Himself as an infant before the eyes of His divine Mother and of His holy foster-father, Joseph.

Oh, what a moment was that when the Savior-God appeared in this world—He whom all the angels in heaven adore, and before whom Joseph, praising Him in the name of all men whom he represents, falls prostrate, and, as it were, annihilated!

But who can conceive what passes, at this happy moment, in the soul of Mary! Queen of angels and Mother of men, in the name of heaven and earth she adores the God who has made Himself her Son; and taking Him in her arms, she offers Him to the Eternal Father, and to the veneration of the angelic hosts.

O help virgin! O woman blessed among all women, your hands are the sacred altar on which He who is the Victim of propitiation for the salvation of man offers Himself when entering into the world. You pass to your maternal bosom, you cover with kisses, you bathe with tears of love the new Isaac, the Son of Promise in whom all nations are blessed. Ah! who would not be transported with joy! "Mary," says St. Amadeus, "gazes upon the Word of Life with eyes sparkling with love; she warms with her breath Him who warms and inspires all; she supports Him who supports the universe, and in her arms He reposes who is the eternal repose of the elect."

"What do I behold!" exclaims St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, "a virgin covered with swaddling-clothes Him who clothes every creature; she lays in a manger Him who is seated above the Cherubim." "O Mary," adds St. Bernard, "rejoice, for you hold in your arms Him who is the splendor of heaven. Wrap the Infant-God in poor swaddling-clothes; lay Him in a manger, upon straw; those poor swaddling-clothes are our riches and are more precious than the most costly purple; that crib is more glorious than the throne of the most powerful monarch."

"O mystery most profound, most affecting, most sublime! What language can adequately express its greatness! What heart can rise, I will not say to the Infant Jesus, but to Mary, bending over the crib of the Adorable Emmanuel!" What transports of joy swell her bosom when contemplating in that humble crib—that abyss of humiliation—the Son of the Most High, the Eternal Word, the splendor and substantial likeness of the Father, become, through love for us, a suffering infant, on a bed of straw!

Yes, everything here is ineffable, and in and out utter inability to portray it we can only repeat the words of a holy bishop: "O Bethlehem! O stable! O crib! O Infant Jesus! O wonder of wonders, who can ever comprehend it? O Mary, what a night! what an hour for you was that in which you brought forth your God! My senses are confounded; at least, let my heart speak."

Mary and Joseph adore, love, praise, through the new-born Child the heavenly Father, with whom the Incarnate Word is our only Mediator; it is the whole human family that, in their persons praise God that the gates of heaven have again been opened by Him who came from God to redeem the world. Oh, what are their transports of gratitude! In what holy accents do they thank the Eternal Father for the gift He has bestowed upon the earth, being no other than God Himself! How ardently does Mary glorify and praise the Lord for having been "mindful of his mercy, and having fulfilled the promises made to Abraham and his posterity!"

Let us unite with this Divine Mother in adoring, praising and supplicating the new-born Jesus. By the light of faith, let us behold God, our Savior, in the Child given to us. Let us see in Him the Strong One, the Wonderful One, the Powerful, the Invincible, of whom the prophets have spoken, the Sovereign Lord of heaven and earth. Let us adore Him with fervor. Let us prostrate ourselves at the foot of His crib, and there consecrate to Him our heart and body, all we have and all we are. Let us rejoice at His birth. "A child is born to us," and that Child is the promised Messiah, is He who is the redemption and Eve. He is come into this valley of salvation of the unhappy children of tears to weep and to suffer, but it is that He may dry our tears, and change our sorrow into joy. In Him we find hope and peace. "His coming among us," says St. Anselm, "by dispelling the darkness of death and sin which hung over the world, has been the coming of great joy to all the faithful."

Let us glorify Mary as the Mother of our Blessed Savior. Let us pay to her the homage of our veneration, especially at that moment when we contemplate her holding the Divine Infant in her arms, or adoring Him in the manger. Let us congratulate her in accents of the most fervent piety, exclaiming with the Church: "O wonderful intercourse! The Creator of the human race, assuming a living body, has vouchsafed to be born of the Virgin. The root of Jesse has given forth its flower; the star of Jacob has risen; Mary has given birth to the Savior."

"Under *the* Mistletoe."

CORINE AND HER MARQUIS

BY MME BERTHA SPITZY

"EMILE!" SHE SHRIEKED AND FELL TO HER KNEES.

It was a rainy, cold, miserable morning in Paris; everybody was hurrying as fast as possible to get to their destination. Corine, a beautiful young girl, was to get her music lesson, but to her misfortune her music roll slipped from her hand and fell into the muddy street. A handsome young man picked it up and handed it to her; in doing so he glanced at her beautiful face and fell desperately in love at first sight. She thanked him confusedly.

From that time she saw the young man often, but always accidentally, as she thought. Gradually they became better acquainted, first bowing, then speaking; and soon he accompanied her to her music lessons.

Cora was only sixteen, an innocent child. She was an orphan, and had come to that big but wicked Paris to finish her musical education.

For the first time in her life she felt something in her soul when she met the young man which she could not understand, but soon found out that it was love, yes, "first love."

The young man was only twenty, the son of the very rich and proud Marquis de Rieviere, but although a nobleman, he loved this beautiful poor girl with his whole heart, and wished to make her his dear little wife. He knew that his father would never consent to have him marry one so much beneath him, but his love was so ardent that he felt without Corine the world had no value. He proposed a secret marriage, and told her that as he was not of age his father would never give his consent, but as he was the only son, later on he hoped to get his father's forgiveness.

So they were quietly married and lived in the clouuds of happiness and love, he always telling her he hoped that soon she would be known as the beautiful Marquise de Rieviere.

But soon these rosy clouds of love and happiness turned to dark and gloomy ones for poor Corine. The old Marquis found out the secret of his son's love afair, then questioned him, and the young man confessed everything. The proud aristocrat raised himself haughtily, saying:

"The marriage is illegal, as you, my son, are not of age. At once the young Marquis was taken by two lackeys and put into a dark room of his castle until his embarkment, for his father had decided to send him on a long sea voyage in the hope that he would forget his youthful love.

Poor Corine! She waited days and days, but her husband did not return. She was crazed with grief and worry, not knowing what had happened to her beloved Emile. She could not stand it any longer, so she went to the palace of her husband's father, but the old Marquis received her with such freezing coolness and haughtiness that she began to tremble. She threw herself at his feet, asking for her husband.

"Husband?" the Marquis exclaimed. "Who do you mean?"

"O, Emile, my Emile," she cried.

"How dare you call the Marquis de Rieviere your husband; he is not your husband, as his father's consent was not given. Go, go, and forget my son, and never seek him again."

Gentle Corine was heartbroken at his cruel words, and staggered away to end her troubles in the dark river, but on the bank she paused, as she remembered that it was not only suicide, but murder, and she had to live.

. . . . . .

Months passed before Emile returned from his long voyage. But as he was as much as ever in love with his wife, his father forbade him to see her again.

He plead with pathetic eloquence to be allowed to acknowledge her as his Marquilese. But the Marquis was inexorable and denounced his marriage as illegal, saying:

"You have no wife; that wretched girl, so much beneath you, shall never be called my daughter; she, with her low birth and poverty, would disgrace our proud name."

Day after day the same scene was enacted, until poor Emil was weary of life. Then his father introduced him to the beautiful Countesse de Chartreaux. Dinners were arranged, balls given, everytbing was planned to throw them together. At last Emil yielded to his father's command to marry the rich, young and beautiful Countesse de Chartreaux.

The wedding was celebrated with great pomp at the bride's handsome palace. Princes, and the cream of Parisian aristocracy were present.

It was a bitter cold night. Corine, with her baby in her arms, stopped at a brilliantly lighted mansion. They were cold and hungry and penniless, so she was obliged to beg; a lackey opened wide the front door, and a pretty young lady on the arm of a handsome young man came down the marble steps and walked toward the carriage. Corine held out her hand to beg, but when the young man turned toward her, she screamed in a soffocated voice: "Emile! Emile!"

"Oh! a poor woman with a baby; let us give her something!" said the bride.

Emile hesitated, but at this moment the figure of his father appeared at the steps. With a commanding motion of his hand the Marquis told his son to go on with his bride to their wedding trip; he himself would attend to the poor woman. Emile dropped his head, took the arm of his young wife and entered the carriage.

His father returned and accosted Corine, saying, with rage in his voice greater interest in her case and gave her all the attention and comforts that money could procure.

For many weeks she lay between life and death, and when at last she opened her eyes in consciousness and in a low tone:

"Corine, if you cross the path of my son again, I will have you sent to an insane asylum. Here is money. Keep out of my sight," and he threw a purse at her feet and quickly rushed away.

Poor Corine left the purse where it fell and staggered away, with her baby crying piteously. She passed several beautiful palaces, but in a few moments she fell exhausted to the sidewalk. Many people passed this poor woman, but not one reached out their hand to help her until a carriage stopped and an old gentleman alighted. Seeing the woman with her baby in her arms lying on the cold street he gave orders to his servants to take mother and baby into his house. The housekeeper (unebome femme) had been thirty years in his service, and what her master did was always right in her eyes, so she fed the poor creature and then put her in a warm bed in one of the beautiful rooms of the palace. But Corine was in high fever and was delirious. A doctor was called, who said she was very ill—in fact her life was in danger. The old Count himself came to see the poor beggar. As he entered the room he heard her call in her delirium her traitor's name, and call upon God to avenge her wrongs. The count was astonished to see she had such a refined, beautiful face, so he took still saw her princely surroundings, she thought it was all a beautiful dream. In a feeble voice she asked the nurse who constantly attended her where she was, and she replied:

"At the palace of the Count de Loraine."

Then poor Corine remembered everything and asked for dear baby. The nurse replied: "It is well taken care of in an adjoining room, so do not worry, but sleep."

Little by little her health began to improve, and she asked to see her benefactor. When she was able, she was lead to his apartments, and there she saw a gentleman about 60 years old, with a kind but aristocratic face. She wanted to thank him, but tears suffocated her voice, and she wept bitterly. At last she controlled herself and recounted the story of her life, and told that she was the wife of Marquis Emile de Rieviere, but the old Count corrected her, saying:

"No! my child; according to the law of France you are not the legitimate wife of Emile, as the law forbids a young aristocrat who is under age to marry without the consent of his father."

Poor Corine collapsed and cried, "O! I am accursed! My poor baby fatherless!"

The Count looked at her beautiful, innocent face, and noticed her refined manners, and as he was a widower and alone, he felt that although almost 60 years of age, his heart still beat warmly, and that he loved this lovely young mother, and would make her his wife, and give the child a name.

Corine, who learned to love the Count for his goodness to her, consented and they were quietly married and went on a long wedding journey.

. . . . . .

Twenty years have passed since Corine married the Count, and Nathalie, her baby, has grown to be a very beautiful young lady, supposed to be the daughter of the Count and Countess de Loraine. All Paris was raving over the beautiful Nathalie de Loraine, and young aristocrats were at her feet suing for her hand, but the most ardent admirer was the only son of the Marquis de Rieviere, Armand de Rieviere. Although a year younger than Natbalie he was madly in love, and told his father he should ask the Countess de Loraine for her daughter's hand in marriage. His father explained that he was too young to marry yet, but Armand would not listen, and said if Nathalie could not be his wife he did not care to live.

To please his only son, whom he adored, the Marquis called on the Countess. The lackey presented his card. Corine read, "Les Marquis de Rieviere." A trembling came over her whole body. She almost fainted, and said to herself, "What does the traitor want?" But soon she recovered from her emotion, and received the Marquis, but very haughtily.

He did not recognize in this queenly woman the starving beggar. He explained his visit. The Countess in a few words refused, saying that her daughter could never be the wife of the Marquis de Rieviere. He begged for his son's sake, saying that the very life of his child depended on her, still she refused.

The Marquis left the Countess disappointed and humiliated, for he had thought any mother would be proud to ally herself with his family. Armand anxiously awaited his father, but seeing him enter with drooping head his heart sank, and when his father told him the Countess absolutely refused him her daughter's hand he turned pale and without a word retired to his apartments.

From that day Armand began to droop and become melancholy; he soon showed signs of sleepless nights, and became thin and pale. The doctor was consulted, and he said Armand was suffering with a broken heart, and nothing could be done for him.

The Marquis in his desperation went once more to the Countess. He fell on his knees and begged her to give her consent, to save his only child from dying.

"No, he is not your only child; you have a daughter," said the Countess.

"You are mistaken," the Marquis replied.

"Come and look at me! Don't you remember the starving woman with a crying baby in her arms whom you deserted for a rich and noble bride. Traitor!"

"Oh!" he cried. "Corine, beloved Corine. I did not desert you; I was taken away from you by force; my father sent me out on the wild ocean to forget you. Forgive, forgive me! I am not a traitor!" He kissed the hem of her dress, and hurried away, crying: "My poor son! he is lost!"

Coming back to bis home, he entered his own room. Going to his writing desk he began his confession to his son, telling him that Nathalie was his own sister. When it was finished he took his revolver in his hand, intending to end his life. At this moment his son entered. He glanced at the writing, then at his father holding the revolver. He begged for an explanation. His father handed him the confession. Armand read it with a trembling voice, then cried "Fath r!" and rushed from the room. Meeting his valet, he told him he was going hunting; to get the rifle and his dog, but he did not need h'm. So he left the house, ostensibly for that pleasure.

The evening advanced, but Armand did not return. His father, in an agony of fear, sent his servants to search the woods, for be felt that something dreadful had happened to his son.

At last at midnight a procession was seen in the ghostly moonlight, carrying something on a stretcher. It advanced to the castle. The Marquis met it at the gate, and found that his worst fears were realized. His loved son's body was on that stretcher. He had accidentally shot himself, they told the Marquis, but was still alive. He was carried to his room, and the Marquis knelt by his side, weeping bitterly. He cried—

"My son! my son! Can you forgive me?"

But only a faint "Nathalie, Nathalie!" came from Armand's lips; then with a sigh he turned his head away and expired.

Paris was excited over the tragedy, for a double funeral procession came from the castle of the Marquis de Rieviere—father and son were both dead—the last of the proud name de Rieviere. The Countesse de Loraine, hearing of the terrible tragedy, folded her hands in prayer. "My God! forgive me. I was praying for revenge, and I am terribly answered," she cried.

Her daughter never knew the real cause of this tragedy, as she never was told the secret of her birth, and her life was free from the sorrow that would have been hers had she known that the young Marquis Armand, who had so loved her, was her own brother.

An Ink Eraser Belonging to Abraham Lincoln's Assassin

Alice Kingsbury Cooley

ALICE KINGSBURY COOLEY
Playing "Fanchion."

Yes, that ink eraser belonged to John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated the great and good Lincoln; he gave it to John McCullough, who presented it to me. That was years ago when we were all young, and life was full of the flush of youth and joy and ambition, when to attain was to work, work hard, yet there was pleasure in that work, as there ever is if our hearts are in it, and an object is in view.

Poor Booth—for was he not to be pitied as well as condemned?—was a genius. I saw him but once, and that was as "Rafael" in "The Marble Heart," a beautiful play, but never a financial success. It seems so strange that a play should oe beautiful, interesting, and finely presented, yet never a money drawer, only an "artistic" success, which really means a genteel "failure." Yet Wilkes Booth impersonated the hero so perfectly that you felt the thrills running up and down your back at his despair.

He was a romantic gentle being, to whom real life was only another stage, but he did not dream that he would exact on that stage the most terrible tragedy of the century.

Many years ago at Louisville, Kentucky, after I had completed a "star" engagement there, the manager asked me to continue for a few nights until Mr. Booth recovered, as he was "under the weather." Genius is ever eccentric, you know. That was before the war, and dear Louisville treated those she liked to perfect avalanches of flowers, and so my bureau was like an altar. I shall never forget dear Louisville. Yes, John McCullough, too, was liked by nearly everybody; "Genial John," they called him. He was quite a pet of the great Edwin Forrest, and supported him in his San Francisco engagement, where the tickets for the first night were auctioned off, number 1 bringing several hundred dollars.

Ah, those were fine days for the drama, when flowers, little silver bricks, gloves, etc., were thrown on the stage. Did ever I get a little brick?

O, yes; quite a large one, made from the tailings of some of the mines in the Comstock lode. It was thrown to me in Virginia City, but if it had hit me, this, perhaps, would not have been written.

* * *

And Harry Langdon, too, with his snow white locks. In those old days he was handsome Harry with his raven hair and flashing black eyes.

Once I played "Albert" to his "William Tell," I had to shoot at a mark with bow and arrow. They were particular in those days about rehearsing with properties; so I did not see my implements until the moment for using them. I had a notion, I suppose I got it from reading about the "boomerang," that an arrow was to be shot feather end first, and that it mysteriously turned around to hit the mark, so I was pulling with all my might at the string when "Tell" entered—he had a grand speech about his boy being such a fine marksman, when he started aghast at seeing this "boy" trying to shoot an arrow point end backward; so he said in a loud whisper:

"Turn the arrow."

"Eh?" I asked in surprise.

"Turn the arrow the other way!" and his fine speech was knocked into pi.

But he wasn't angry, and only laughed at the green girl who knew so little about archery.

* * *

Once in Vicksburg, just before the war ended, I was playing "Juliet" during a "star" engagement, when the stage caught on fire. There is generally more of tragedy than comedy in a theater fire, but this time it was really funny. It happened this way: In the fifth act, "the receptacle where for many hundred years, all the bones of my buried ancestors lie packed," was a large box of an affair just large enough to hold "Juliet." It occupied R. C. of the stage, the rest was a moonlit garden, and we had a real moon, that is to say a lighted candle in a box was placed close up to a round transparent orb, left in the scene.

Well, the property boy did not calculate how long it took for lovers to die in each other's arms, or had put a penny dip instead of a large candle in the box, so when it burned down to the wood, it set the box on fire, and soon the scene was blazing up merrily. I was just embracing the poison-stricken Romeo, when I saw the fire and cried, "O look!" Romeo turned quickly. Mr. Templeton—the father of the gay little "Fay," also the proprietor of the theater, was playing the part—left his Juliet in a hurry and helped to beat out the fire. I stood my ground, and waited for him to come back and die; I was determined the people should get their money's worth—tickets were one dollar each—and not go away disappointed.

The "County Paris" was impersonated that night by a well nourished young lady. Hearing the noise as she was supposed to be lying dead, dead, dead, thrust through the heart by the sword of the desperate Romeo, she opened her eyes, raised her head and saw the fire, with a loud "O—O!" and a shriek, she ran from the stage screaming. Then the "quaint apothecary", who, having finished his part had been to his dressing room, and partly disrobed, shuffled on in his slippers, shaking in every limb, not knowing how much of a fire there was, advanced to the footlights and stuttered:

"T-t-here is no-n-no danger, ladies and gentlemen."

Now I had told them so before in a cool, dignified manner that had allayed their fears, so they only laughed at him. But soon the fire was out, and the burnt scene drawn off, showing the unique row of paint spots on the rear wall. It was a small theater and the painting was done on the stage. "Romeo" returned to his Juliet's arms and died decorously and according to custom. But as I crawled, after stabbing myself, to "kiss his lips lest haply some poison yet should hang on them," he said in a whisper, "For heaven's sake, don't touch my face!" It had been shot full of powder by accident the night before. I replied,

"I won't," and kissed him satisfactorily behind the ear.

Then the priest came on exclaiming, "Whose blood is this? Ah! the County Paris!" but no Paris was there, and no blood and the poor priest was in a quandary what to say or do, but the curtain soon came down amid the risibles of the audience, and so relieved him.

* * *

Once at the Elisler theater while I was still in my novitiate, I was assigned a serio-comic part, and rushing on the stage my heels slipped from under me, and I measured my little length flat upon the floor, to the intense delight of the audience. They enjoy getting more for their money than is on the bill. I picked myself up quickly in a very surprised condition, and joined in the good-natured laugh, but when I thought the dear people had smiled enough, I looked at them sternly, and I think they stopped. What made her run?

"Well, if people walked all over you, perhaps, you would run, too," she replied. "and perhaps I would, but I am not quite certain. I went behind the scenes for sympathy, but they were all laughing; then I was mad, and said Mr. Elisler was the only gentleman among them, for he had looked sad and had asked me if I was hurt.

"But he laughed worse than all of us;" one of the ladies cried, so I went to my dressing room pondering on the vanity of all things under the sun.

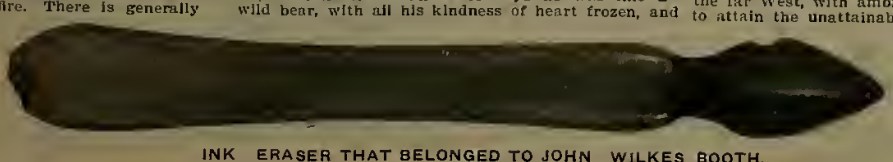
* * *

The great Forrest was not pleased with his reception here, so, not being in the best of health, he went to the springs and left his leading man, the "Genial John" to support the little Cricket in her star engagement.

"It was funny" he told me afterwards, "to have a little woman like you order me about and tell me what to do." You see "stars" rehearse their own pieces, and the company obeys directions.

John was a great favorite, and was often invited out to dinner—remember he was "Genial John."—Well one evening after a good time at the "Cliff," quite a resort in those days, John came on the stage as "Landry" in "Fanchion;" a chair stood in the middle of the stage, he made for that chair and clung to it during the whole scene. "Cricket" made all sorts of motions with her head and eyes, but no, he would not move, so you can imagine what became of the scene.

"It was my only salvation," he said when I scolded him about it. "The dinner was to blame." But he soon recovered himself and the play went fairly well. He used to tell a lot of anecdotes of Forrest, but as they have been in print before, I will only tell one, how no one dared approach the great man on the days in which he had to pay alimony to his divorced wife, Mrs. Sinclair. On those days he was like a wild bear, with all his kindness of heart frozen, and his smiles turned to frowns, and so it was until his death, I suppose. Yet he left a monument to his goodness, "The Forrest Home," in Philadelphia for old actors and actresses.



INK ERASER THAT BELONGED TO JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

ALICE KINGSBURY COOLEY.
(From a Recent Photo.)

Mrs. Sinclair was a handsome, talented actress, but they could not get along together, for genius is sometimes too exacting and hard to please. It is too bad, as it prevents a race of superior genius coming into the world, as it should from the marriage of such people.

* * *

A man of genius needs a congenial companion, but he generally marries quite the reverse. Look at some of the old writers, Rosseau, for instance, his wife was a virago whom he feared, so was Zantippe, the helpmate of the great philosopher Socrates; she was such a scold that she has given her name to all tongue-lashing wives.

A woman of genius also needs a suitable partner. Not one who constantly tells her that the kitchen and the wash tub and the raising of babies is woman's only sphere, and that poetry is foolishness, and art bosh.

It seems so queer that when the courting days, those happy times, that no one forgets are passing, that the characteristics and idiosyncrasies of each are not discovered by the other in time to prevent an unfortunate marriage, if qualities exist that are detrimental to peace and happiness.

* * *

What a galaxy of genius the stars of those days represented. There was Forrest; the Booths; whose father was so great in Richard III and Macbeth, in both of which plays, he had a broadsword fight—that he forgot he was anything but the crook-backed tyrant, or the remorseful murderer, and pursued his adversary with such realism, that he fled out of the back door of the stage, and out into the street, with Booth at his heels, who chased him until he was tired or his senses returned. I don't know what the audience did during the walt. There were also the Wallacks, and the gentle Davenport, one of the finest actors of those days, Adams, Southern, Murdock, Fechter, and a score of others.

* * *

There was Julia Dean and Charlotte Cushman, Eliza Logan, Mrs. Waller, and the eccentric, but great Matilda Heron, and Maggie Mitchell, too.

It was in Julia Dean's theater in Washington, during the performance of Our American Cousin that Wilkes Booth fired the fatal shot through a hole that he had in the partition of the private box that lost this nation its best beloved President, then jumping on the stage he shouted "Sic semper tyrannus!" as if he was still playing an imaginary hero. He thought to make a new nation, but he now lies in an unknown grave, unhonored and unsung.

* * *

And "Genial John," ah, the misery of it, died in a madhouse, and they peddle his pretended ravings at five cents a listening. Only the two "Crickets" are left of that happy time, one in the East, and one in the far West, with ambition still great, ever striving to attain the unattainable, with love for her fellow-beings still strong in her heart, and all the joy and fascination of life still throbbing in her veins, loving this beautiful world, and thinking all good of all peoples—and thanking the good God for her dear children and all her cherished friends.

Will the Earth be Destroyed in December as Prophesied

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER.

From the earliest ages of the world, fanatical alarmists have always taken advantage of any unusual disturbance or changes of the heavenly bodies, to make wild predictions of storms, disasters and fire, that will bring destruction to the earth and its inhabitants.

Lately many of these alarming stories have been afloat. The spots recently discovered upon the sun have given rise to some of them. For all over the civilized world, from the big observatory near London to our less pretentious one on Mount Hamilton, astronomers are watching with intense interest at present, that glittering orb. Upon its brilliant surface are to be seen several large blotches. This, though, should be no cause of alarm, as periodically they have made their appearance upon its disk, since Galileo first discovered, in 1611 similar spots on the sun. The ones seen now, according to the calculations of those learned ones, should have been visible many months ago.

Several theories have been advanced by scientists as to their cause and effect. But nothing seems definite, all is a matter of speculation.

CHABOT OBSERVATORY AT OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

Professor Burckhalter of the Chabot Observatory, giving his views on the subject recently, said:

"For the past few days I have observed these blotches and have watched their course with interest. Of course the presence of these spots on the sun's surface is nothing unusual, and in my opinion does not denote cause for any trouble in the form of storms on this earth. From present indications it is very probable that the spots will remain in evidence for but a very short time. There are four principal spots, the first and third being the most prominent; but a cluster of smaller ones surrounds these.

There is a certain magnetic connection between the spots on the sun and the earth, but I do not think that any electrical disturbances here will result. These spots appear periodically and yet with some uncertainty and according to past performances the ones which we observe today should have made their appearance more than a year ago. The spots today are near the western limb of the sun and will soon pass off the surface with a probability of their reappearing."

These temporary blemishes, then, on the face of our great luminary are nothing new and foretell no disaster to this earth of ours.

But now comes one Professor Necomb, who makes other most terrifying predictions. According to him, during our Christmas month of this year, some runaway star is going to burst into the sun, which will cause a fearful explosion and completely destroy this beautiful planet and its inhabitants.

We quote this gentleman's own words taken from an article published in a New York journal. He says:

"We all know that from the beginning of recorded history stars supposed to be new have from time to time blazed out in the heavens. The scientific men know that these stars were really not new. They were simply commonplace stars which through the action of some cause that no one has yet brought to light suddenly increased their heat and light thousands of times.

We have also known that dark bodies many times larger than the earth are flying through space like stars themselves. Now my theory is that if one of these objects chances to strike a star it bursts through its outer envelope and sets free the enormous fire pent up within, which bursts forth in all their fury.

Next December one of these objects is going to fall into our sun. Now I do not want to frighten you unnecessarily, but I think we may as well look this matter in the face. If my theory is correct the light and heat of the sun will be increased thousands of times. Should this result follow, can there be any doubt as to the consequences?' The whole surface of the earth will be exposed to a radiation as intense as that in the focus of a burning glass, which you all know will not only set fire to wood but melt iron and crumble stone. The flood of heat will destroy all the work of man and every living being that exists upon the earth. The polar regions alone will be exempt from radiation, because the sun will not be shining on them at the time of the collision. But they will be visited by such a flood of hot air that their fate can hardly be different from the rest of the world."

Also there was a man in Canada, a few years ago calling himself "Professor" Wiggins, who advertised a similar catastrophe, that (according to his theory) was to happen to our mundane sphere. He also fixed a date when, through some extraordinary workings in the starry firmament, we were to be swept out of existence.

A woman revivalist in Oakland, taking up his published ideas preached with wild enthusiasm on the subject. Of course she had followers, and working upon their feelings to such an extent, many abandoned their homes and took refuge upon the hills, there to be ready for the call to a higher existence.

But the appointed time passed and "our drear old earth" continued to revolve upon its axis in the same regular way that it had done for many centuries, held there by the wonderful law of gravitation, which the great Sir Isaac Newton discovered when he watched the apple fall from the tree down to the earth. Revolving it all in his mind he argued that some power or attraction drew it downwards. As the earth was round that attraction must be in the center of the earth. So there lay the center of gravity.

The problem of the universe was suddenly solved, a similar attraction of gravity drew and held the sun, and all the heavenly bodies in their place.

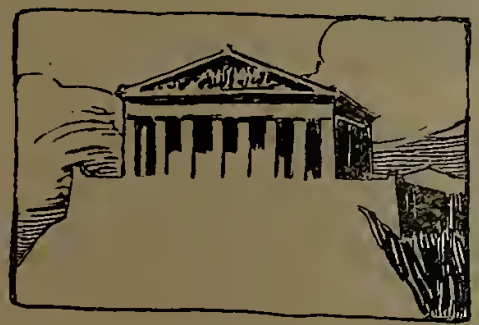
And these mysterious and destructive bodies that they tell us are whirling around through space, are no doubt held and controlled by the same wonderful but unfailing law of nature.

Truly has the poet said of this great man—

"Nature and nature's laws
Lay hid in night,
"Till God said, 'let Newton live,'
And all was light."

And so we can set at defiance all the doleful predictions of these would-be prophets and trust in scientific truths.

LICK OBSERVATORY AT MOUNT HAMILTON.



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THE GUERRILLERO

BY J. M. SCANLAND

Close by the old mission of San Luis Rey, in the gloomy solitude of a glen, lived the "Hermit of the Valley." After visiting the mission ruin, I called at his hut, and with true Spanish courtesy was invited to a seat on a rustic bench beneath the shade of a large willow tree. He was dressed in the costume of the past generation, and seemed to live in the past. I found him to be a man of gentle birth and good education, and it was with the keenest interest that I listened to the story of his life.

"My father," said he, "was Don Hernando Grijalva, a grandee of Spain, privileged to stand in the presence of the King without removing his hat. The King gave him all the lands of this valley, and he had hundreds of Indian slaves. I was his only son, and he named me Guerrillero, that our family might be preserved for generations. But this was not to be. I am the last of our race.

"We have lived on our casa on that hill—you can see the walls; the house was burned by Indians, consuming all that was dear to me in life—my wife, Ermine, and our darling babe.

"I must explain to you that gambling is a ruling passion with the Spaniard, and those who do not gamble are often ruined by their worthless relatives. With us, a relative may contract a debt, and draw a draft upon another. To refuse to pay, if one has the money, is a dishonor. My cousin, Jose Alvarado, was an inveterate gamester. During the fiesta at the pueblo of Los Angeles, he lost all he had, and drew drafts upon my father. One day Plo Coutts came to our ranch with a libranza for one thousand head of cattle won from my cousin, which was honored. Soon another, and another libranza, until cattle, horses, ranch and all we had was taken by Plo Coults. He permitted us to live in the casa until we could find another.

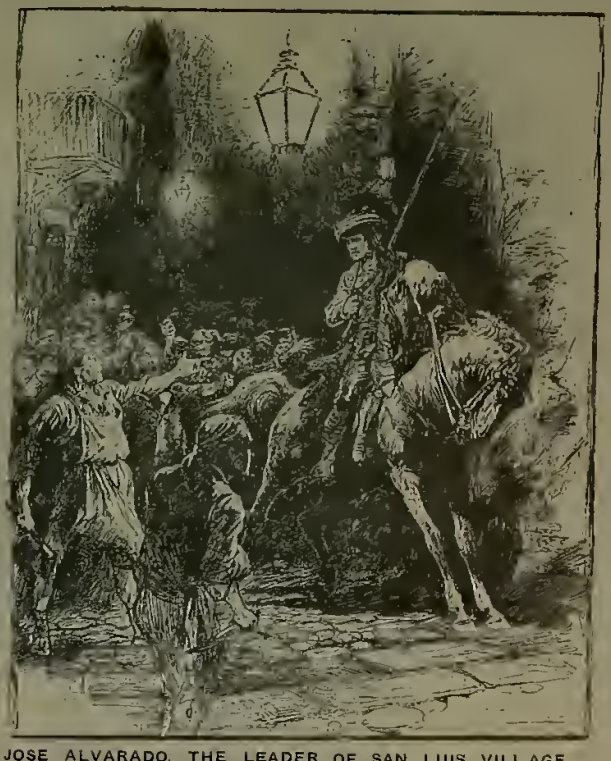
"One day a number of the rancheros, armed with lariats and lances, went out to the Indian village to capture more slaves. You can see the mound where the village stood before they burned it. They were peaceful Indians, and as they were not members of the church, we called them 'Gentiles.' The Spaniard does not like to work, and he made the Indian his slave. When more grain was planted, or more herdsmen were needed, the sons of the ranchero would go to the Indian village and capture more slaves. I knew it was wrong, but it was the custom. The Indians were caught with the lariat, as we lasso animals, and then flogged into submission. Jose Alvarado, my cousin, was the leader of the raid on the Indian village. Many Indians were captured, others were killed, and then the raiders burned the village. Those who escaped threatened to be revenged. Not long afterwards, the valley was alarmed one night with the yells of Indians, as they rode from ranch to ranch, burning houses, and killing the people as they ran out to escape the flames. Our ranch was plundered, and mother, father, darling Ermine and our sweet babe, were all murdered. I used my lance to the best advantage, but fell insensible from wounds.

"The kind senora to whose ranch I was aroused by the sweet chimes of the vesper bells, as they rang out over the peaceful valley of San Luis Rey.

"Let us go, senor, to the church. It is the hour for vespers and prayer."

A pathway, sheltered from the sun by overhanging boughs of graceful sycamores that lined the river bank, led us to the mission church of San Luis Rey, now magnificent in its ruins. The old building, surrounded by crumbling walls with ruined arches, presented a grand picture, even in its decay. Pedro, the aged guardian and official bell-ringer, was ringing out the chimes which summoned the faithful to their devotions, an office which he had performed for years, and which had descended to him from his father. The worshippers devoutly crossed themselves as they entered the church. Don Hernando leaned heavily upon my arm, and instead of entering motioned to the churchyard. Here the hermit released my arm, and uncovering his head, knelt where lay buried his soul's idols. His tearless eyes were fixed upon the little cross above the name Ermine, and his lips moved as if voicing a prayer.

I turned away. The moments passed slowly by. Still he remained at his devotions. There was something in his silence that aroused my fear, and approaching him suspiciously I found him asleep—that sleep that knows no waking.



JOSE ALVARADO, THE LEADER OF SAN LUIS VILLAGE.

EARLY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA, WHEN THE SPANIARDS WERE TAKING THE INDIANS INTO SLAVERY.

had been taken told me, when I had recovered consciousness, that I had been found among the ruins, and for some time it was believed that I could not recover. Gradually, the horrid scene would come before me, and then it would disappear as a dream faintly remembered. I asked for Ermine and our little son, but the merciful senora would tell me that she was at church, or visiting a sick neighbor, well knowing that it would drive me mad to learn the truth. Finally, when I became stronger, she told me what I had seen in my delirium—that the tragedy was a reality. We went to the churchyard, and by their graves I knelt and prayed. Then came a long interval of brain fever.

"Soon after my recovery, the kind and good senora was laid to rest in the mission churchyard by the side of her two children, who also had been killed by the Indians, and now I was left alone. For days I wandered along the banks of the river. I strolled down to the ocean, but its solitude was even more oppressive than were the groves by the stream. One cannot escape the impressions of a silence which is still as death. I went up on the mountain, and as I looked down I saw the charred remains of the walls of the Alma rancho. My mother had given it the name—Alma, the soul. I saw, in my grief, my beloved Ermine, and our babe. I asked myself where I should go to drown in oblivion the sorrow that was gnawing at my heart, tormenting it as the waves of the ocean may lash the hulk of a wrecked vessel.

"Something said to me: 'Here is the home of your people; there in the churchyard are those you love, and yonder is the hill upon which stood your home; they are sacred to you.'

"I built this hut, in this cool and delightful grove, and have lived here alone for nearly a quarter of a century. Each day I see the sun rise and sink behind the mountain. I see the same skies, and the stream runs by hurrying to the ocean. One day is like another, only that each succeeding one seems longer than the others, and every day, at vespers, I kneel and pray yonder. In this quarter of a century I have lived a thousand years of sorrow, and not one day of happiness."

The aged hermit bowed his head in grief, but his sorrow was too deep for tears. His eyes were sunken, his features contracted. As he sat motionless, muttering a prayer, his attention

& & &

Buying Christmas Presents

"Here's something cheap. Let's buy it," said the tall, angular woman.

"What for?" asked the jolly little one.

"Oh, for a Christmas present," answered the other.

"Who for?" queried No. 2.

"Oh, I don't know. It will come in handy for some one."

"Here" (to the clerk), "wrap me up two of these and hurry my change, please. How much? Seventeen cents? Oh, all right."

"My goodness!" ejaculated her jolly companion. "You don't mean to say you buy all your Christmas presents that way?"

"Pretty nearly—at least that's what I intend doing this year. I've taken lots of pains to buy things before, but from now on I'm going to go about things differently."

"Why, what has changed you?"

"Well, it's this way; I'm an old maid, you know, but I like pretty things awful well. I'm accounted well off, and so I am, but almost every year I have sought out the nicest, prettiest things I could find and sent them off to those I count my friends. And what did I get in return? Nothing, positively nothing. Now, the value of a things doesn't count one bit with me, but I do like people to be thoughtful, and when I get two or three marked down calendars and a general collection of stuff picked up to send at the last moment which is not of the least use to anybody, I rebel. So this year I am going to try to teach them a lesson."

CHRISTMAS IN DIFFERENT LANDS

BY JOHN A. MORRIS

Christmas comes but once a year, and it is observed as an occasion of general rejoicing in every civilized country.

In Germany the chief celebration is held on Christmas eve. This is the time the Christmas tree is lighted and the presents distributed. Many of the superstitions of the North German peasantry at this season of the year are of a curious character.

Old wives tell young maidens that if they are desirous of ascertaining the trades of their husbands they must, on Christmas night, listen near the large kettle walled in the stove. If the water in it makes a roaring noise, he will in all probability be a blacksmith. And there are various other tones of the boiling water by means of which other trades may be determined. Again, to find out what sort of weather it will be during the next year one must on Christmas eve take an onion, cut it through into twelve equal parts, put salt on each one and then place them in a row. The months corresponding to the cups in which the salt is, the following morning, if found wet, will be rainy.

The little Dutch boys and girls of the Netherlands go out and on Christmas eve collect the shoes of all the family, fill them with straw, oats or some sort of grain and place them in a row in the hall of the house. The grain is for the reindeer of Santa Claus. It always disappears before morning and the shoes are found filled with toys, candies, apples and oranges.

In France Christmas day itself is very little observed. From the middle of December the streets of Paris are lined with booths where every sort of toy and decoration are sold, but these are intended for the New Year's occasion, when the French exchange gifts and good wishes. On Christmas eve, there is midnight mass at the Madelaine, to which immense numbers flock. The high altar is profusely adorned with flowers, and the building decorated all over. The people enjoy the music, which is very fine, but the day possesses no deep significance for them. In some of the country districts, especially in Normandy and Brittany, more attention is paid to the celebration of Christmas. The parish churches hold especial services in honor of the birth of Christ.

In Italy the churches are illuminated with thousands of wax tapers. To bring the scene vividly before the mind of the reader the following description by a traveler and an eye-witness of one of the churches near Naples may not be out of place:

"The high altar was blazing with light. On the right lay the presepe (manger) and on the left stood erect a wax figure of the Madonna; while around that impersonation clustered the young country girls. A magnificent flaxen wig covered the head of Our Lady, and her china blue eyes stared straight ahead of her into vacancy. She was clothed in a splendid white satin dress, wore a jeweled necklace around her throat and had costly rings on her fingers. The presepe was on this occasion the great object of attention to all the worshippers. It had been expanded from the stall-like manger surrounded by figures—the Virgin, St. Joseph and the Shepherds—common to all Italian churches at Christmas, to a miniature Bethlehem, into which was crowded nearly every known animal. Trees and flowers bloomed all about, and even the star was not forgotten. This, painted in gorgeous colors, was attached at the end of a pole that protruded from what might have been the market-place of the city. The manger itself was empty, as the placing of the figure of the bambino (holy child) within it is a solemn ceremony reserved for the early hours of Christmas morning.

"The dress of the country people also awakens in the mind touching reflections; it is, I am assured, exactly the same as that of the Shepherds at the time of our Savior's birth, and dates back upward of two thousand years. It is a sort of smockfrock or tunic, drawn tight around the waist by a leathern thong, and a cloak over that. No shoes; people in general go barefoot."

But if there has been little change as regards material things in the place of our Lord's birth, the whole world has been changed otherwise. He said: "I have come to cast fire on the earth." That sacred fire is the love of God, and it burns brightly and spreads everywhere.

Bethlehem is one of the oldest towns of Palestine, and yet but little is known of its early history; we find it already in existence at the time of Jacob's return to the country, for it was near to it that he buried his beloved Rachel.

In Bethlehem, the cradle of Christmas and of Christianity, the people have a month of celebration; the birth of Christ being celebrated at three different times by the three predominant churches—the Latin, the Greek and the Armenian.

On the day before Christmas about one-fourth of the population of Jerusalem start out for Bethlehem, five miles away. Every available animal and vehicle is used, and a procession of Latin patriarchs, bishops, priests, monks and other church officials meets a similar one a short distance from Bethlehem; and joyful demonstrations, such as shouting, firing of guns and clapping of hands, occur. The roofs of the place are crowded with women and children singing songs of welcome and throwng upon the pilgrims flowers, green branches and sprays of rose water.

At the open square the Bethlehem priests, in long, flowing robes, bearing images and incense, slowly walk forward to prostrate themselves before the patriarch from Jerusalem, chanting sonorously.

Then the procession travels to the church, where a night service is held, and the monks and priests chant out with grand effect the "Gloria in Excelsis." Brilliant lights and beautiful flowers are used in profusion to adorn the altar.

The patriarch carries a wax doll, representing the Holy Babe. As the procession passes around the church the women lift up their little ones and cry: "Look! Look! There is Christ! Cross yourself!"

The Chapel of the Nativity, built on the spot where the cattle shed stood, and in which the Sacred Child was born, is a long crypt, paved with marble and draped with crimson and gold curtains. The church is the joint property of the Latins, Greeks and Armenians, and within a hollow recess underneath the altar fifteen lamps, two of which belong to the Greeks two to the Armenians and eleven to the Latins, burn constantly from one Easter eve to another. On that day the fire is extinguished and relighted by a flame supposed to come from the Holy Sepulchre.

Into the marble pavement a silver star descends, which shines brightly in the glass from the lamps, and around this star runs the inscription: "Hic de Virgine Maria, Jesus Christ, natus est." The pilgrims fall on their knees and fervently kiss the star. Then a short service is conducted, after which the patriarch proceeds to the Church of the Manger.

Here the wax doll is ceremoniously wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in the marble manger. Then the bells ring out: "Christ is born! Christ is born!" and the entire congregation, as well as the priests, exchange greetings.

It is almost morning when the service is finished, and many go to the Field of the Shepherds, where another service is held. The pilgrims from Jerusalem return to their homes and enjoy a feast, and a like service is held in Bethlehem.

The Greek church has a procession and service similar to this on January 6, our Epiphamy; and the Armenians hold their celebration later still. The Church of the Nativity, where all the services are held, is also known as the Church of St. Mary, and it is said to be the oldest church in the world.

In many respects Bethlehem is the same to-day as when our Lord was born. The people dress now as they did then, and many of their manners and customs are unchanged since the first Christmas long ago. Baron Geramb, a famous traveler, who became a monk of the austere Order of La Trappe, tells us, in one of his books describing a pilgrimage to Palestine, that he was particularly struck by the dress of the Bethlehemites. It reminded him of Jesus, Mary and Joseph; and of the Shepherds also, who were the first to adore the Savior of the world. Baron Geramb says:

"The women are dressed in precisely the same manner as the Blessed Virgin in the pictures which represent her, not only in the fashion of the garments, but the very colors are the same; a blue gown and a red cloak, or a red gown and a blue cloak, with a white veil over all. The first time that I chanced to see, at a distance, a woman of Bethlehem, carrying a little child in her arms, I could not help starting; me-thought I beheld Mary and the Infant Jesus coming toward me.

"On another occasion my emotion was not less lively. I perceived an old man, with white hair and white beard, driving an ass along the hill on which Bethlehem is situated; he was followed by a young woman, dressed in blue and red, and covered with a white veil. I was at Bethlehem.

"My imaginaton carried me back to the time of Augustus Caesar. In a moment it transformed those two persons into Joseph and Mary, coming, in obedience to the orders of the prince, to be taxed."

OF INTEREST TO EVERY MOTHER

BY OUR HOME DOCTOR

Happy children are almost invariably healthy children.

The boy who learns how to row is rarely the "fool who rocks the boat." The girl who knows how to swim is seldom a subject for rescuers.

Bathe the children in the morning if possible; if not, an hour before the evening meal. Never give a child a bath for at least an hour after eating, and never take a child outdoors immediately after its bath.

Do not allow an infant to turn round and round that it may enjoy the fun of being giddy. Not only headache, but fits, stupidity and even madness may be brought about by such practices.

It is well to realize that very rarely there are two children even in the same family similar in their physical equipments, and that therefore no "rule of thumb" method of rearing them is ever eminently successful.

* * *

A mother rises to make a plea for the baby. She says that baby's clothes are almost invariably too tight or else they are made to fit so snugly that in a few months the poor infant has outgrown them, yet is still thrust and pinned into them by the foolishly economical mother. Very often fretting and crying results from neckbands which are too tight or from armholes so narrow as to restrict free movement. All babies claim the right to kick and squirm as much and as often as they feel like it. This wise mother points out that a loose dress need not look slovenly. Neck and sleeve bands can be so arranged as to be adjustifiable. Beading through which narrow ribbon is run will accomplish this. If the sleeves are too long use two baby pins, of which you surely have a set in gold or silver, to hold them up. Time and strength and baby's good nature are all three saved by making the little dresses generous in proportion to the figure of their little wearer.

* * *

That children should be afflicted with headache is unnatural, and the cause should be investigated and the remedy applied at once, if parents would preserve the health and lives of their children.

One of the first causes of headache is too rapid growth. As a remedy keep the children from overwork and feed them with rapid-cooling foods and little meat.

Plenty of fresh air and outdoor life will neutralize any ill effects arising from too much intellectual activity.

Headaches frequently have a nervous origin, in which case the head should be kept cool by cold applications and the feet kept warm by hot baths; also massage the limbs and back and give tepid baths daily.

Indigestion is a fruitful cause of headache, and is most frequently the result of improper food or overeating. Regular hours and suitable diet is the remedy, and when Nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative give them a little Syrup of Figs, which

acts, gently, pleasantly and naturally, without irritating or nauseating, and cleanses the system effectively. In fact, Syrup of Figs is recognized as one of the best medicines to be given a child at regular intervals.

The lighting of a child's room is a very important matter especially from a sanitary standpoint and also from one of convenience. If gas is the illuminant, it should not be left lighted longer than is absolutely necessary. If a night light is required, then a little night lamp should be procured,, but even then it is a pity that more mothers do not train their children to become accustomed to sleeping in a room without a light. It is so much more healthful. Where lamps are in use we far too often see children squinting because the strong lamplight is directly in their faces. Their elders seldom stop to think of this from their superior heights. A light should never be placed so that its rays flare into a child's eyes. One of the most prevalent causes for poor eyesight in young children is this very negligence on the part of their elders to provide shaded lights in rooms where children are sitting or playing.

Every mother likes to see her baby with curly hair, and if it is not naturally so it can be made to grow so with very little care. The baby's hair should, of course, be washed and brushed every morning, but when the brushing is done do not leave the hair smooth, but with the tips of the fingers rub the hair in little circles from right to left all over the scalp. This twists the hair at the roots and produces the much desired curls.

The mother in dressing her little ones should always combine comfort with the thought of prettiness.

To relieve earache in children bind on a small bag of hops moistened with boiling water and keep it warm.

Let the children be able to run about, romp and play outdoors in cold weather, but do not take them for long slow walks.

Respect the little secrets of children. If they have concealment, worrying them will never make them tell, and patience will probably do its work.

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Selection of Different Articles which will be Appropriate for all Your Friends, Including Children

Christmas customs vary in different lands, and while in all Christian countries the children are given presents, the manner of distribution also varies. In this country the Christmas tree is a feature, and it is usually loaded with as many presents as it will bear—everything from a box of candy to a rocking horse or a suit of clothing. The American youth eats more candy than that of any other nationality.

Every child expects a present, and it requires a great deal of discrimination and taste on the part of the parents to buy presents most suitable to each child. The desire of many parents is also to make the gift serviceable, and the larger number must also buy economically, especially if they have large families.

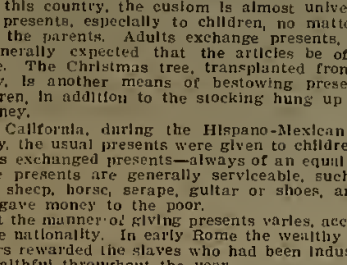
In this country, the custom is almost universal to give presents, especially to children, no matter how poor the parents. Adults exchange presents, and it is generally expected that the articles be of equal value. The Christmas tree, transplanted from Germany, is another means of bestowing presents to children, in addition to the stocking hung up in the chimney.

In California, during the Hispano-Mexican occupancy, the usual presents were given to children, and adults exchanged presents—always of an equal value. These presents are generally serviceable, such as a heef, sheep, horse, serape, guitar or shoes, and the rich gave money to the poor.

But the manner of giving presents varies, according to the nationality. In early Rome the wealthy slave-owners rewarded the slaves who had been industrious and faithful throughout the year.

In France, the Santa Claus comes with a convoy of angels, all carrying books and toys with which to fill the little shoes in the chimney.

In Alsace, Santa Claus is represented by a maiden dressed all in white, carrying a silver bell and a basket of sweetmeats. She then conducts the children to a brilliantly lighted Christmas tree, loaded



with presents of every description, with their names written upon each.

In Italy, children are given a box of candy made of honey and nuts; fruits are also given. Children sometimes accompany their parents, and select their own presents. This takes away the surprise at receiving a gift on Christmas morning. The principal feature of the holiday, however, is the Christmas dinner, which begins early and ends late. Everyone calls upon his employer, who is expected to make him a present. Children call upon their relations, the poor upon the rich, and the rich send their cards to the rich, all expecting a present in return. Even servants call upon those who have visited the house during the year, and are disappointed if they do not get a present.

In Spain, the custom of giving presents is similar, strangely a similar custom prevails in England.

In Belgium the children polish their shoes, fill them with hay, oats and carrots, or feed for Santa Claus' horse. Next morning the shoes are found filled with toys, sweetmeats, etc., and sometimes a switch is placed by the shoe of a bad child, as an object lesson. Sometimes wooden or china shoes, cups, saucers and baskets are placed by the children in the chimney as return gifts to Santa Claus.

In the Bohemian Netherlands Santa Claus, or Rampanz, is accompanied by three young men, disguised as the devil, he-goat and angel. They distribute toys, sweetmeats, etc., to the good, and the goat carries off the bad ones on his horns, so that they may be beaten by the devil with his rod.

In Russia they have a Christmas tree and distribute presents, but the special church services are held during Easter holidays and Ephhamy.

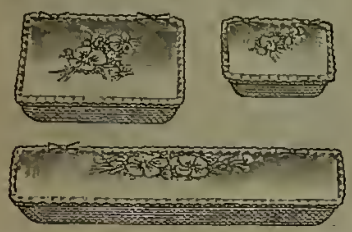
In the Tyrol naughty children do not get presents, but are kidnaped by Santa Claus, who carries them away in his basket.

In lower Austria the frightful Krampus comes in his clanking chains and devil's mask and distributes

gilded nuts, apples, gingerbread and toys. Bad boys fear him.

Throughout the Scandinavian countries, the cattle are given an extra allowance of feed, and a few handfuls of feed are thrown to the birds. In the rural districts the tables are left standing for all to eat who come. Cakes, toys, etc., are given to children.

In Sweden and Norway a box of articles on which is written the name of each guest, is thrown into the room by Santa Claus, who is hidden from view. To a young lady, fashionably dressed, a doll is given; a newly married couple are given a pair of cooing turtle doves. In the larger towns they also have a Christmas tree.



In northern Germany, in the rural districts, Santa Claus goes from house to house, and those children who know their prayers are given ginger bread, apples, nuts and toys. Those who cannot pray get nothing—sometimes are whipped.

In Hamburg, Germany, especially, the custom of giving presents is so prevalent that a bazaar is established the preceding week. Here are found everything—the ludicrous, fantastical, and the useful article. Bags of bon-bons are given, also toys, candies and sweetmeats to the children. It is the universal custom for employers to present money to their employes. The gifts are regulated according to the wages, varying from a few dollars to $25. The giver's cheerfulness is regulated by the fidelity and industry of the employe. The Christmas tree is anxiously looked forward to by the children, and it is the custom for everyone to show his presents.

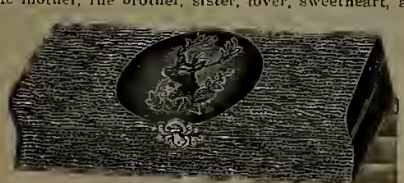
The Christmas tree is believed to be of German origin, yet it has a Pagan prototype of very great antiquity. It was first fitted up during the Twelve Nights, and later transferred to Christmas. To invest the festival with additional importance in the eyes of children, the distribution of holiday presents was changed from St. Nicholas era to Christmas eve—from the 5th of December to the 24th. Such was the origin of the Christmas tree as known to-day throughout the Christian world.

St. Nicholas is the Santa Claus of Scotland, the Samiklaus of Switzerland, the Sonner Klas of Heligoland. In the Voralberg he is called Zemmiklas and terrifies the children by threatening to put them into his haysack, which he always carries. In upper Austria he is known as Niklo, or Nigfo, and is followed by a masked servant named Krompus, while in the

Tyrol he is called the "Holy Man," and divides the patronage of his office with St. Lucy, who distributes gifts among the girls, and he distributes gifts to the boys.

In many parts of Switzerland, Germany and the Netherlands, St. Nicholas still distributes his gifts on St. Nicholas eve—the 5th of December—instead of the 25th. St. Nicholas is the burden of the prayers of the children, who petition him to let fall from the chimney top into their large stockings some gift.

In our own country everyone is now studying what they shall buy for Christmas presents. They desire something suitable for the grandparents, the father, the mother, the brother, sister, lover, sweetheart, and



the little children. The stores are well stocked, the shops are largely supplied with toys of the latest make, and there are other novelties in abundance. An economical way to buy presents is to select articles which will be appropriate to the receiver. It may also be serviceable, and will perhaps be more highly appreciated by those who are not well supplied with this world's goods.

We recommend as suitable and economical presents for young ladies the latest novelties in neckwear, notably the liberty silk cape effect ruff with stole ends, trimmed with fancy ribbons; the plaited silk cape effect neck ruff with long stole ends, all trimmed with juby ribbon; heavy taffeta silk ruff with stole ends, with nine silk medallions; renaissance stock collar, hand made, Arabian shade; Venetian lace collar, large size, imitation hand crochet effect; large renaissance lace hand-made stole collar, long wide collar, in Arabian color; a handsome renaissance collar in Arabian shade; and large size Venetian lace collar in new and pleasing design.

A unique present is a toilet case, fancy silk plush and celluloid, top and front of transparent celluloid, showing artistic background, top with country scene in natural colors and embossed gold frame, front with exquisite ideal figures beautifully tinted under transparent celluloid in embossed gold frame, sides and base of fancy silk plush; drawer in base for handkerchiefs; raised top, drop front; satin lined; celluloid panels on inside of swinging doors, showing exquisite ideal figures in natural colors in embossed gilt metal frames; round long handle beveled mirror; brush with extra quality bristles; celluloid comb; 7 pieces of manicure fittings; two imitation cut glass odor bottles; gilt metal ornaments on base.

Other appropriate and economic presents are: Manicure set, containing staghorn nail polisher, pomade box, nail file, cuticle knife and manicure scissors, in leatherette case.

Comb and brush in satin-lined leatherette case,

genuine bristle brush with staghorn back and handle, sterling silver trimmings.

Photograph holder, decorated with assorted flower designs.

Celluloid photograph holder, stands 8 inches high, of colored celluloid, richly embossed and gilded.

Whisk broom holder, with embossed celluloid panel.

Box for photographs, with opening for photographs in cover, decorated assorted flower designs in all oil colors.

Set, three pieces, handkerchief, glove and jewel baskets, with celluloid covers.

Silver or silver and glass toilet articles are always acceptable to women.

In silverware there are toilet articles such as talcum jars, cold cream jars, silver-mounted brushes, combs, powder boxes, buttonhook, curling iron, glove stretcher, atomizer, perfume jar, vaseline holder and hairpin case.

A handsome gift for a gentleman is a linen or silk handkerchief, white silk necktie, embroidered suspenders, or fancy worked slippers.

Children like serviceable presents—that is, something that may be utilized after the holidays. The boy is always doing something, and if he have an ingenious or inventive mind, a box of carpenter's tools will be appreciated.

A fine present for a boy, or any member of the family, is a graphophone. It is especially serviceable in enabling one to correct the harshness of the voice. This is a practical machine, not a toy, and is equipped with the latest large size reproducer, is sold at only $9, and uses the same records as are used in $100 machines. It is known as the best wherever talking machines are used. They can be bought from the Columbia Phonograph Co., San Francisco.

A little girl always appreciates gay-colored beads, pictures, dolls and tea sets.

WHAT THE WOMEN HAVE IN CALIFORNIA

"THE LAND OF SUNSHINE, FRUIT AND FLOWERS"

The women of California have been, and are to-day, foremost in the social, moral and educational advancement of the State. In little more than half a century, California has evolved from a crude condition, where there was only a semblance of law and no society, to an advanced social, moral and intellectual plane, ranking with that of any State in the Union.

And this is mainly owing to the good work and influence of our noble women.

Within a year after the discovery of gold there were about fifty thousand men in California, and only a few women. Soon, however, immigrants with their families began to arrive. They came by the slow and monotonous ocean route, and over the sage brush plains, trackless deserts and mountain passes, braving the dangers of ocean storms, famine on the desert, and savage Indians. They left comfortable homes and a civilization behind them to found a new one in an almost uncivilized land.

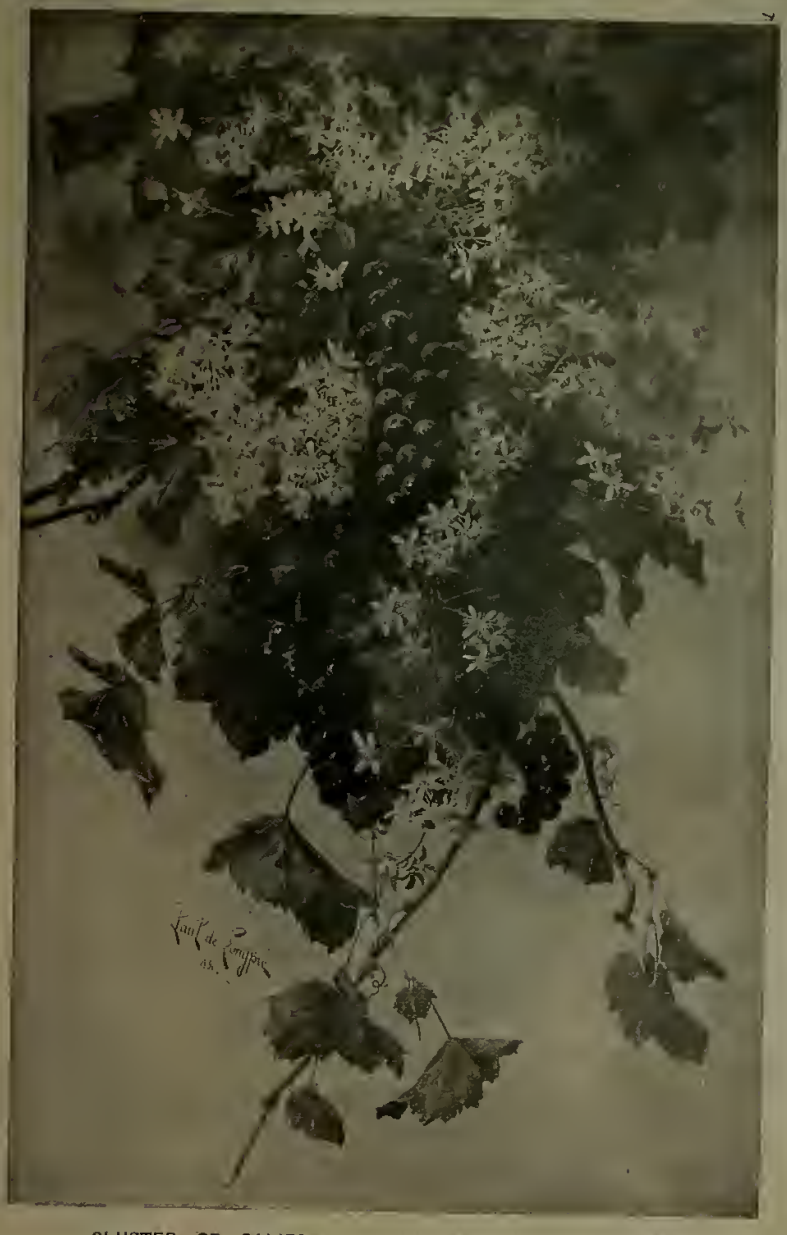
Immediately, their civilizing influence was felt, and their first work was to establish schools and churches. Next came social and literary clubs and societies, and these have multiplied so rapidly that every social, literary, genealogical, historical, artistic and other cult, is centered in a club or association. This formation was necessary for effective work. There are now about twenty-eight thousand club women in the State, embracing one hundred and forty-seven clubs.

The main object of the clubs is social intercourse and mental improvement. Here they discuss questions of importance to women in general, and to children. They have thus improved the social and moral condition of the country, and become the educators of citizens of the present and of the past decade.

The women of California have ever, from the earliest days, taken an interest in promoting the educational, religious and civic interests of the State, and this interest is increasing. They are taking a greater interest in civic improvements, tree planting, park making, and improving the grounds surrounding the schools. They have also shown a delicate and artistic taste in beautifying their homes. They are also showing more interest in literary work, and in the preservation of our noble forests from the vandal's ax. For several years the forestry branch of the Civic Federation has been appealing to the authorities to spare our "big trees," and only for these women these noble "landmarks" would perhaps now have disappeared. This association was foremost in urging upon the people of the cities and towns the importance of planting trees and beautifying parks and drives.

In order to do more effective work, a State Federation was organized a few years ago, and a majority of the women's clubs and associations have joined it.

The California Federation is mostly composed of literary clubs, yet all of them assist in other work for the betterment of the general interests of women, and of the State. The object is to unite all the clubs of the State under one parent club, yet each will retain its individuality as an organization. This parent organization has appointed committees for the different lines of work, and these committees are composed of women whose experience and learning ably qualifies them for the special work in their respective districts throughout the State. These duties embrace library extension, the establishment of libraries where none exist, and everything that pertains to the advancement of women, the proper training of children, and the civilization of humanity.



CLUSTER OF CALIFORNIA VINES, FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

A SPRIG OF CHOICE CALIFORNIA ROSES, FOR WHICH OUR GARDENS ARE NOTED.
(From Painting by Paul de Longpre.)

In addition to the social, educational and civic organizations, the women of California have organized fraternal societies of every Order to which women are admitted. The membership is large and increasing.

While they are working in the interests of the State, and of society, the Pioneers of California are also being looked after. There are the Societies of the Women's auxiliary to the Pioneers of California, the Association of Pioneer Women, the Native Daughters of the Golden West and the Association of the Wives and Daughters of the Veterans of the Mexican War. These are local organizations growing out of the conquest of California, and the main object of each is to collect and preserve the history of the early settlement of California which may be within the province of each organization.

The Native Daughters of the Golden West have ninety-two parlors, and about 7,000 members.

The Woman Suffragists compose thirty clubs, and are working for the promotion of woman's rights.

The Young Women's Christian Association is another important organization that is doing good work. It has a large membership and is rapidly increasing and broadening its noble work.

The Young Ladies' Institute, which was established ten years ago, is one of the most progressive organizations in the State.

The Order of the Eastern Star is increasing more rapidly in membership in California than elsewhere in the United States.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy, organized only two years ago, has seven chapters, and a large and increasing membership.

The Woman's Relief Corps is a worthy organization, and has done much good work, and is worthy of high praise.

The Rebekah Degree of Odd Fellows have a large and increasing membership, and have prosperous lodges throughout the State. Their next annual assembly will be held in May 1904, at San Francisco.

Among other women's organizations, and the most prominent, are the Catholic Sisters, which conduct over three hundred different institutions. These include schools, hospitals, orphan asylums, deaf and dumb institutions, homes for the aged people, etc.

The several Protestant denominations have established Missions in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco and in other cities of the Pacific coast, for the conversion of the believers in Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism. The Mission ladies make a house to house canvass to instruct the adults, and have Sunday schools for the Chinese youth.

There are Women's Clubs in San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, San Jose and in other towns of the State, and there are also many studios and sketch clubs, where the young ladies cultivate their artistic taste. The magnificent scenery of California is of itself an invitation to the artist's pencil and the brush of the painter.

The women also greatly aid the Society for the Prevention of Vice, for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They not only give their moral support, but they make liberal donations of money.

There are also many musical clubs, as our climate is specially conducive to voice culture

OUR NOBLE PIONEER WOMEN OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY SOPHIE E SKIDMORE GARDINER

MRS. PETER H. BURNETT
Wife of the First Governor of California.

A waste of sand dunes and few houses marked this metropolis of the Golden State fifty years ago. The world beyond our western seas knew little of far-off California until one morning people in many lands awoke to be greeted with the startling news of the discovery of gold on these distant shores.

At first it all seemed an Arabian Night's tale, so glowing and marvelous were the accounts that told of vast wealth to be found in the glittering sands washed by the great Pacific. The adventurous spirit of man was aroused, as well as his cupidity, and thousands soon flocked to this new El Dorado.

From all conditions of life they came, but they were mostly brave, honest and true. In spite of malicious reports to the contrary, California has always had reason to be proud of the grand majority of those pioneers, both men and women, that laid the foundation of this great city.

It was a sense of love and duty, in most cases, that impelled courageous women to brave hardships and the perils of long, weary traveling, in order to unite once more family ties in a strange new land. And the desert blossomed under their magic touch. Soon sand hills were leveled to make way for handsome houses, green lawns and blooming gardens, and from these bright surroundings strains of sweet music and the merry laughter of little children greeted the ears and gladdened the hearts of many weary wanderers from their childhood's home.

No wonder that the part of town where most of these new homes were built in those early days, was called Happy Valley. This appropriate name was given to that section south of Market street, between First and Third streets, extending south several blocks. Beautiful little South Park, surrounded by its circlet of commodious residences, was built and laid out a few years later through the enterprise of San Francisco's first sugar magnate—Mr. George Gordon, his own home being the most palatial in the row. The ladies of this exclusive little neighborhood, the Gordons always graciously leading, entertained extensively. Especially gentlemen who were here alone without family ties, found the cordial welcome they received in those hospitable homes most delightful.

There were also many prominent families that settled in the northern part of town, known as North Beach, near the beautiful bay, where they could gaze on the shining waters flowing in from the great restless ocean beyond.

The home of the esteemed Judge Seldon S. Wright, and that of the well known merchant, Jos. L. Moody, each faced this fine marine outlook.

It was here also that the father of Mr. Henry Martin, our late genial sheriff, established his family in very early days. The only daughter married Mr. Remi Chabot, and moved to Oakland to live. In that city's most exclusive circles Mrs. Chabot has always been an acknowledged favorite.

MRS. JOHN SULLIVAN.

Another old-time resident of that neighborhood was Mr. Miles D. Sweeney, for many years president of the Hibernia Bank. The only surviving member of this family is the widow of Dr. Joseph Pescia, a prominent physican, whose death occurred a few years ago.

The handsome residence of Mr. Julius Bandman, on Lombard street, with its extensive grounds, was the scene of many gay festivities for a number of years, after his marriage to the beautiful Antona Pollard, who was the daughter of a pioneer hotel man.

Over to the northwest, on those imposing heights overlooking the bay, there still remain many grand old places built in the early mining days by some of our most prominent citizens. One of these, commanding a magnificent marine view, became the home of the late William P. Humphreys. Here his charming wife and her attractive sisters have received and entertained, with their own gracious hospitality, their many friends whose delight it has ever been to visit them in the midst of truly ideal surroundings.

Mr. M. C. Braly built extensively on these hills in the early sixties. His admirable wife, an oracle of wisdom, with the simplicity of a child, was indeed a helpmate in all his great and generous enterprises. Her daughter, Mrs. Wm. J. Bryan, shows in her devout and useful life that she has profited by the teachings and example of this good and wise mother.

Picturesque Rincon Hill was another favorite spot in those pioneer days, where many handsome residences were built and occupied by the families of some of our early millionaires, also a number of army and navy officers, and other renowned persons. The homes of General Halleck, General Carleton, Major Ringold, Commodores Allen and Woodworth, Hon. Wm. M. Gwin Mr. Louis McLean, and a score of other prominent people were situated on this beautiful slope.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

One of the finest of these, with beautifully laid out grounds, was situated on Folsom street. A wealthy banker, Mr. Milton S. Latham, fitted up, with exquisite taste, this magnificent place for his lovely and charming bride.

There were three acknowledged belles in the city at that time, famed for their great beauty, grace and accomplishments. Society had christened them "The Three Macs." These were Miss Ella Maxwell, Miss Jennie McNulty, and Miss Mollie McMullen. It was the last named that Mr. Latham led to the altar and installed as mistress of his beautiful home. Miss McNulty married Mr. Thurlow McMullen. But the lovely Miss Maxwell, daughter of one of San Francisco's most eminent physicians, died in the flush of her youth and beauty.

Adjoining the Latham residence lived another banker and his family—Mr. John Parrott. Here for many years could have been seen six dainty little girls with their brother flitting gaily among the trees that sheltered their large, substantial home. These children have long since grown up and married. At San Mateo, where most of them have settled near their mother's stately villa, they form quite a colony of their own.

But the glories of Rincon Hill, like South Park, have faded and departed long ago. As the city grew and spread, other and more attractive sites claimed many of these former residents, or those of a newer generation.

About the last to leave this old neighborhood for the more fashionable northwestern end of town were Mrs. Peter Donohue and Mrs. Eleanor Martin. These ladies were the sisters of Hon. John G. Downey, who was one of the early governors of this State. Mr. Peter Donohue was founder of the great Union Iron Works; he married Miss Annie Downey for his second wife. His daughter by a former marriage became the wife of Baron Von Schroeder. James Merwin Donohue, his only son, married a daughter of the eminent jurist, Hon. Wm. T. Wallace.. Mrs. Wallace's father was the Hon. Peter H. Burnett, the first governor of California. This distinguished gentleman came here with his wife and family from Oregon, soon after gold was discovered. He first settled in San Jose, but later moved to San Francisco. His daughter-in-law, Mrs. John M. Burnett, is a prominent member of the Women's Century Club of California. Her talented niece, Mrs. Katherine M. Nesfield, is also well known in literary circles.

MRS. W. T. WALLACE.

When the discovery of gold brought the first immigrants to California, they found throughout the country numbers of Spanish settlers, that had come here many years before from Mexico.

Many of our first representative men, also distinguished army and navy officers, married the beautiful dark-eyed daughters of these old grandees.

Among the most pominent were members of the Atherton and Walkinshaw families, who became the wives of some of San Francisco's most honored citizens.

Then there was the ever popular Alnia family. These ladies were especially noted for their beautiful and well cultivated voices. One of these sisters, famous for her great beauty as well as delightful singing, is the wife of Mr. Aml Vignier, the well known merchant of this city. Her magnificent voice was formerly heard to great advantage in our church choirs, there being an especially devotional character to her singing.

In the French colony of this truly cosmopolitan city there were also many ladies gifted with rare musical ability. The charming receptions given by the Hahn family at their fine old home on Geary street brought together most delightfully many distinguished vocalists. The singing of the two eldest daughters, Mme. Ponton de Arce and Mme. Durand, was much admired.

Many a matron of this city still looks back with pleasure to the time when she made her youthful triumph and engaged in gay flirtations, at those delightful soirees given by the vivacious but ever amiable Madame Osburne Abbott. How perfectly her clear high soprano voice used to blend with the rich contralto tones of her daughter Berthe, who afterwards became the wife of the successful merchant, Mr. Andrew Welch, of honored memory. Mrs. Welch is now herself a charming hostess, and is also especially noted for her great benevolence and generous gifts to religious institutions.

But the women of the earlier days of San Francisco, besides their hospitable home duties, were ever ready, as now, to help in all good and charitable enterprises. It was mostly through their energy and earnest labors that churches, orphan asylums and other benevolent institutions were founded and built. Charity fairs were organized and carried on successfully by self-sacrificing women, who raised in this way large sums of money for these worthy objects. One lady, who since the first years of this city's existence had been noted for her great and unceasing work in the cause of religion and charity, modestly remarked once that "she hoped she had helped to put at least one brick into each building devoted to charity in this town. This lady was Mrs. James McNamara, whose home was one of the first three built on Van Ness avenue. The last years of her life she lived there under the shadow of the imposing cathedral which her earnest labors and valuable assistance had helped to build.

MRS. BERNARD D. MURPHY.

MRS. JANE STANFORD.

Her eldest daughter married Mr. R. J. Harrison, the distinguished musician, and formerly a prominent merchant of this city. Her mother's mantle of charity must certainly have fallen upon Mrs. Harrison, for her purse would have to be of prodigious size to answer all the promptings of the kind heart and liberal hand of this worthy daughter of a worthy mother.

Another one of those first homes on Van Ness avenue was built by the late W. H. Newhall Esq. For many years he and his genial, kind-hearted wife entertained their many friends there with lavish hospitality. So many tender associations were attached to the old mansion that, though with the march of improvements it became necessary lately to push it from the old site, their sons could not bear to see it demolished. So it has been moved out on Pacific avenue, where a member of the family will occupy it as his home.

Diagonally opposite to Mr. Newhall's place was the home of Mr. Tyler Curtis, who was the nephew of a former president of the United States. This gentleman married a Spanish lady, the widow of Captain Smith, who came here before gold was discovered. The most brilliant of the many gay festivities given in this elegant home was on the occasion of the marriage of Mrs. Curtis, eldest daughter of Mr. John English, a prominent resident of Oakland.

Captain Smith's attractive granddaughters, the favorite "Smith sisters," were also leading belles at that time. Two of them married successful mining men, and a younger one became the wife of the well known capitalist, Mr. E. W. Hopkins.

Great was the loss, not only to society, but also to the poor and needy (whose generous friend she was) when death claimed Mrs. John Sullivan. Her husband was well and favorably known here in our pioneer days, and amassed a large fortune in real estate speculations. Her several daughters seem each to have inherited a share of their mother's great beauty, and many virtues.

Another lady noted for her great benevolence was Mrs. W. E. Skidmore. She was known to have given away a fortune in charity, even before she came to California. Her eldest daughter, the lamented and gifted poet, Harriet M. Skidmore, was ever ready to use her pen in the cause of religion, or for any good or noble enterprise. She was one of the first to assist in founding the California Ladies' Magazine.

One well beloved pioneer lady whose generous nature and tender heart could never turn a deaf ear to any tale of misery, was Mrs. C. D. Sullivan. Her beautiful home on Bush street seemed to be a "haven of rest" for all of God's poor. Truly her children, famed also for their generosity, as well as talents, "can rise up and call her blessed," for she realized most perfectly the description given of the "valiant woman" in the Bible.

Also her old time friend, Mrs. Richard Tobin (widow of the well known land and bank attorney), was always among the first to come forward and help in every religious or charitable work. Mrs. Tobin's family are now numbered among the leaders of the "smart set" of San Francisco. Miss Agnes, her eldest daughter, is also making quite a name for herself in literary circles.

Out at the mission, under the shadow of the old Mission Dolores church, built by the great Junipero Sera over a hundred years ago, dwelt many of our prominent early citizens. Here was the home of Judge Hoff on Hoff avenue, and here his talented family drew around them their cultured and refined friends.

Not far from the old Hoff mansion, on Valencia and Seventeenth streets, was the residence of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan. Most cordially entertained were their hosts of friends whenever they visited this beautiful place, none more beautiful even now in that part of town. Brilliant was the wedding reception given here, when their daughter

MRS. MARGARET E. CROCKER.

married Hon. Frank J. Sullivan. Their distinguished son, James D. Phelan, was re-elected twice to the office of mayor of San Francisco.

In this locality also lived pretty and vivacious Annie McGeoghegan. This former San Francisco belle married Mr. Bernard Murphy of San Jose (who belonged to a noted pioneer family), and became a leader of society in the Garden City. But she was also greatly beloved for her generosity and benevolence.

On Taylor street, from Jackson up to Sacramento street, was once a favorite locality with many of our best families. Here were the elegant homes of Mr. J. B. Haggin, Mr. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. John P. Buckley and Hon. Wm. T. Coleman. Their social evening receptions were always attended and enjoyed by a large circle of friends.

"Nob Hill," as the eastern slope of California street is familiarly called, came into prominence after the Southern Pacific Overland Railroad was built. Several of its directors, who had made immense fortunes through this great enterprise, chose this commanding site for their homes. One of the finest of these magnificent mansions was built by the late Governor Stanford.

In memory of an only son, whose sad death occurred just before he reached manhood, Stanford University was founded by the bereaved parents, at Palo Alto. Since the death of her husband Mrs. Stanford has deeded her entire fortune to this great college.

Another lady, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, widow of a distinguished pioneer, is also expending immense sums on the University of California at Berkeley. Both of these ladies are doing great work for the advancement of education in this State.

This is a faint outline, a simple sketch, of a few of the noble women who have helped to earn for this Queen City of the Pacific a good and great name. Many came here in that period of its rudeness, and newness, or in those first struggling years of its growth, but the impressions of their many good and generous deeds last through all of Time's changes. Like a tree planted on the banks of a flowing river, the waters are continually moving on, but the reflection of the tree ever remains upon its surface; and so we see the good works and sterling qualities of these pioneer women reflected in the character and lives of another generation. And San Francisco has justly earned the name of being to-day the most charitable and hospitable city in the world.

MRS. ELEANOR MARTIN.

MRS. NETTIE HARRISON'S
OWN BEAUTY

Is her very best advertisement. Never has there been a woman who looks so young and beautiful at 42 as she. The pure, fresh and exquisite loveliness of her complexion is indeed wonderful, in offering to make other women beautiful she can well afford to present herself as a sample of her success. There is no other woman in this profession who can represent her treatments and business as Mrs. Harrison. Others claim to make you beautiful or teach you how to obtain a perfect figure. LADIES, DON'T be deceived. Look around and see who will suffer by comparison. Ask yourself, does not one have to be intelligent to teach others how to be beautiful? Ladies, call and see for yourselves. Hundreds of ladies may be found during the day treating and purchasing. Among this vast throng will be found ladies of all ages and conditions in life, but with one object in view, and that a most praiseworthy one—how to improve the personal appearance, restore and preserve their own Youth.

WHY BE GRAY

4 Days Enough

To restore your gray or faded hair to its natural youthful color, with Mrs. Nettie Harrison's 4-day Hair Restorer. Not a dye, but a harmless preparation that leaves the hair free from sediment. Cleanly to use. No inconvenience. $1.00

BEAUTY CULTIVATED!

WRINKLES, FRECKLES, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, BLOTCHES AND SALLOWNESS
REMOVED

LOLA MONTEZ CREME

THE SKIN FOOD AND TISSUE BUILDER,

This invigorating and marvelous preparation restores the complexion in a short time to its former youthful condition. Prevents Wrinkles, feeding the Hungry Skin and Muscles. One application of the Skin Food acts like a charm. $0.75 pot lasts three months. All Druggists.

Trial Box

Ladies out of city sending this ad., with 10 cents in stamps, will receive a book of instructions and a box of LOLA MONTEZ CREME and Face Powder Free.

MRS. NETTIE HARRISON
DERMATOLOGIST,
40 Geary Street, San Francisco

MISS STELLA FINKELDEY
Grand President

Native Daughters Golden West

BY ELIZA D. KEITH, PAST GRAND PRESIDENT.

MRS. ELLA CAMINETTI
Grand Vice-President

The observance of Pioneer Day was very general this year throughout the Order. Our members engaged in considerable research so as to find appropriate California poems for the occasion.

Not a few of the Native Daughters applied to the Grand Secretary, Laura J. Frakes, and to me for selections in either prose or poetry for the 9th of September program. Bret Harte, Edwin Markham, Edward R. Gill, Charles H. Shinn, Anna Morrison Reed, Lillian H. Shuey, Ina D. Coolbrith and Joaquin Miller will repay the one who seeks the pure gold of California sentiment and enthusiasm.

As typical of the spirit of Admission Day celebrations and pioneer reunions, nothing can be more in keeping with the season than Joaquin Miller's "Men of '49." This is republished by special request in this number of the California Ladies' Magazine. The poem was set to music by the composer, Lelia France McDermott, and was played in the California building at the World's Fair, also at the California Midwinter Fair.

Mrs. McDermott sought to gain my interest in her work, and asked that the Native Daughters should adopt her song, if possible, as part of the Order's observance of Pioneer Day. She also sought the Native Daughters' influence in introducing the song into the public schools of the State. In regard to the schools, I referred Mrs. McDermott to our local Superintendent of Schools—a loyal Native Son, Hon. William E. Langdon—who since has signified his approval of the introduction of the "Men of '49" into the schools.

It was a pleasure to refer Mrs. McDermott to our worthy Grand President Finkeldey, as the only one who could give official sanction to the introduction of the song into the programs of the Order. The Grand President has expressed himself as favorably impressed with the composition, and has promised to commend it to the attention of the Order.

Speaking of Joaquin Miller reminds me that in the complete edition of his poems may be found an exhaustive history of the early Arbor Day movement in California, a movement in which the Poet of the Sierras took a leading part.

Our order stands committed to the preservation of our forests, the planting of trees, and the reserving of our California wild flowers.

Now that the rains have begun, it will be well for the subordinate Parlors that contemplate holding Arbor Days to make some arrangements for the same as soon as possible.

For the full history of Arbor day in our Order see report of Grand President Keith in Grand Parlor Proceedings, 1903, from which let me make the following extracts:

"Many years ago California felt the wave of enthusiasm in regard to Arbor Day observance, and under the inspiration of Joaquin Miller and other notable men and women, Goat Island was planted with trees, many of which perished in a fire which swept over the island. Oakland and its school children had its Arbor Days. William T. Coleman enforested San Rafael with miles of eucalyptus. Frank S. Johnson enarbored one of the main roads of Marin County. Trees were planted at the Presidio, and other sections of California have felt the beneficient influences of the Arbor Day movement. The Town and Gown Club of Berkeley have done noble work in arousing public sentiment to an appreciation of sylvan beauty. The members have planted trees, they have sown wild flowers. All honor to them!

"At the Grand Parlor at Stockton in 1899, I had the honor to say: 'I would that each session of the Grand Parlor be marked by the planting of a memorial tree. Indeed, I would broaden this suggestion to the effect that all subordinate Parlors should plant a Parlor tree.' I also had the honor of introducing a resolution to the effect that each Grand Parlor should plant a memorial tree in the place where its sessions were held. The resolution was literally laughed to death, and died upon the table, as has done many another patient of an experimental surgeon. But ideas do not die—they are the deathless germs of thought, and at the proper time their vitality asserts itself."

Many have been the inquiries as to "when the Proceedings will be out?"

It should be remembered that the book for this year is larger than any other year. The Grand President's report itself covers more pages than some of the proceedings of previous years have contained from opening to the close.

This year, following the precedent of former years, the Grand President was responsible for her own report, as to the proof reading. What it has taken in time and eyesight to read the galleys for over 300 pages of fine type—not once—but in some cases three times, may be imagined.

Did you ever read the essay on the "Total Depravity of Human Beings?" It most aptly applies in the case of proofreading.

The Native Daughters in the Southern part of California have always been especially active in historical research, and giving practical demonstrations of public spirit.

On more than one occasion I have referred to Buena Ventura Parlor, and its excellent work under the leadership of Grand President Cora B. Sifford. The Native Daughters of Los Angeles have been making a name for themselves in civic fields; the latest being their participation in the successful effort to erect an immense flag staff to mark the historic spot of old Fort Moore, which was named in honor of Captain Benjamin D. Moore.

The fort was begun by General Kearney, completed under the direction of Lieutenant Davidson, on July 4, 1847, and there Fourth of July was first celebrated in Los Angeles, and on this day the American flag was raised in Fort Moore by Lieutenant Davidson.

The patriotic work of commemorating the spot has been undertaken by the Parlors of the Native Sons and the Native Daughters of the Golden West. Upon the joint committee to arrange for the erection of the flagstaff and the formal flag raising, La Esperanza No. 24, N. D. G. W., is represented by Mrs. Franc Simpson and Miss Sadie Rios, and Los Angeles Parlor, No. 124, by Mrs. A. K. Prather, Mrs. L. K. Foster, Mrs. Rose Brookings, Miss Grace Culberth, Miss A. I. Dempsey. The success of the project has been due largely to the efforts of Mrs. Prather, who, with Miss Anna I. Dempsey, was a delegate to the Grand Parlor at Red Bluff, and who will ever be remembered for their fraternal and patriotic and successful attempt to have the delegates of the Grand Parlor present a handsome silk flag to Berenda Parlor.

Were more of our Order engaged in the work so earnestly advocated and so successfully executed by our Sisters south of Tehachapi it would be a great gain, not only to our Order, but to the entire State.

LAURA J. FRAKES
Grand Secretary.

The latest grand Parlor was favorable to the idea of a Native Daughter postal card, and appointed a committee to arrange for publication of the same. The matter is still under consideration. Such a postal card should contain more than a pretty design. It should be distinctively Californian, and typical of the Order; a set of such cards should contain a view of Mt. Shasta, the Big Trees, an orange tree, a gold mine, the harbor of San Francisco, and—but who would know where to stop or what to choose? Certainly we could not have a typical California postal card without the golden blossoms that have been chosen for the State flower.

Some years ago there was a determined effort on the part of the writing women of the State to restore to our golden blossom its typical Spanish name, in place of the general juggle of German consonants with which it had been afflicted in order to compliment the scientist who first classified it in the flora of the new world.

The Order of N. D. G. W. has honored itself by honoring the State flower, thus naming Parlors after the "Blossom of the Gold," and we have three subordinates to "bear the name along"—Amapola Parlor, No. 80, at Sutter Creek; Copa de Ora, No. 105, Hollister, and Eschscholtzia, No. 10, at Etna Mills, present the different appellations by which the poppy is known. The representative flower of our Order is the California poppy, and one of the most beautiful charges in our ritual is delivered before the Poppy Banner. Perhaps more than any other one agency potent in dropping the foreign name for the home term, "California poppy," is the souvenir postal card originally and chiefly designed for the tourist trade.

Speaking of banners, Grand Secretary Frakes informed me that the action of the last Grand Parlor in instructing the subordinate Parlors to provide themselves with the regulation banners as set forth in the ritual, had occasioned much interest and active correspondence in the order; that at last some definite figures have been received, and that if fifty sets are ordered, the rate will be far less than any individual Parlor could make a set. The material, style, execution, all will be of the highest grade, and the cost will include banners, poles, standards, and boxing for shipment.

It is to be hoped that the opportunity will be appreciated. Our Order ought to send out full equipment of banners and regalia, as well as supplies, for the institution of a new Parlor, and allow the Parlor time in which to pay for the same in monthly installments.

Many questions have reached me regarding a "Zincograph." It will be remembered that the last Grand Parlor adopted the suggestion of the Grand President that Parlors would provide themselves with a facsimile of their official seal, for use in circulars and postals. As it well known, it injures a seal press to use it upon tickets and postals, yet all official documents should bear the official seal. The idea is to have a copy of the Parlor seal made, in reduced dimensions, mounted on a block, and used by the printer when he prints Parlor announcements or postal cards. Such a course is followed by other societies. After the zincograph has been made, it is possible to reproduce from it a rubbed stamp facsimile which can be used just as any other rubber stamp.

The possession of a zincograph is a greater necessity for Parlors of large membership than for small Parlors, whose secretaries find it not onerous to write the necessary notices and thereon place the seal.

Alta Parlor, No. 3, stands at the head of the Order, numerically and financially. Over three hundred names are now in its roll. Its proud position financially is due to the wisdom Alta Parlor has displayed of allowing the individual member to pay her own per capita tax—to charge it against her dues. Nearly every Parlor considers the per capita tax as part of the current expenses of the Parlor, and pays it out of the treasury. The wisdom of this plan is open to doubt, since it is always an effort to keep the sick fund in a flourishing condition, and there are always some members who, though they do not hesitate to draw their sick benefits promptly enough, never do anything more for their Parlor than to pay their dues. Upon a few devolves the burden of booming the Parlor treasury. They are the members who ought to be compelled to pay their per capita tax. It is customary in many other organizations for the subordinate branches to pay the per capita, through the individual members.

Such custom prevails in the clubs belonging to the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Our Worthy Grand President has rendered a decision that the Camnetti Grand Parlor Death Benefit Fund is to be paid by the individual members.

* * *

Flag Day was generally celebrated by the Order. At this meeting Grand Secretary Frakes has sent out the customary notices to the subordinate Parlors, calling their attention to the fact that Thanksgiving season has been set apart for special observance by the Order.

Don't forget Arbor Day, and remember to give the children the Birthday party.

* * *

"The love of order and respect for law," says Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, "are nowhere more plainly visible than among club women. The zeal with which we study parliamentary law, our interest in the election of officers, and earnest desire to conduct our meetings in the best and most approved way, bear ample witness to this. Yet the treatment of a club member by another may be parliamentary in the strictest sense of the term, and yet may be lacking in the kindness which is an essential part of good-breeding. The small conventions of every-day life are as important in the club world as in that of society."

MRS. JOS. CORYELLE (NEE MABEL LLOYD JESSUP) San Francisco.

MRS. WM MEADE, LOS ANGELES.

MRS. MORGAN HILL (NEE DIANA MURPHY) SAN JDSE.

MRS. GEORGE E. WHITE (SAN FRANCISCO.)

OUR WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS

Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic

MRS. CARRIE EY, Chaplain.

The covenant of the Woman's Relief Corps is as pure and exalting as a Sabbath psalm. For no taint of selfishness can mingle with its high purpose. The Corps is the handmaiden of the Grand Army of the Republic in all its good work, and her deeds are as sweet as the aroma of clover fields in spring. The basic principle of the organization is "One Banner, One Being, One Freedom, One Faith." It teaches lessons in patriotism by cherishing the proud and tender memories of our heroes who wrote with fingers of blood a new and sacred anthem of Liberty. In perpetuating all the glory that the Grand Old Army won, for the vast unlaureled dead that are shrined in the heart and the living braves that wait, it inspires the rising generation with deeper reverence for the institutions of government.

The national organization of the Woman's Relief Corps was instituted in Denver, Colorado, in August, 1883, at which time all State organizations came under the supervision of the national order. The first corps in California, the Heintzlman, was organized in San Diego; the second corps to be formed was the Phil Sheridan, in San Jose. Both were organized before the national organization, under the instructions received from Massachusetts, as that is the oldest State in Relief Corps work.

Lincoln No. 3, auxiliary to the Lincoln Post of San Francisco, was the first corps in this Department, organized under national authority on March 21st, 1884. It started with sixty charter members, Mrs. Elizabeth D'Arcy Kinne was its first president; to her untiring efforts, executive ability and patriotic fervor is largely due the phenomenal achievements of this corps. It is composed of strong, enthusiastic membership, who are in love with the work. Lincoln Corps has expended twenty thousand dollars in the care of the needy veteran of the War of the Rebellion and his dependents. During the first year of its existence it contributed seven hundred dollars towards furnishing bedding, etc., for the Veterans' Home at Yountville, at that time a struggling institution. Lincoln Corps also conceived the idea of erecting a permanent monument to the "Unknown Dead," and together with Garfield and Meade Corps a lasting tribute to "those who sleep in unknown graves" has been placed by the three corps named, in the Grand Army plot in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery, San Francisco. This monument was dedicated with befitting ceremonies on Memorial Day, 1893, and each succeeding year sweet, fragrant flowers are placed around it in memory of some loved one, whose grave the tears of mother, wife or child can never moisten. Lincoln Corps can truly point with pride to its past record, which is at once a promise and a prophecy of its future.

From this date Relief Corps work rapidly spread throughout the State. Within three months the following corps had joined the march; John A. Dix of San Jose, Appomattox and Logan of Oakland and Frank Bartlett of Los Angeles.

A Provisional Department was organized in August, 1884, with Mrs. Elizabeth D'Arcy Kinne, provisional president. She had under her charge six corps with full authority to organize others throughout the State.

In February 1885, the Department of California and Nevada was organized, and Mrs. Kinne was elected Department president, which office she held

MRS. IDA L. JARVIS,
Past Department President.

until March, 1886. The Department then numbered twenty-one corps; at the present time there are sixty-two corps in the Department, with a membership of 4,000.

The General George G. Meade Corps No. 61, auxiliary to the Meade Post of San Francisco, was reorganized February 26, 1903, with a charter list of twenty-five members. Mrs. Kinne was the organizing and installing officer and the new corps, with sails full set, was launched under promising conditions.

The president, Mrs. Bessie Johnson, is an indefatigable worker for the cause, and under her wise and gentle administration the corps is certain to grow till it becomes a positive factor in the wondrous interlacements of patriotism and progress. Mrs. Johnson has been loyally and ably assisted in establishing this corps by Mrs. Anna H. Leaviti, the treasurer, and Mrs. Kate J. Woods, the conductor. Other officers of the corps are: Martha P. Owen, senior vice president; Anna Page, junior vice president; Florence Barnes, secretary; Josephine Coles, chaplain; Corine Croal, guard; Margaret Miller, assistant conductor; Mary A. Rogers, assistant guard; Flora A. Bowley, patriotic instructor and organist; Louise Miller, Violet Salter, Florence Dermody and Aimee Johnson, color bearers.

To the Department of California, Woman's Relief Corps, belongs the honor of establishing the first home for the destitute widows, wives, mothers, maiden sisters and daughters of the Union veterans and army nurses. The idea of such a home was presented by Mrs. Kinne at the Department Convention held in Los Angeles in February, 1886. At a joint camp fire of the W. R. C. and G. A. R. held at Hazard Pavilion, February 23, Mrs. Kinne made some stirring remarks regarding the proposed home, at the close of which E. B. Spence, president of the First National Bank, arose and stated that if the lady who had just spoken would call at his bank at eleven o'clock the next morning he would give her one hundred dollars for the cause in which she was interested. It is needless to say that Mrs. Kinne was on time, and received the first cash donation to the home. The second donation of one hundred dollars was given by Mrs. Emma McAuley of Lincoln Corps.

The State appropriated ten thousand dollars toward the building of the home. The Corps of the State, through various means, added $15,000 more to the building fund. It is maintained partly by the State and partly by monthly donations from the various corps.

MRS. FLORA A. BOWLEY, Organist.

The home is located in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, in the little town of Evergreen, and is most favorably situated under the foothills. It has five acres of ground, upon which are grown all kinds of fruits and vegetables for the use of the home family. One of the inmates, the widow of a veteran and mother of three veterans, is possessed of all her faculties, and is very grateful for the comfortable home provided.

The Department since its organization has rendered assistance to 16,722 soldiers and members of their families, the amount expended in this relief work reaching the munificent sum of $78,954.40 in money, and $31,986.77 in other wants.

Their motto is "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty," and in the practice of these attributes the members desire to make themselves worthy to be called the true auxiliary of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"Would I might utter all my heart can feel.
But there are thoughts weak words will not reveal;
The rarest fruitage is the last to fall,
The strongest language has no words at all."

MRS. MAUDE F. BURDICK,
Senior Vice-President, Stanton Corps, No. 6.

MRS. GRACE B. WILLARD,
President Stanton Corps, No. 6, Los Angeles.

WHAT ENERGETIC WOMEN CAN DO

BY CLARA B. NIELD.

This is the age of reason, in the commercial as well as the religious world. The out-worn notions and long-cherished customs that had nothing to commend them but their age, are being laid aside, forgotten.

This is as it should be. In the newer ideas we find not only the experience of yesterday, but the wisdom of to-day. By their adoption and wise utilization we shall move forward, and every step will be a decided gain. A notable advance over the years that lie behind us is our recognition of woman. How she has forged ahead in these latter times! She is found in nearly every department of human endeavor, every profession and pursuit is feeling the refining influence of her gentle touch. Woman is achieving notable success in art, in literature, in science, in the ranks of the gold producers. She is able to bring things to pass, and many of the stronger sex are left in the race when measuring swords with a woman.

We were profoundly impressed with the force of our own reasoning during a recent visit to one of the most successful enterprises to be found in San Francisco, an institution conducted exclusively by women. The company was incorporated by a woman, the Board of Directors are all women; the stockholders are of the gentler sex. The presiding genius is Mrs. Wheelock, to whom is largely due the credit for bringing this progressive institution, The La Verite Toilet Company, to its present prosperous and high state of efficiency. The company occupies elaborately arranged and admirably equipped parlors at No. 10 Kearney street. They are without doubt the most spacious and the most elegant in the city; all the appointments are thoroughly modern, and every department is in charge of a competent attendant.

The Department of Dermatology is a revelation in itself; it's here that the old are made young again; youth is truly renewed. The uncomely are retouched and caused to appear as beautiful as the laughing nymphs of to-day. It's no exaggeration to state that wrinkles, scars, freckles, moles and all that is unsightly, and that tends to disfigure, are removed, and every vestige of their presence is effectually erased, and the skin is toned and made as smooth as an infant's.

The La Verite Toilet Company also conducts an extensive laboratory for the manufacture of high grade toilet preparations; their rapid sale and extent of territory covered representing nearly every state in the Union, furnishes another evidence of the rare business sense and wealth-getting abilities of this womanized institution.

The company has incorporated a most commendable idea in the furtherance of its plans, namely, a rest room for ladies: a retreat where the weary shopper may "catch her breath" and refill the tank of energy. An information bureau is maintained; points of interest are made known to strangers; places of amusement, suitable hotels and boarding houses, and information of a general character is cheerfully furnished.

A purchasing agency has been established by this many-sided institution. They are associated with all the wholesalers, and are prepared to furnish to out-of-town patrons anything from an infant's wardrobe to a wedding trousseau.

Mrs. Wheelock, the President of the Company, conducts a school where ladies are taught all the important arts involved in the care of the skin, scalp and complexion, hair dressing and manicure.

Last, but not least, the La Verite Toilet Company is a financial success. It is now a dividend paying institution, which effectually clinches the argument that women can really accomplish results in the world of finance.

MRS. L. J. WHEELOCK.

THE MUSICAL CENTER OF THE PACIFIC COAST

BY ROSE L. BROWN.

We have written about what the women have in California—their charitable organizations, social clubs, fraternal orders, etc., and now propose to say something about their taste for music, its culture and development. The ladies of California are good judges of music and musical instruments. They were given an early musical training, and the great majority of them graduated with high artistic honors from our colleges, and achieved fame as musicians. In California we have the best musical institutes, and ninety per cent of the homes on the Pacific Coast have pianos. The question is: Where do they come from? This question answers itself, when it is known that the Girard Piano Company has the largest ground floor of any music establishment on the Pacific Coast, and sells as many pianos as any other store in the West. The reason for this large demand for pianos is that our people are highly cultivated, intellectually, morally and musically.

COL. JOHN E. FOX.

Music appeals to the emotions, to the soul, and the possession of a musical taste stamps the individual as a superior and refined being. The artistic culture of the ladies of California and of the Pacific Coast is shown by the number of pianos sold, and the increasing demand for them. The main reason for this increase is the superior excellence of the instruments. The Girard Piano Company, of Oakland, California, carries in its stock fifteen different makes—all from the best factories in the United States. The endorsement of Colonel John E. Fox, the affable and trustworthy manager of the house, is a sufficient guarantee. By his fair dealing and integrity he has gained the confidence of the women of California and of the Pacific Coast, and has built up a large and increasing business. As evidence of the growng success of the house, it may be stated for the information of its numerous patrons, that after the first of January next, a large number of musical instruments of all kinds will be added, and all the best music by the most noted composers. The house will also open a mail order department, and ship goods to any part of the United States, and our new possessions in the Pacific

THE SMART SET'S JEWELS

How Fashions Blazing Splendor Blinds the Public

BY SOPHIE E SKIDMORE GARDINER.

Gala was the opening night of the Duss concerts, whither we went supposedly to see Duss lead that wonderful aggregation of artists, the Metropolitan orchestra, but as was later shown, to see and hear Nordica. It was society's night, and society was there to claim it with tasty yet brilliant display.

When Nordica made her appearance one's breath was taken away by the dazzling brilliancy displayed. After many encores her exit left one reflecting upon the vast wealth in jewelry displayed, not only by that noted singer, but by the well dressed audience as well, until the idea that perhaps a large proportion of the jewels were not genuine became dominant. The thought became so fixed that partly through curiosity, but more to receive authoritative information, I called upon Alexandra, the well known jeweler, at 754 Market street, who makes a specialty of manufactured diamonds and pearls.

"No," said Mr. Alexandra, in response to my query, "I am not surprised at your question, for it is one we are required to answer frequently. To make the assertion that all jewelry that one sees at a Nordica recital, a Grau or Conried Grand Opera night, or a Columbia 'first night,' are genuine is as mistaken an idea as to say that they were all imitation.

"The public gape and stare at the dazzling society woman as she steps from her carriage to enter the theater, marveling at such scintillating grandeur. In these days of dextrous thieves and bold robberies there are few women possessing wealth in jewelry who would dare wear all their gems publicly. Especially is this the case in family jewels, which, although of great intrinsic value, are far more highly prized as an heirloom.

"The greater proportion of our clientele are the women in California who own costly jewelry, and were the truth known more than half of the beautiful necklaces, tiaras, ropes of pearls and corsages, which are so much admired, are our own productions."

"What is the relative value between the real gem and your manufactured diamonds?"

"That is very hard to estimate, as there is far more difficulty in the manufacture of one gem than another. The hardest stone we find to copy perfectly is the emerald, which, by the way, is the most expensive. Even in the most valuable a slight flaw is almost always found, and of course we must reproduce these defects as well."

"In regard to duplicating these expensive jewels, don't you feel a great responsibility while in the possession of valuable heirlooms?"

"The truth is, we never see the originals any more than we see a great majority of the owners. When a request for this kind of work is made, we send our artist to the home or safe deposit vault. He makes a pen and ink drawing of the piece of jewelry. A detailed description of every stone is given, including flaws and irregularities. Our workmen do the rest.

"But, Mr. Alexandra, what is the Alexandra diamond and pearl?"

"The pearl is a composition composed for the most part of pigskin and silver. There is a certain species of fish which inhabit the waters of the Eastern and Southern seas where our best pearls are found, whose scales contain a great deal of the nacreous matter of the real pearl itself, and this, with other ingredients make the pearl that contains all the lustrous sheen, durability and hardness of the genuine pearls.

"Without entering into a scientific dissertation on the manufacture of the Alexandra diamonds, I will say that they are formed in much the same manner as the experiments that are being successfully made to make genuine diamonds. Of course, only very small stones have been made, for it requires a temperature of 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit, while radium only gives us 6,000 degrees. Now, by reducing the heat to a lower temperature we are enabled to make the Alexandra diamond, which, when cut, polished and faceted in the same manner as the genuine diamonds, are as brilliant and lustrous in appearance.

"Our designs are not only the highest creation of our designers skill, but we are directly in touch with European centers, and the sea of approval is no sooner set by fashion than a reproduction is sent to our establishments. So we fill a unique yet necessary place in the business world."

CALIFORNIA'S PROMINENT PAINTER

BY MARY L. HARRISON

Another star has been added to the galaxy of California talent, a star of the first magnitude as well, in the person of Miss Matilda Lotz.

Although Miss Lotz was born in Tennessee, she was brought to California while only a babe in arms. She herself claims to be a native of our State, and California may well be proud of presenting to the world its second Rosa Bonheur. One could hardly wish for a higher title. Added to her talent she has a genuine love for the animals she so faithfully reproduces for us, in so much so that in addition to her studio in Paris she has what one might call a menagerie of pets.

We are told by a friend that while still a tiny tot she was the despair of her teachers, for instead of trying to master the three R's she would spend her time drawing animals around the pages of her books. All sorts of queer animals, some quite unknown to the scientists, but her specialty was pigs. A procession of pigs would wander around the pages of her second reader, or up and down the margin of her arithmetic. Fat and lean pigs, long and short ones, and so well done one could almost hear them grunt.

Finding that her love for art increased, it was deemed advisable to cultivate her talent, and she was sent to the old school of design, where she studied under Virgil Williams, and immediately made great progress. At the exhibition of the local artists, her picture of a horse was awarded the gold medal for general excellence given by William Alvord. Later, with the advice of Mr. Williams, she was recommended to go to Paris and take up art seriously. Good advice, as it proved, for after a year's study she had two pictures admitted to the Salon.

"In Paris Miss Lotz studied for some time in the Julian Academy, later under Van Marcke, but her work, unlike that of Van Marcke, who is renowned as a colorist, seems to be influenced more by that of Rosa Bonheur, who, from the first, was to Miss Lotz a faithful friend, and a valuable adviser. Up to the date of Miss Bonheur's death these two artists were firm friends and daily associates. Miss Lotz, like her friend, early decided not to wed, fancying that a divided attention would be a drawback to her chosen and much loved art, so, while she always has many friends, and is not an old maid in any sense of the word, she is still single. Moreover, in spite of the artistic temperament, there has been no rumor of a romance.

The romance of her life is perhaps centered in her extensive interests, her travels, her several studies, and her numerous pets of beautiful horses and dogs.

The Baroness Rothschild gave her a commission to paint a favorite and beautiful St. Bernard, and the noble animal became so attached to Miss Lotz that the Baroness presented him to her. For many years he was her devoted and untiring companion. I am sure many of us remember the beautiful animal escorting his beloved mistress in a manner at once so dignified and so proud.

MATILDA LOTZ, THE CALIFORNIA ARTIST

Who Has Won Distinguished Honors in the Art Salons of Paris.

Dogs and oxen are her favorite subjects, but she has painted many horses. The Duke and Duchess of Portland have a number of her works taken from the racing stable of their country estate near Paris. She stopped for a time in Budapest, where Count Esterhazy, the head of the government, next in power to the Emperor, Francis Joseph admired her work so much he ordered a studio built for her. The Emperor himself gave her several commissions. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is also a warm admirer and personal friend of Miss Lotz. Two canvasses, one of a Jersey calf and one of hunting dogs, have been presented by Mrs. Hearst to the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. Each year Miss Lotz sends to the Salon, and has received from that high authority much gratifying praise and many medals.

Miss Lotz insists that there is an individuality among the dumb beasts quite as pronounced as among human beings. To the ordinary person a cow is merely a cow, or a dog, a dog—allowing of course, for different kinds of breed—but to Miss Lotz each cow or dog has its own individuality.

She pays as much attention to catching their different expressions as would a portrait painter to his sitter. Perhaps that is the reason why they stand out for us on the canvases so startlingly true to life. She loves them that are patient, and makes us love them, too. A great gift in worthy hands.

Miss Lotz is at present in Algiers, painting camels. A copy of one of her latest pictures is here presented. One misses in the copy the beautiful creamy effect of the atmosphere seen in the original.

From drawing pigs in California to painting camels in Algiers is a far cry, and we may be sure that in the intervening years there has been many a month of study, many a day of hard work and close application, and many an hour of discouragement, but in the end success has crowned her efforts. Not only California, but the whole world extends its greetings and its praise to Miss Matilda Lotz, the second Rosa Bonheur of the world.

PATTOSIEN'S

MISSION FURNITURE

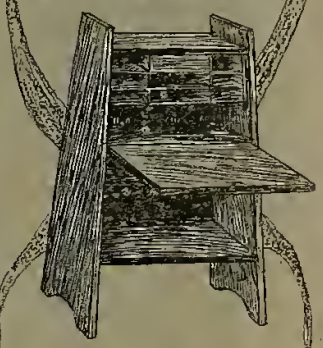
$23.50.

This Morris chair is solidly constructed of weathered oak, finest steel springs and best of curled hair, while the cover is of finest Spanish leather—maroon. We also have other shades. It is a $31 value.

The simple beauty of Mission furniture holds it in a justly high position. It is gaining in favor daily. PATTOSIEN'S Mission furniture is manufactured in the Mission district of San Francisco and it just stands to reason that it allows of a moneyed saving.

We get our materials by water. We use only the finest of curled hair and guaranteed steel springs. In fact, every piece of our upholstered furniture bears a ten-year guarantee. You can't wear out the solid oak pieces.

Send for our catalogue of Mission Furniture. It is fully illustrated, showing hundreds of beautiful pieces. No one should be without it if at all interested. It is yours for a postal.



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ORDER OF THE EASTERN STAR

BY J. M. SCANLAND

The Order of the Eastern Star has grown more rapidly on the Pacific coast than in any other section of the United States, and, in proportion to the population, perhaps California is stronger than any other State. There are one hundred and seventy-five chapters in the State, with a total membership of about seventeen thousand, and the membership increases at the rate of about one thousand every year. There are eleven chapters in San Francisco, with a total membership of 1650, and the membership is increasing perhaps more rapidly than elsewhere in the State.

The Order of the Eastern Star was introduced in California in May, 1869, by Mrs. William F. Moses, a prominent citizen of San Francisco.

The Grand Chapter of California was organized in May, 1873. In the month previous twenty-two delegates of the six chapters in San Francisco met to consider the necessity of organizing a Grand Chapter.

On May 8th, the following named seven chapters adopted a constitution, elected twelve officers and organized the Grand Chapter: Golden Gate Chapter No. 1, Suisun Chapter No. 2, Silver Star Chapter No. 3, California Chapter No. 4, Alameda Chapter No. 7, Oak Leaf Chapter No. 8, and Evangeline Chapter No. 9. The total membership of these chapters was about five hundred. Mr. George J. Hobe was elected Grand Patron, Mrs. Marie Everhard was elected Grand Matron, Mrs. Henrietta Whitcher was elected Grand Secretary and Mrs. Kate Josephine Willats was elected Grand Lecturess. Subsequently Mrs. Willats was elected Grand Secretary, which responsible position she has held for the past twenty years.

From seven chapters and a total membership of five hundred at the organization of the Grand Chapter thirty years ago, the order has increased to a membership of nearly seventeen thousand, with one hundred and sixty-five chapters. There are eleven chapters in San Francisco, six in Los Angeles, and eight in Alameda county.

A complete census report of the chapters will, perhaps, show a larger membership than the above quoted figures, and, also, progress in every line.

The order is increasing in membership in Oregon and Washington, and each of these states have a Grand Chapter. Nevada has seven chapters, with a total membership of six hundren, more than enough to entitle it to a Grand Chapter, but defers the matter on account of the expense. It is hoped, however, that a Grand Chapter will soon be organized in that State.

The Grand Chapter is discussing the matter of putting up a building in which to hold its meetings, have its officers and parlors for the eleven Chapters of the city. The matter was energetically advocated by Mrs. Pierce, when Grand Matron, and though nothing positive has been decided upon in reference to the building, it is hoped that the matter will not long be deferred, as the Order is growing rapidly, and its increased membership perhaps now justifies it.

The objects of this order are to give practical effect to one of the principles of Freemasonry by placing in the possession of the female relatives of that fraternity a key by which to unlock, when needed, those benefits which await the disposal of all good Masons. They prove their claim by membership in this allied order. Its ceremonials and teachings make the members, when heeded, better men and women. The Order brings people into closer friendship and social relations; it makes men and women thoughtful and helpful, and expands the sentiments of good will, benevolence and charity. There is a charm in it that increases with advancing civilization.

The Order is founded upon the Holy Writings, and is an adoptive system of Free Masonry. The obligations of this Order are based upon the honor of the female sex, and framed upon the principles of justice and equality. The adoptive Masonry degrees resemble Masonry and are Masonic in spirit, and were invented for ladies who have claims upon that order, through the immediate relatives of their families who are or were members of the Masonic fraternity. Those who are entitled to receive the degrees of the Order of the Eastern Star are Master Masons, their wives, mothers, widows, daughters and sisters. The five degrees are called the "Rite of the Eastern Star," and are very beautiful and impressive. The moral teachings of the Order are most excellent, and it is a protection for the lady relatives of members of the Masonic Order. The American Adoptive Rite was invented in 1850 by the venerable Robert Morris, a native of Kentucky, and whose portrait hangs in the office of the Grand Chapter, San Francisco. The American Adoptive Rite differs from the European Order, which was instituted about a century ago. Many thousands of people have participated in its beautiful and impressive ceremonies, and there are now about two hundred thousand members of the Order in the United States. There are chapters in every state in the Union, and a Grand Chapter in nearly every state. The order is rapidly growing in membership, and its moral teachings meet the spirit of the age.

It not only attracts great interest throughout the country, having many strong and powerful adherents, but is extending to other countries. It has reached Hoooluln, has a large membership in Scotland, and has also reached far away India.

The founder of this order states in his memoirs that from his early Masonic life he entertained a desire of introducing the female relatives of Masons into closer friendship with the Order of Free Masonry. He gave the subject a great deal of earnest thought, and, finally, he decided upon a name, and then the number of points to correspond with the emblems of the Master's carpet, which are five. This is the Pentagon, the signet of Solomon, and proper to Adoptive Masonry. He selected from the Holy Writings four biographical sketches to correspond with the first four points, and the fifth point introduces one of the early history of the Christian church.

The characters that have been selected are Japtha's daughter, named Adah, which is illustrative of respect to the binding force of law; Ruth, as illustrative of devotion to religious principles; Esther, as illustrative of fidelity to friends and kindred; Martha, illustrating undeviating faith in the hour of trial; Electra, as illustrative of patience and submission under wrong.

All these points are Masonic virtues, and they have nowhere in history more brilliant examples than in the five characters represented in the lectures of the Order of the Eastern Star.

The thirty-first annual Communication of the Grand Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star was held in Sacramento last October. There were about 500 delegates present. The Communication lasted three days. Interesting papers were read, and matters discussed of general interest to the Order.

The following officers were elected for one year:

Worthy Grand Patron, Mrs. George F. McNoble, Stockton; Worthy Grand Matron, Mrs. Chlo Routzahn, Los Angeles; Associate Grand Patron, Mr. Edwin S. Logan, Hollister; Associate Grand Matron, Mrs. Agnes Conant, San Jose; Grand Secretary, Mrs. Kate Josephine Willats, San Francisco; Grand Treasurer, Miss Anna Beauchamp Barnes, Healdsburg; Grand Conductress, Mrs. Ada Mary Flint, San Juan; Associate Grand Conductress, Mrs. Edith Howard Fee, Madera; Grand Chaplain, Mrs. Mary Ella Rankin, Yreka; Grand Marshal, Mrs. Annie Marie Johnson, San Francisco; Grand Organist, Mrs. Mary Edna Phipps, Sacramento; Grand Adah, Mrs. L. Elmira Anderson, Oakland; Grand Ruth, Mrs. Sarah Farrar Streiff, Pasadena; Grand Esther, Mrs. Nettie Howard, Los Angeles; Grand Martha, Mrs. Maria Sherer, Colusa; Grand Electra, Mrs. Cary Maria Blowers, Woodland; Grand Warder, Mrs. Blanche Daisy Cary, Lodi; Grand Sentinel, Mrs. Jean Sornberger, Georgetown.

The next Communication will be held in San Francisco, October 18, 1904.

MRS. ABBIE E. KREBS.

A notable example of what a woman of energy and ability can accomplish in the business world is afforded by Mrs Abbie E. Krebs, who as President of the Caspar Lumber Company manages its great interests with much success. Caspar is 128 miles up the coast from San Francisco, and the company owns 50,000 acres of redwood timber lands. A double band saw mill, fifteen miles of railroad, two steam schooners and several company stores are among the things Mrs. Krebs looks after, and the company manufactures 100,000 feet of lumber daily. Mrs. Krebs has been paid a high compliment lately by her fellow-directors of the Redwood Exchange, being chosen to represent the lumbermen of the coast at the St. Louis Exposition, and placed in exclusive charge of the redwood lumber exhibit. She will have a room fitted up entirely in this beautiful wood in the great Lumbermen's Building there; will also have space in the Forestry Building, and an interest in the moving pictures in the California Building.

Mrs. Krebs is a handsome, womanly woman, and is greatly admired by the redwood lumbermen of San Francisco. During the year and a half that she has taken an active interest in the management of the company she has attended the frequent meetings of the Redwood Lumbermen's Exchange, to represent her company, and also attends the weekly luncheon of the Steam Schooner Owners' Association, at both of which business matters are discussed, and her opinion has always great weight with the members.

"I asked the lumbermen if they would object to my attending their meetings and representing our company," said Mrs. Krebs, in speaking of the matter, "and I told them I would not go if it would inconvenience them in the least to have a woman at their meetings. They gave me a very cordial invitation to go and I have attended them ever since, and at them always learn a great deal of value to me in managing the business."

It should be said that Mrs. Krebs is a gifted and talented woman. She is an artist and also a writer, having contributed to magazines for years, and was for five years a member of the editorial staff of the San Francisco Chronicle, one of the largest daily morning papers of San Francisco. She was at one time president of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association, and is now its first vice-president. She was also regent of one chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, and Grand Matron of the Order of the Eastern Star. She is a member of the California Club, and has always taken a great deal of interest in public matters and woman's work. Of course since assuming active business duties she has not much time to devote to public, literary or club matters, but has been selected to attend as a delegate the International Women's Council at Vienna next year.

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Any lady desiring a safe and profitable investment can receive valuable information by addressing "Business," care California Ladies' Magazine, 906 Broadway, Oakland. This is one of the most successful enterprises in the State, and it is conducted by energetic business people who have had wide experience in the management of business affairs. One per cent a month is realized. Quick returns. This is a rare chance and should not be missed

MRS. CLARA FOLTZ.

The California Ladies' Magazine takes pleasure in informing its readers that the above well known attorney has removed her law offices to the Mills Building, San Francisco, where she will be pleased to extend her usual care and attention to anyone requiring her services. The success already achieved by Mrs. Foltz is the best evidence of her ability, and we can cheerfully recommend her to the public.

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One of the Greatest Establishments on the Coast

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER.

This is a wonderful age of progress. The power and uses of electricity alone fill us with awe, especially when we think of the telephone, phonograph and the still more incomprehensible wireless telegraphing. And then, though not quite so mystifying as the laws of that great unknown power, yet the immense progress and improvement in business enterprises are really almost as marvelous. We can hardly realize how this is, so gradually but successfully has it all been marked out through the advanced ideas of man.

This is especially the case with those big department stores, such as Hale's mammoth establishment on Market street. A visit there must impress the most thoughtless, not only with its greatness, but also with its systematic and perfect manner in which it is conducted, showing the wonderful ability, power and progressive works of its managers. The attention and politeness of the attendants in this up-to-date store has often been remarked. We now no longer wonder at this, for there is an old and very true saying—"like master like man." Recently we had occasion to see one of the proprietors of this immense establishment. We were received most courteously and shown through its many floors and departments, where man, woman, or child can procure anything and everything needed or desired, and where all receive the same polite attention, be they rich or poor, from employer and employes. Information and valuable explanations were given us about the systematic working of this great institution. The new fall and winter catalogue was produced for our inspection. It is a tastefully gotten up book containing a list (with the prices marked) of every article in this colossal store, and the illustrations are really beautiful works of art. These catalogues are issued twice a year, and fifty thousand of them are sent out in the spring and fall. Not only are they distributed through the Pacific Coast States, and East as far as Texas, but large numbers are also mailed and goods shipped to Alaska, China, Japan, and the Philippines. So perfectly is each article in this catalogue represented and marked, that persons can select anything they need as easily at home, and as satisfactorily, as though they were trading over the counter. We would advise all our friends, even those residing in San Francisco, to send for one of these catalogues. It would be of immense help to them when making their selections, especially for Christmas shopping; and to those living out of town it would be of invaluable assistance.

Hale's free delivery proposition is also most liberal. We do not allude to goods delivered free in San Francisco—that has always been most prompt and exact. But outside and to certain distances, this is what they agree and propose: "It is based upon distance as applied to a certain amount. We will prepay charges to your nearest railroad or express

HALE BROS. DEPARTMENT STORE

office on goods excepting baby carriages, toys, trunks, curtain poles, window shades, china, glassware, or other goods unduly bulky or heavy in proportion to their cost, in accordance with the following: Orders from $5.00 upwards from one to fifty miles from San Francisco; $10.00 upwards fifty-one to one hundred miles; $20.00 upwards one hundred and one to two hundred miles; $30.00 upwards two hundred and one to three hundred miles; $40.00 upwards three hundred and one to four hundred miles; $50.00 upwards four hundred and one to five hundred miles. An order for suitable goods of $75.00 upwards will be delivered free to any railroad station west of the Rocky mountains."

Hale's have also a most perfect system of shipping goods far or near. We quote the following instructions in their own words:

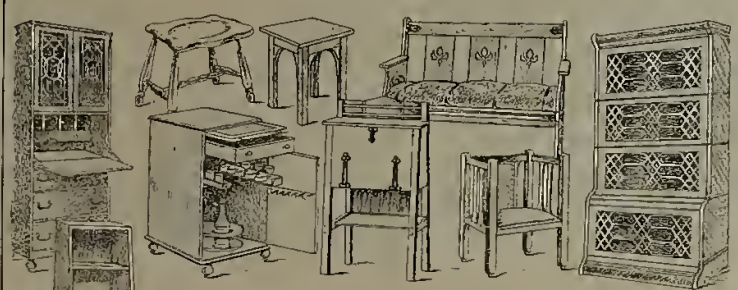
"Make out a list of the goods wanted, sign your name and address and mail to Hale Bros Inc., 979 to 987 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., including bank draft, Wells, Fargo & Co. money order or post office money order, allowing liberally for postage. Orders will be filled the day received, unless for goods to be made or bought outside, and all over will be returned. Small amounts may be sent in stamps. We will ship goods by express C. O. D., but do not advise shipping small orders by this method, as additional expense is incurred to you for return money charges. It is always safe to send the money with your order, as we cheerfully refund it when the goods do not prove satisfactory, or exchange them for others if you desire it." And we know of no other store on the Pacific Coast where they exchange goods so obligingly, and even refund the money if you prefer it, as they do here.

With all of its marvelous system of management and with their superior stock, sold only at reasonable prices, no one need wonder at the popularity and phenomenal success of the Hale Bros. We say with them that hands and brains are busy all the time making this great store just what it ought to be, and what it is—profitable, prompt, economical, reliable; giving as much for just as little as is consistent with legitimate merchandising.

The question is often asked how can Hale Brothers sell goods cheaper than any other store on the Pacific Coast?

The answer is that this firm buys everything on a cash basis, and they never fail to take advantage of every cash discount, which is not kept for their profit, but is given to their patrons. These discounts, from some factories, are very large sums.

It is an established fact that frequently you can buy yards of various goods at Hale Brothers from two to five cents cheaper than at any other store on the Pacific Coast.



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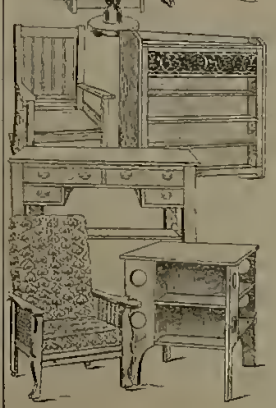

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The Different Orders of the Catholic Sisters in California

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER

Many years before the discovery of gold in California, the Franciscan Fathers had traveled to this, then unexplored country to do missionary work among the Indians. We all know how well they succeeded in converting and civilizing these rude savages of the wilderness, for famous old mission churches and buildings, still, even in their ruin, tell the tale of their marvelous work.

But through the injustice and greed of unscrupulous men of a later generation, these missions were despoiled and allowed to fall into decay, while the Indians were scattered and driven away.

But when a new life awoke on these shores, and a new element came pouring in from the four quarters of the globe, then another band of missionary laborers appeared, to meet the many needs of a different class of people of all nationalities, who now flocked to this far distant land of the Golden West.

It was then that Rt. Rev. Joseph Sadoc Alemany was appointed bishop of this new diocese, built upon the ashes of the old one at Monterey.

His first efforts after his appointment, and before leaving Italy, were to enlist the services of the Sisters of the Dominican Order to help him in his future great work among strange people in far away California. He fully realized what valuable assistants would be those devout and self-sacrificing women who, donning religious garb devote themselves to the mental and moral training of the young.

So when this young missionary Bishop left Europe, Mother Mary Goemere accompanied him on this long, tiresome journey across the continent. They arrived at Monterey, at that old historic mission founded by the great and good Junipero Serra. In that eventful year that first witnessed the unfurling of the American flag here, spreading its protecting stars and bars over the new Golden State.

Soon after her arrival Mother Mary gathered together the young from far and near, and, in an old adobe building, opened up her primitive school. This was the humble beginning, the nucleus of a system of religious education that was destined to flourish and grow to gigantic proportions on this golden soil.

Two years later the Bishop of Monterey was raised to the rank of an Archbishop, and his residence transferred to San Francisco.

The Convent of Benicia was now built to keep pace with the march of progress and the rapid increase of population in that section of the country, and Mother Mary and her little band of Sisters took possession of the new institution. Then a few years after St. Rose's Academy in San Francisco was started by the same order, and both of these soon became noted and popular boarding schools. Later it was a still greater advance when the large Dominican College was built at San Rafael. From a recent work published about this order of Sisters we quote the following: "The mustard seed of Dominican life, planted in Monterey by Mother Goemere, has spread and grown to a mighty tree, that as we write we call to mind that in this diocese two hundred brave women wearing the habit of St. Dominic are laboring for religion and morals in the asylum, hospital and school. These Sisters, working in the cause of education, now conduct one college, five boarding and day academies and ten parochial schools."

Several years after the coming of these Sisters, another distinct branch called the Dominican Sisters of the Second Order came to California. These have now a fine convent and school on Guerrero street, in San Francisco, also a large establishment with extensive grounds at the old mission of San Jose, three in Southern California, beside teaching several parochial schools.

The well known missionary, Father de Smet, whose heroic and successful work among the Indians, is a part of the history of the country, made many journeys to Europe in behalf of his dusky children. While on one of these trips, he came to the Convent of Notre Dame at Namue in Belgium, and pleaded most eloquently for help in his great work in that wilderness beyond the Rocky Mountains. It was not in vain, for when he left the old world five of the Sisters accompanied him to those rude settlements in Oregon.

The hardships endured and the heroic deeds performed in that wild new country by those refined, delicately reared women read like a romance. The foundation of their great work on the Pacific Coast was laid by these Sisters of Notre Dame in that great western forest. There for many years they labored, teaching the families of the Indians, and later those of the rough frontiersmen. Then came the great gold excitement in California, which reached eventually this primitive country. A great stampede began for the wonderful mining regions, and the place became almost depopulated. An invitation was sent to the Sisters to come to this State. As their sphere of usefulness was about over there, they decided to go where their services were more urgently needed. In the year 1851 these Sisters of Notre Dame, a courageous little band of six, arrived in California. Going directly to San Jose they took up their abode in a small wooden structure on the same site where now stands their imposing college buildings. But their fame as instructors had already preceded them, and from the very beginning, even with its humble surroundings, this school had a name and a popularity hardly equaled by any in the State.

The Sisters of Notre Dame have justly earned recognition as educators all over the world. The great annex at Oxford, and their celebrated Normal school at Liverpool, have made their name famous in England. In America, beside their noted colleges in many cities, they had the proud distinction of being chosen to conduct Trinity College, which is connected with the famous Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

It seems hardly necessary to speak at length of their splendidly appointed college in San Jose, so well known is this great institution of learning, with its advanced educational advantages. It has the most perfectly equipped scientific department of any female college in the State, and its art and music conservatory is already far-famed.

San Francisco is also proud to boast that it holds one of these famous schools of Notre Dame. A magnificent new college has recently been erected on Dolores street to replace the old school buildings that since the early sixties had been known as one of the best educational establishments in California.

Their second convent founded in this State was at Marysville. It flourished and grew in the midst of beautiful surroundings. For many years this was the most popular boarding school for young ladies in Northern California.

In many of our cities down to the extreme end of the State, we find the Sisters of Notre Dame and their admirably conducted schools of learning. It would indeed be a difficult task to count the immense number of our best and most distinguished women (of all creeds) in California, that are proud to claim one of these colleges as their Alma Mater.

In August, 1852, the Sisters of Charity arrived in San Francisco. The great object of this order is to shelter and care for the orphan, and to devote themselves to this great work these noble women made their weary pilgrimage to this distant land. They were most welcome, for already their need was great. A desirable location procured, an orphan asylum was built which was soon rapidly filled by those little ones bereft of their natural guardians, now placed under the care of these good Sisters. This established another want they determined to supply, which was the opening of a good select day school for girls. For this purpose they had built a commodious school building, just back of their orphan asylum, on Market street. St. Vincent's school (as it was called) fronted on Jessie street, and was soon well and favorably known. It was patronized by even the richest and most exclusive families of the city, whose children received here an excellent educational training. With the great progress and extension of the city, it became necessary to move the orphan asylum. A large tract of land was procured at South San Francisco, where extensive buildings were erected for that purpose, and the Palace Hotel now covers the ground where church, asylum and school once stood. These Sisters conduct a large day school now on Mission street, besides many schools, orphan asylums and hospitals throughout the State.

A TYPICAL CALIFORNIA SISTER.

At the extreme northern part of town, in very humble accommodations, the Sisters of Presentation opened a school in 1884, for the gratuitous education of the children of this city. The school soon outgrew its narrow surroundings, and a fine brick building was erected on Powell street, where a large school is still conducted by members of the Presentation Order. Another fine convent and school was built nine years later for them on Ellis and Taylor streets. They have now five in the State, all doing excellent work. The same year of their coming to California also brought to these shores the well known Sisters of Mercy.

The object of this order of Mercy is not exclusively educational work—they aim to minister to every need that humanity may call for. Soothing and nursing the sick, rescuing the unfortunate, and caring for the old and infirm, are some of the works they do in the name of mercy. But their schools are most popular. One on Rincon Hill adjoins their famous hospital which was established in early days. This school is well and favorably known for its high state of excellence. Seventeen establishments these Sisters conduct in different parts of the State, devoted to education and charity.

On the picturesque border of Lake Merritt, Oakland, is an extensive edifice used as a young ladies' academy, and conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Names. They have six other flourishing schools in California.

In the pretty town of Santa Rosa that old far-famed order of Ursuline nuns have a most prosperous day and boarding school. They came to California only in 1881, but now have two most successful establishments.

In Southern California the academies and schools of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary are most flourishing.

The Order of the Sisters of the Holy Family, we are proud to say, was organized in our own city of San Francisco over thirty years ago. This most excellent community of devout women perform a great and most admirable work. They conduct three "day homes" in different parts of the city, where these Sisters care for little children of the poor while their mothers are employed during the day. In a kindergarten school those that are old enough (for they take even babies), are amused and taught, besides being trained to refined, cleanly habits, and useful methods. But in many other good and great ways these heroic women are working for suffering humanity.

The teaching of the deaf and dumb is the especial work of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Beside their noted institution in Oakland they have seven other establishments under their charge in this State.

In 1886 the Sisters of the Holy Cross began their labors in San Francisco. They now successfully conduct several schools in this city. The educational Order of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart was founded in France just at the close of the "reign of terror," and especially for the "poor nobility," who were sadly in need of Christian educational advantages at that time. They are still the favorite schools of the aristocracy of Europe, and of many of the wealthy classes of America. The members of this order opened their academy in San Francisco on Franklin street in 1887. A few years later their large boarding school with its handsome surroundings was established at Menlo Park. Both schools have a large attendance.

Some years ago a devout young lady gave, in memory of her mother, a fortune to found a "Hospital for Incurables" in San Francisco. A large building was erected on Park Hill, and the Sisters of St. Francis came here to take charge of it. Many and great are the charitable institutions in this city, but none are better or filled a more urgent need than "St. Joseph's Home for Incurables."

To care for the aged of both sexes, who are bereft of home in their old age, is the object and work of the far-famed "Little Sisters of the Poor." They came to our city only recently, but their "Home" is already filled to overflowing by those who in the sunset of life are tottering toward the grave.

A large and commodious building in the midst of extensive grounds will soon be occupied and devoted to this good work. A wealthy gentleman of this city has donated, and is having built with his own fortune this immense establishment for this good and truly charitable purpose.

In Oakland, a new hospital is just being built on a magnificent scale. It is to be under the charge of the Sisters of Providence, who have charge of one of the finest hospitals in Canada.

Last, but by no means least of the educational orders of Catholic Sisters to come to our golden State are those talented "Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin." They came here from Dubuque to take charge of St. Brigid's Convent when it was opened a few years ago, on Broadway and Van Ness avenue. This school, under their able management, has attained a high state of excellence. It is for both boys and girls. In the girls' department they are graduated from the highest grades of study the boys only from the grammar grades.

Such is a brief history of the different orders of Catholic Sisters in California working for charity and Christian education. A noble showing of these true Christian heroines whose lives are really one continuous act of charity, and whose temples of learning are "Arks of Refuge" from the storms and "dreary noises" of the world, where youthful lives are guarded and guided in the paths of virtue and knowledge.

THE PIONEER DAYS IN CALIFORNIA

BY MRS. MARTHA J. SCOOFFY.

MRS. MARTHA J. SCOOFFY
Fifty-four Years Ago.

The steamship California, commanded by Captain Budd, U. S. A., cast her anchor in the Bay of San Francisco on July 13th, 1849. She carried a large number of passengers, over three hundred in the first cabin. Many slept under the table, while the more favored slumbered on top. Our first view was picturesque. The hillsides were covered with golden poppies, peering up through the velvety grass as if to welcome us. The houses were scattered over the sandhills, appearing as having been built more for comfort and a fear of earthquakes than for their architectural beauty. The only handsome residence was that of Captain William Alexander Leidesdorff—in the foreground. After a few days' rest we ascended Telegraph Hill to have a full view of the surroundings of the coming city, the "Paris of the Western Coast." Golden Gate, with her narrow and beautiful pathway to aid the weary mariner to cast his anchor—then came Alcatraz and Angel's Islands, natural bulwarks to protect us from our enemies. There were many ships in the harbor floating their gay flags; they carried assorted cargoes—the best of everything, "eatables, drinkables and wearables." At that time commerce had no cumbersome tariff. The men one met on the streets were in the prime of life, well groomed, very courteous, and well bred. There were no venerable men or incipient youths; no beggars. If a man was stranded a purse would be opened to him to pay his way to the mines. The waters came up to the east side of Montgomery street, where the waves would surge and growl, and gently recede as if murmuring "all is well." The west side was devoted to merchandising. It looked really gay to see the Californian on his bronco, twirling his riata, the yellow silk linings of his "calsinaros" floating to the breeze. Admission Day all were gleeful. The banquet board resounded with good cheer. Then it was not unusual to see on the menu Wesphalia hams boiled in Champagne. We had at that time no steam baths or masseurs; we did not need them. No skyscrapers had taken possession of the illimitable space. Society was better then than now, there being no cheap transportation, so the riff-raff had to stay away until the days of railroads, cut rates, tourist cars and excursions. Too much praise cannot be offered to the pioneer women of California. They nobly assisted in weaving the web of state, and when the "Lords of Creation" were cogitating as to how much their claims would "pan out" the pioneer mothers were rocking the cradles and singing lullabys to the future rulers of the Golden State. May their noble footprints ever remain imperishable on the sands of time.

. . . . . .

Fifty-four years ago, and at the present day we have nearly the same number of these most estimable ladies, who to-day compose the Association called "Pioneer Women of California."

Until a few years ago no arrangements had been made for the participation of the Pioneer Ladies of California in the celebration of Admission Day. Several ladies discussed the matter at an informal meeting, and decided to organize a society of pioneer women. Mrs. Noble Martin, of Berkeley, was authorized to issue the call, and the meeting was appointed for August 12, 1900. There were seven ladies present: Mrs. Noble Martin, Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke, Mrs.

Ann Germain, Mrs. Margaret M. McCormick, Mrs. Sarah Wilbur, Mrs. A. B. Huntington, and Mrs. Mary A. McGlynev. Mrs. Noble Martin was elected President, Mrs. Ann Germain was chosen Secretary, and Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke was elected Secretary. The meeting then adjourned to meet again at Pioneer Hall on September 1. Such was the nucleus of this society—the first Pioneer Women's Association in California.

Twenty names were added at the next meeting. Owing to illness Mrs. Germain, the Secretary, resigned and Mrs. Angeline Griffin Gardner was appointed temporary Secretary. The organization was completed by the election of the following officers: Mrs. Marion Rain Cumming, First Vice President, Mrs. Mary Von

JAMES LICK.

der Mehden, Second Vice President; Mrs. Louise S. Chase, Secretary; Mrs. Annie E. McIntyre, Assistant Secretary; Mrs. Margaret M. McCormick, Treasurer.

The Pioneer Ladies took considerable interest in this new organization, and at the next meeting twenty-two names were added to the roll of members. A committee was also appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, and arrangements were made to hold a reception on the 10th and 11th of September to entertain the pioneers and celebrate the fifti-

MRS. MARTHA J. SCOOFFY
At the Present Day.

eth anniversary of the admission of California into the Union as a State. During the afternoons of those days about 300 guests were entertained, including many pioneers, and their sons and daughters.

The object of this Association is to assist in the work of collecting and preserving personal history and reminiscences of pioneer women, their stories of the domestic, social, church and school life of the early settlers. A number of auxillary organizations have been organized throughout the State, and the President, Mrs. Annie E. McIntyre, has issued a circular letter to the pioneer women of California to organize associations, and thus preserve the local history of the early days of their respective districts. Auxiliary associations, outside of San Francisco and Alameda counties may be organized by five or more women who arrived in California before December 31, 1853; or, by the female descendants of either pioneer women or men. Those eligible to membership are:

"All moral white women who were residents of California prior to and including the 31st day of December, 1853, and all daughters of pioneers, and their female descendants, shall be eligible to membership."

There are now 143 members of the Association.

Some of the members are '49ers, but they do not recollect as much of their trip "round the Horn" or across the plains, as the pioneer gold seekers. Mrs. Annie E. McIntyre, the President, came with her parents across the plains in 1849, in a primitive ox-wagon. She was then a babe of a few months of age. The family (Hays) lived in Boone county, Missouri, and were about six months in making the trip. Mrs. Chase, who has ably filled the position of Secretary for three years, also is a '49er. She is a native of Baltimore, Maryland, and a daughter of Judge Shepard of that city.

At the recent annual election in October last, the following officers were elected for one year: President, Mrs. Anna E. McIntyre; First Vice President, Mrs. Agnes McDonald; Second Vice President, Mrs. Louisa Berryman; Secretary, Mrs. Julia Randall Brown; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Ellen C. Davenport; Treasurer, Mrs. Margaret M. McCormick; Marshal, Mrs. Margaret J. Wheeland.

Board of Directors—Mrs. E. M. North, Mrs. Sarah A. Keith, Mrs. Augusta C. Holmes.

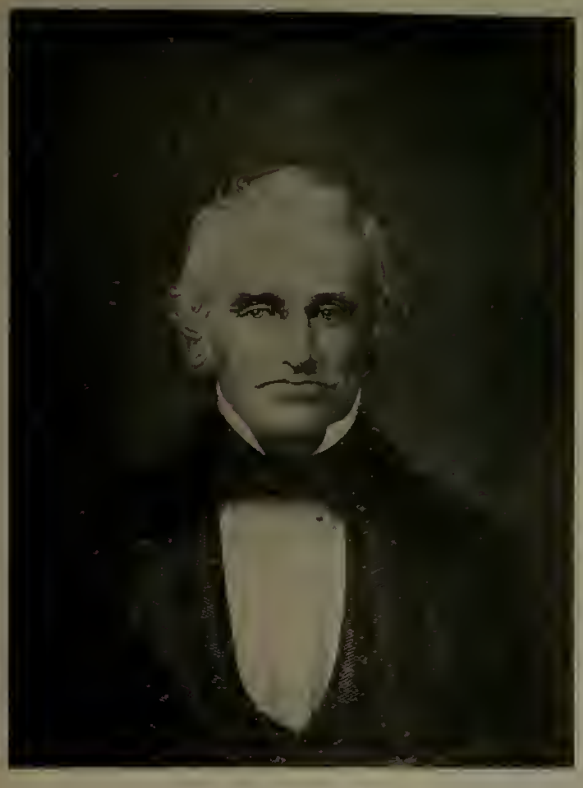
Board of Trustees—Mrs. Sarah S. Gorham, Mrs. A. M. Breidenstein, Mrs. Marion B. Cummings, Mrs. Rose R. Boyd, Mrs. M. J. Scoffy.

In order to perpetuate the names of the pioneer families, the Association has started an historical and biographical sketch book, which will be preserved in the archives of the Association. Each member is requested to write her name, place of birth, date of arrival in California, name and birth place of parents, and such incidents as may be of general interest. Notes of the journey of the pioneers overland or by sea would be specially interesting to future generations and historians, and it is expected that this volume will be very interesting.

HON. J. I. SPEAR.

REV. R. E. KENNA, S. J.

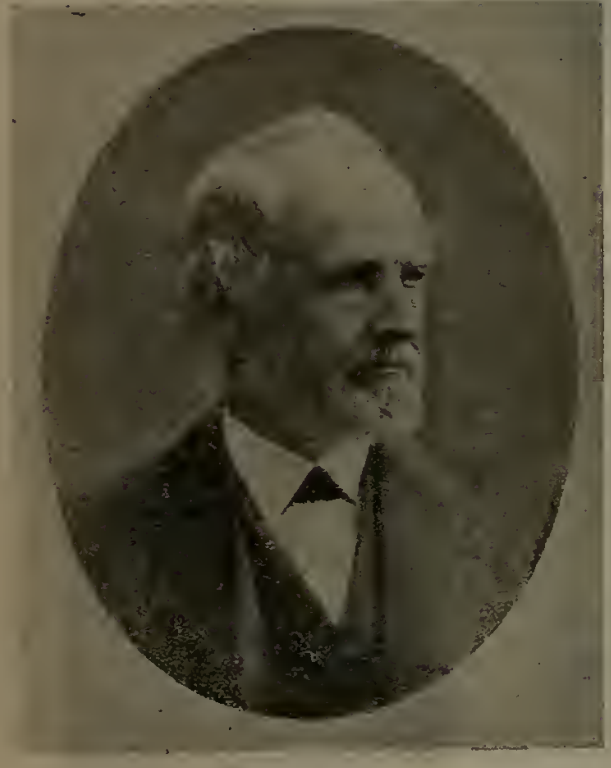
G. D. DORNIN.



MARTIN MURPHY, SR.

MARTIN MURPHY, JR.

NEVAOA CITY, LARGEST CITY IN CALIFORNIA IN 1855.



HON. PETER H. BURNETT, the First Governor of California.

THOMAS REED.

OUR SUFFRAGE CLUBS IN CALIFORNIA—By Florence Jackson Stoddard

MRS. MARY S. SPERRY.

There are now in California twenty-two women's clubs that have for their object the promotion of a claim upon which the United States of America made its stand for liberty; "Equal and exact justice to all." These are suffrage clubs, yet the very name of suffrage has to many been so displeasing, that unless one can be sure that the moral significance of the word is understood, one may hesitate to use it where it is to receive a scornful regard. To those who believe in the very soul of Justice, it is held as honored. But in a State where the growth of the cause is now actively pressed, the regular recounting of its progress must advance its interests and awaken in those who have been indifferent chiefly through lack of thought, a desire to be of help in furthering an end from which all will benefit. To promote the distribution of such record, this magazine introduces a department that is to deal with the subject in an authoritative way: that is, the information herein given will be authentic; there will be such explanation of the causes that have led to the making of the claim, as shall make plain the present situation in this and other States; there will be traced analogous movements for the betterment of conditions of peoples and the work of women's clubs, that have taught the sex wherein they are able to exercise a power once supposed not to pertain to women at all,—the power of thought—will here be traced. In this State where such a large proportion of the work of every community is performed by women, it seems more especially necessary that they should understand the value of that work not only to their families but to the world. If the work is of value, the worker should be properly esteemed. Is any worker esteemed who is counted before the law as having no opinion? Economy is the great theme of the day, yet the economy of making the thought of women as citizens, of benefit to the community, to the State, to the nation, has had little consideration.

It is especially in such countries as America, where the average and representative sort of life is lived by the people who, not only are wage earners outside the home but with the home are also more or less obliged to perform a round of daily tasks in the routine of living, that a just comprehension of the value of each person's work is possible, and in exactly how great a proportion any class or sex contributes to the economic distribution of labor and of thought. For it is now allowed by all, that the most essential thing in the consideration of every subject is the question:

MRS. HATTIE J. D. CHAPMAN.

What bearing has this, upon the necessities of the hour? What is the economic value? In the effort to secure to an unrepresented class of citizens a just recognition and voice in the government of themselves it is necessary to show, not only the highest reason why this should be granted but the less exalted, though to many the more important facts of the constantly increasing economic value to be found in woman as a responsible and franchised citizen, instead of, as hitherto and now, a disqualified being, by law held incapable of adding to the comfort of the community, although the law holds her responsible for any crime she may commit.

One of the most potent factors in the economic strength of a people is the power of expressing an opinion in political action. Without being able to express this political opinion, a man loses half if not more than half his value to the community, and by the SUPPRESSION OF HER OPINION, woman loses the same value to the community, to the State, to the nation. Now as to woman's ability to express political opinion, many dispute,—yet they do not question an ability as to opinion when it comes to an opinion on dress, food or food preparation,—or, on religion. It is at once said that she has been accustomed to consider these matters, they are as second nature, but ideas of government are as a strange language. True enough, but a language that, when practiced a little will be spoken as fluently as others once accustomed to it now speak it. Few men or women will do a thing well or do it long when they have no share in it. Skill in anything is gained, not by looking on, but by doing the thing, and though many women now take only a superficial interest in what they look on at, the interest and ability will develop with the doing, and the share of women in taking a direct interest and having a responsibility in the forming of their opinion on political questions will be of important economic value to any party.

It is well known that in all industries, the better, more brainy the workman, the more profitable he is to the employer. Now it is plain that just as the greatest number of boys and youths of the land are resigning the higher education, girls and women are eagerly taking it. Is all that culture and training to be lost for the country? Is that preserving the economic strength of the people? Are women themselves lowering the standard of the nation by refusing

MRS. J. H. MASTICK.

to help mentality in its development? And until a woman does so help she is not doing her full duty. Surely it is only the most ignorant and thoughtless who now hold it unwomanly to wish for just consideration of ability as thinking, reasonable beings.

Customs everywhere have changed,—forced into change by progress. Once upon a time it was not ill-mannered to eat with one's knife. There is a cause for everything—there was a cause for that. When it was done two-tine forks were in use, such forks as made it impossible to take the food up on them. Presently silver forks came in use with three tines, then with four tines, and stretching of imagination came to fancy that the food tasted better from the silver forks than from the steel knife, besides being lifted easier. There was the custom of taking snuff—once thought so elegant, the custom of sipping tea from the saucer, the custom of walking, standing, sitting, stiffly because the big hoops worn made it necessary and unnatural attitudes were insisted upon. Rocking chairs had not come in use to invite ease—but the chief reason was that the effort towards finding the truth in everything had not developed. Mannerisms, habits of expression, dress, had not yet taken hold. It has only been a little time that people have begun to be natural. It commenced with the adoption of hygienic exercises, athletics, tennis, riding, walking, and so little by little society has accepted the fact that it is more natural—therefore more elegant to walk, talk, sit, stand, at ease than to be bound to cast iron rules of carriage or expression.

The younger generation will be, are, therefore, more graceful, freer in movement, more natural, more honest in expression and demand a greater recognition. And in this change woman, woman, who once had no need and no wish to know much outside the home has come to the natural development of a being of importance without, as well as within the home circle. The general club movement has shown the necessity she feels to take a share in outside interests. And the work of clubs has developed her, even though she has not taken kindly to criticism of either the work or her self-fear, or resentment of criticism is often merely self-consciousness, vanity; and is certainly a weakness; unfortunately this weakness is often shown and sometimes discourages the press from making notices that might be of value to the public.

MRS. ELLEN C. SARGEANT.

In connection with the press consideration of topics that women have taken up as their work, I may say that periodicals have generally reported the doings of women's societies, without comment or criticism, because criticism, if given in an unadorned state, lacking any saving clauses or coating of gelatine, raises an outcry of protest, often brings forth an accusation of injustice. A city editor in response to an appeal from a few women who wished to have certain club work seriously considered, and felt that faithful criticism alone would emphasize its worth, once said to me: "I regret to confess a lack of courage to undertake it. He would be a brave man who should venture upon such a criticism of woman's performances, unless criticism should be construed in a very sugary fashion."

This is only one of the many proofs that the opinion widely prevails of woman's unwillingness to be judged as a human being,—a responsible intelligence, rather than as a creature of sex, of more or less unreasoning emotions. It may be admitted that the majority of women fear to compete with the world workers in general, except as members of a handicapped or disabled corps, that does excellently well under the circumstances, but is eager to have the circumstances in evidence. The numbers are increasing, however, of those who offer themselves as equal workers willing to be judged and rewarded only on the grade of work accomplished—mental or manual,—without consideration of sex.

Does not the acceptation of the rules for matriculating in the University of Work and Thought, mark the advance of a well equipped battalion that is threatening the outposts behind which tower the barriers of social class? If women will not break through the barriers of social as well as intellectual class,—barriers that past conditions no longer existing raised between members of the human race, they cannot question, nor protest against, the action of men who refuse to lower the bars of political distinction between the sexes. Who that claims justice for her work and thought can fail to offer justice to the work and thought of others?

MRS. P. W. BROCK.

OUR WOMEN'S CLUBS IN CALIFORNIA

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER

California Has One Hundred and Forty-seven Clubs, and over 28,000 Members.

Only about twenty-five years ago was the field open for the establishment of regularly organized clubs for women. The two first founded in America (as we all know) were the Sorosis in New York and the New England Club of Boston. And these were subjected to the most severe criticism by press and people, especially those of the sterner sex, who were indignant at the innovation, of what they considered, their own special rights.

About fifteen years ago the famous author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, visited California. While in San Francisco she was invited to meet a number of our prominent and intellectual women, at the home of Mrs. Ellen Sargent, and address them on the subject of clubs. Mrs. Howe was one of the founders of the New England Club of Boston, and is still its honored President. Immediately after this reception "The Century Club of California" was organized, and to-day we have 147 clubs in California.

Most of these clubs are purely literary and social in their character, but all tend to the elevation and improvement of society. For, intellectual and interesting topics of the day are written up and discussed by refined cultured women. The tone of their social meetings is also elevating, as the conversation is bright and entertaining, and the music, both vocal and instrumental, superior and delightful.

The California Club, (as has often been stated) is the great working club of San Francisco, and many reforms and improvements have been wrought, by the work and energy of its members.

Through their influence the wholesale destruction of our grand and picturesque forests, has been checked. The condition of the women of our working classes bettered, besides many other great and good deeds accomplished.

One of the latest and most worthy efforts of this club, is a project they have to assist struggling musical students to procure books and music, necessary for their instruction and progress.

The members of that up-to-date association, the Women's Press Club are never idle and some of them have been doing extra literary work during the past year. Four of these talented ladies have lately presented to the public some volumes of rare merit. One is a story by Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster. It is a study of Chinese life, and is bright and pretty, as it is unique.

The Women's Sketch Club, though quiet and unostentatious, is doing some excellent work in the artistic line. Many of its members handle the brush with rare skill and some of our best artists, that are winning fame abroad, are still pleased to call themselves its members.

This is a simple outline of some of the works and progress, of a few of the Women's Clubs of San Francisco. Throughout our Golden State a vast number of these excellent organizations are established, each accomplishing through the energy, and enterprise of its members, great and good results. Notably "The Ebell" of Oakland, one of the oldest clubs in the State, and the many famous clubs of Los Angeles. All are progressive and prosperous, the majority of them owning their own club houses, which they have built with exquisite taste and design. With them all, literature and art, as well as philanthropy and reforms, are encouraged and promoted.

MRS. JOHN F. MERRILL.

It is now a recognized fact that clubs for women, beside being progressive and elevating are also of great use and value, to society at large.

"If the hand that rocks the cradle rules the destinies of the world," then how very necessary it is that women should be learned, clear-headed and progressive. If any man, no matter how great, lets his talents lie dormant, they will rust for want of use, and after a while almost cease to exist. And so, too, with a bright, well-conducted woman if after her marriage she seeks her only amusement in fashionable society and devotes most of her time to frivolous occupations, neglecting all mental improvement, she deteriorates, and when her children need her guidance and assistance in the path of learning she finds that what once she knew so well has fled from her mind, and that with the newer methods of education that have been adopted in this age of progress she is totally unfamiliar. Her children cannot understand all this, and they marvel that she is so far behind the times.

What a boon to woman then is the intellectual club, where at least once a week she can forget household cares for a few hours, and where in the midst of congenial surroundings meet bright women with whom she can exchange ideas, or listen to learned treatises, interspersed perhaps with delightful and elevating music.

In France, when Madames Recamier and de Stael, made their salons the scenes of such brilliant gatherings of wit and eloquence, woman improved and reveled in this intellectual intercourse with the greatest minds of the day. But now in the glare and fuss of fashionable receptions, where pride and money hold full sway, intellectual conversation has become the ghost of what it was then.

Silly frivolous utterances and commonplace idle talk is generally what one hears in these glittering halls of fashion, and which certainly does not tend to elevate or improve the mind.

But intelligent women, as well as men, have always felt the necessity of an exchange of thoughts with others of their kind, where in intellectual and social meetings the mind is filled with useful knowledge, the character is elevated and the conversation is bright and entertaining.

And this is the object and aim of these much-talked of, and often maligned "Women's Clubs," where a number of congenial women meet, under rules of gracious breeding, for the universal purpose of improvement, and which they make at the same time delightfully social.

MRS. BERTHA G. SPITZY.

NELLIE BLESSING EYSTER.

MRS. LOVELL WHITE.

WOMAN'S CLUB WORK—PAST AND PRESENT

BY ELLA M. SEXTON

The most notable recent happening for San Francisco clubs and those around the bay was Mrs. Lowenberg's annual breakfast given to the Philomath Club and special guests. About 350 of the women noted as clubwomen were present, and their beautiful gowns had a fitting setting in the Maple room of the Palace Hotel, where superb decorations and charming musical lent additional pleasures. As founder and president for nine years of the Philomath, Mrs. Lowenberg has been an inspiration and an able guide to those ladies, and as president of Laurel Hall for three terms she is esteemed and honored by its members, all of whom were present. At each plate was a dainty menu, the water-colored illustration being a young lady in pink gazing meditatively at a winged volume labeled "Club Life," just above her, and beyond. The menu, from oysters through ices and black coffee, engrossed the ladies from one o'clock to three, when Mrs. Lowenberg gave a greeting to her friends, and introduced her daughter, Mrs. A. L. Brown, as toastmistress. Something witty or felicitous Mrs. Brown gave with much skill and grace as she presented each lady who responded to a toast. Mrs. George Law Smith, president of the California Club, answered for "Up-to-date Heroes," ending by saying that women who could face 350 clubwomen and respond to a toast were true up-to-date heroes. The next toast, "Ragtime," was answered in verse written in that fetching tempo by Mrs. Ella M. Sexton. Miss R. Abel responded to "Women's Weapons," Mrs. Horace Wilson to "Strenuous Life," and Mrs. Julius Kahn, the newly elected president of Philomath gave a poem in answer to "Beaten Paths." Mrs. Josephine de Greayer replied to "Femininity," and Mrs. George W. Haight was as ever delightfully witty in "Social Diplomacy." Mrs. A. L. Lengfeld contrasted life in Japan and here in her "Points of View," while Mrs. Thomas W. Collins offered some very clever verses on the "Literary Guillotine." The president of the Century Club, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, responded to "Americanisms," Mrs. L. L. Dunbar of Sorosis to the "Batchelor Girl," and Mrs. W. R. Parnell concluded with "The Stars and Stripes."

Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Miss Mabel Gray of the Ebell, Mrs. Bunnell of the Oakland, Mrs. Anna Samuel of the Adelphian, Mrs. C. Mason Kinne of the Papyrus, Mrs. E. G. Dennison of the Corona, Mrs. Mabel Craft Deering, Mrs. J. C. Lemmon and Mrs. Laura Y. Pinney of the Women's Press Association were noted among the guests.

The organization of the Women's Civic Improvement Club of Oakland, in response to Mayor Olney's suggestion, should mark a new era for that city, a city without parallel for beautiful homes, and squalid ones; for fine buildings down town next door to rookeries that were dilapidated twenty-five years ago. To keep clean her public streets is object enough for Oakland's ladies, forced to wade through seas of liquid mud on many of her thoroughfares. To beautify them should come later on, and, doubtless, will prove also a success in the hands of a hundred and fifty energetic women, headed by Mrs. S. C. Borland, and endorsed by the mayor. Let us hope that trees will be planted, too, for Oakland's oaks are famous, and should be accompanied by stately avenues of palms, magnolias and pepper trees, as well as the deciduous maple and elm of colder climes. With Oakland's warm climate all things are possible, and a semi-tropic paradise of bloom and greenery should be hers to enjoy and point to with admiration.

San Francisco ladies have awakened, too, and the Outdoor Art League, with energetic Mrs. Lovell White at its head, has prevailed upon the Park Commissioners to have the debris and picnic luncheon papers removed from the city's magnificent beach. "Where every prospect pleases, and only man (and woman) is vile," might hitherto have been said of this beach (in common with so many other beauty-spots), where a great city's Sunday and holiday crowds flock to enjoy Nature, and a cold luncheon at the same time. The ubiquitous sardine-box, the iniquitous pasteboard ditto, empty bottles and Sunday supplements, these happy people will invariably scatter on Mother Earth's lovely drapery of grass and ferns, of rocks and bushes. Mill Valley has been "tidied up" by the Art League this summer, and all good citizens now devoutly hope to see our Golden Gate Park's splendid ocean sands as well kept as Park lawns and roads. To drive over those fine roads, and usher your Eastern friends upon an unkempt beach piled with malodorous debris, has been our melancholy fate too long.

MYRA HARDINBROOK.

Mrs. Clara Burdette has been scoring the idle society woman who has no aim beyond outdressing her intimates, in a talk before the Los Angeles Ebell Society. Mrs. Burdette, though a very rich woman, is constantly at work upon some plan for the betterment of women and their conditions, usually. She does not sit supinely and merely enjoy life in her elegant Pasadena home, devoting her days to dressing, driving and pleasure as one would imagine, but is ever busy, and the click of her typewriter, as she reels off page after page of crisp, witty and strikingly original lecture matter, is a daily sound when she is at home. Her poet-husband, Bob Burdette of happy memories as lecturer and author, has a charming study on the second floor, where wide windows frame Mount Lowe, and the beautiful Pasadena orange groves. Mrs. Burdette accompanies her husband on his lecture tours, traveling thousands of miles every year with him, and usually speaking before the clubwomen in every town where Mr. Burdette lectures. She is the First Vice-President of the G. F. W. C., and all California clubwomen are hoping to see her chosen president of this organization and its six hundred thousand members when the G. F. W. C. meets in St. Louis in 1904.

The Ebell Society of Los Angeles has formed an association to build its own thirty thousand dollar club house. The Friday Morning of that city owns its most picturesque and commodious home on Figueroa street, which is built after the old Mission

INA D. COOLBRITH.

style of architecture. The Clubhouse Association of Riverside has purchased a lot to built its home. The Highland Pleasant Hour Club of San Bernardino county was so active in establishing a free library in Highland Pleasant Hour Club of San Bernardino in the building. The Colton Woman's Club has assured the town a public library.

Prominent improvement clubs, making a specialty of beautifying their home towns and surroundings are those of Petaluma, Sonoma, Vallejo, Fowler, Berkeley Town and Gown, Lemoore, and many other of the Southern District Clubs.

The California Woman Suffrage Association, Mrs. M. S. Sperry, president, held its annual convention November 18th and 19th in San Francisco. The new state organizer, Miss Gail Laughlin of New York, formerly expert agent of the U. S. Industrial Commission, and others, appeared. Miss Laughlin spoke recently before the California on her favorite topic. Mrs. Ellen C. Sargent is honorary President of this Association, and Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. Mastick, Mrs. William Keith, Mrs. Hattie Chapman, Mrs. Speddy and Mrs. Oulton are prominent members.

The San Francisco District of the California State Federation met at the California Club rooms November sixth, with Mrs. E. A. Osborne in the chair. After the welcome by Mrs. George Law Smith, and greeting from Mrs. L. F. Darling, State President, two-minute reports from the twenty-five clubs in this district were given by their presidents. Calistoga, Eureka, Napa, Petaluma, Palo Alto, Sonoma, San Jose and Watsonville were represented, besides the city clubs. Reports of various committees occupied the afternoon, Mrs. Osborne being nominated for another term as district president, and a reception to Mrs. Darling ended the affair. The next State Federation meeting will be in Sacramento in the spring.

Mrs. Laura Y. Pinney, the recently elected chief officer of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association, enters upon her term with the support and good wishes of all the members. A talk on Russia by Miss Jessie Peixotto and some Russian songs by the soprano of the Greek church, were features of a recent program, and some charming things are promised by the Program Chairman, Mrs. Charles Newman. On November 23rd the following numbers were given: Songs by Miss Louise Grosset and Miss Genevieve Gleason, the Stories of Some Familiar Songs by Madame Emilia Tojetti, Talk on Holland Galleries Miss Anna Frances Briggs, and a poem by William Keith read by Miss De Neale Morgan.

Clubwomen generally are looking forward to the St. Louis meeting of the General Federation of Clubs next year, when the wonders of the Exposition will also be in view, the notable Woman's Building especially. The one in Chicago was a dreary, comfortless place, but St. Louis promises much better accommodation. Very low rates will be made by the different railroads, we are informed, and fifty thousand delegates are expected. There are 147 clubs in the California Federation, with a membership of 28,000 women. The leading clubs are:

Corning—Maywood Woman's Club; Elk Grove—Friday Club; Paradise—Sorosis Club; Placerville—Shakespeare Club, Elizabeth B. Browning Club; Redding—Woman's Shakespeare; Sacramento—Tuesday Club, Kingsley Art Club, Museum Association; Woodland—Shakespeare Club; Willows—Ladies Conversation Club; Eureka—Monday Club; Napa—Study Club; Palo Alto—Woman's Club; Petaluma—Beckwith Club, Woman's Club; San Francisco—California Club, Clionian Club, Contemporary Club, Corona Club, Daughters of California Pioneers, Forum Club, Laurel Hall Club, Mills Club, Pacific Coast Woman's Press, Papyrus Club, Philomath Club, Schumann Club, South Park Settlement Mothers' Club, Sorosis Club, Wimodaughsis Club; San Jose—Woman's Club; Sonoma—Sonoma Valley Woman's Club; Watsonville—Woman's Club; Alameda—Adelphia Club, Criterion Club, Tea Club, Wednesday Afternoon Club; Berkeley—Town and Gown Club; Niles—Country Club; Oakland—Ebell Society, New Century Club, Oakland Club; Sonora—Manzanita Literary Club; Stockton—Philomathean Club; Tuolumne—Saturday Club; Vallejo—Woman's Improvement Club; Armona—Woman's Club; Bakersfield—Friday Afternoon Club, Woman's Club; Dinuba—Woman's Club; Fowler—Improvement Club; Fresno—Friday Morning Club, Leisure Hour Club, Parlor Lecture Club, Wednesday Club, West Park Thursday Club; Hanford—Nineteenth Century Round Table, Shakespeare Club, Twentieth Centry Club, Woman's Club; Kern—Woman's Club, Lemoore—Woman's Club; Oleander—Woman's Study Club; Porterville—Inter Se Club; Reedly—Culture Club; Sanger—Shakespeare Club; Selma—Wednesday Club; Tulare—Shakespeare Club; Visalia—Kanatenah Club; Visalia—Woman's Club; Alhambra—Wednesday Afternoon Club; Avalon—Woman's Club; Azusa—Woman's Club; Carpenteria—Woman's Club; Covina—Monday Afternoon Club; Downey—Saturday Afternoon Club; East Whittier—Woman's Improvement Club; Lompoc—Alpha Literary Club; Long Beach—Ebell Society; Los Angeles—Ebell Society, Friday Morning Club, Kindergarten Club, Monday Study Club, Ruskin Art Club, Stimson Lafayette Woman's Club Thursday Afternoon Club, Treble Clef Club, Wednesday Morning Club, Women's Press Club, Woman's Sericultural Club; Moneta—Woman's Progressive Club; Monrovia—Saturday Afternoon Club; Pasadena—Current Topics Club, Monday Afternoon Club, Shakespeare Club, Washington Heights Study Circle; Pomona—Ebell Society, Woman's Club; Santa Barbara—Art Study Club, Woman's Club; San Luis Obispo Woman's Club; Santa Maria—Literary Club; Santa Monica—Coterie Club; Santa Paula—Currer Events Club, I. N. S. Club; Saticoy—Poinsettia Club; South Pasadena—Woman's Improvement Club; Ventura—Avenue Ladies' Club, Tuesday Club Wednesday Afternoon Club, Mound District; Colton—Woman's Club; Corona—Woman's Improvement Club; Fullerton—Woman's Club; Highland—Pleasant Hour Club; La Jolla—Woman's Club; Lo Mesa Woman's Club; National City—Mothers' Club; Ontario—Current Events Club, Friday Afternoon Club; Perris—Woman's Club, Val Verde Friday Club; Placentia—Round Table; Redlands—Contemporary Club; Riverside—Extemporaneous Drill Club, Professional and Business Woman's Club, Woman's Club; Santa Ana—Ebell Society, Woman's Club; San Bernardino—Woman's Club; San Diego, San Diego Club, Shakespeare Club, Sherman Heights Mothers' Club, Wednesday Club; San Jacinto—Travelers' Club.

RS. CAROLINE MUNSON.

THE TEETH OF THE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL

Do you force yourself to feel and look always bright, merry and good-tempered, so there will never form around your mouth the ugly lines that tell all the world of a soured, peevish, ill-natured disposition? Of course you do; so I needn't ask that. But in a life of hustle from morning till night do you take time to keep your teeth sightly and in perfect order? Without good looking teeth the prettiest girl will be unattractive. Do you know that a sensitive person invariably looks away from a talker with bad teeth?

Almost any sort of a natural tooth is better than artificial teeth. A skillful dentist can always straighten and make even crooked and misproportioned teeth. The natural teeth will usually last a lifetime with proper care, and American dentists are the best in the world. The main thing in preserving teeth is to keep them clean. The best time for brushing them is invariably at night, after your last meal. This is a most important matter. It is the particles of decomposing food sticking in the interstices of the teeth that attack and make them decay. Never go to bed with your teeth unbrushed or your mouth not thoroughly cleansed with water. Rinse the mouth after each meal, particularly in the morning after you have been drinking coffee. You can see what it will do by looking inside a coffee pot that has been used for some time.

Have your teeth thoroughly put in order at regular intervals by a first-class dentist. If they are not inclined to decay, once a year is often enough; if otherwise, then twice or three times. Have each decayed spot filled at once as soon as it is large enough. Then say twice a year, have the dentist scrape and polish your teeth. This takes away stain and discoloration, and makes them gleam white and pearl-like. In cleansing them every night use a moderately stiff brush. Pass the brush up and down between the teeth as well as across. This removes bits of food and the clogging matter that sometimes lodges between them.

One dire enemy of the teeth is tartar that incrusts them roughly about the gums and loosens them. Have your dentist keep watch of this and remove it once or twice a year, as is necessary. Twice a week use a good dentifrice. An excellent one—none better—likewise a very cheap one, is made by mixing one ounce of pulverized white castile soap with two ounces of precipitated chalk and adding about a teaspoonful of powdered myrrh. In this same proportion any quantity of the dentifrice may be made. The druggist will mix it for you.

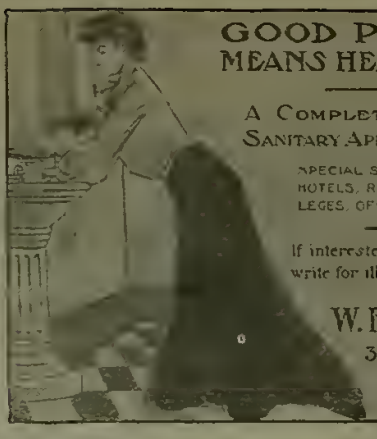
Children should be trained to brush their teeth as they are trained to wash their faces, and consider it as much of a necessity. Keep watch of the growth of their permanent teeth, and if these come crooked or crowded, have the defect remedied. You will often save thus a child's future beauty. It is for woman to regain for the civilized human race the splendid teeth of its savage state.

No object is more offensive to contemplate than a toothless mouth, or one containing black, snaggy, decaying teeth. If through neglect or disease you have lost your natural teeth replace them of course with artificial ones, but be careful that these are not too large and too white. It is to the credit of Americans that when they are unfortunate enough to lose their natural teeth they supply the lack with manufactured ones and so preserve the symmetry and sightliness of the mouth, as well as their own good digestion. This is well, very well. But let me speak of one unpleasing point: Many women who wear artificial teeth have a habit of removing them at times and appearing in the presence of their families with bare gums. This is a downright horror. In no way can a wife and mother more effectually repel her husband and children from her personality.

The old way was to take artificial teeth out at night and deposit them in a bowl of water. This is not now done, for "store teeth" have reached such perfection that it is not necessary. Simply cleanse the set thoroughly and replace it in the mouth, and let none see you without it. A folding rubber cup is made that is a great convenience in traveling to take along with one and brush the artificial teeth in.

* * *

"My mother," says a woman correspondent, "had five children, and as soon as we shed our teeth she made each one of us get a 'stick' toothbrush (a broken off piece of black gum limb) and brush our teeth every night after supper. We used no tooth powder of any kind. I am the oldest of the five children, and I am thirty years old. We kept up this nightly tooth brushing. No one of us ever had the toothache. Only one of us ever had to have a dentist even to examine our teeth, and that only once. Though we are all married and scattered, the old habit, which is a good habit, still clings to us. I still use a 'stick' toothbrush every night."



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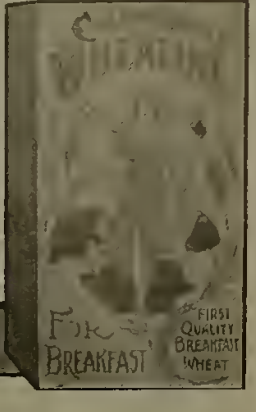

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SOPHIE E. S. GARDINER,
Editor California Ladies' Magazine.

San Francisco, Nov. 24th, 1903.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

The articles below are a few of the newest designs which are making the name "Alexandra" popular. These illustrations are more to give you an idea of designs or styles, rather than the beautiful effect of Alexandra Diamonds and Fish Skin Pearls. The Alexandra Diamonds are cut, polished and faceted identical with the genuine, and are as hard and lustrous, and warranted to retain their brilliancy. The pearls are manufactured of a combination of fishskin and silver, which gives the perfect coloring sheen and hardness of pearls; made in all shades, including white, pink, and black, and are warranted to retain their luster.

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THE WINTER FASHIONS OF PARIS

PARIS, Oct. 31.—Reopening, or, as we say here in Paris, on rentes, is the popular expression of the moment at the gay capital. The fact is made evident in the appearance of the bustling streets, the opening of the theaters and the general animation seen in the shopping quarters frequented by mondaines.

Take a peep into the tea rooms at the Ritz hotel any afternoon between the hours of 4 and 6, and you will see a distinguished crowd of gayly dressed women who have just returned to town. They will probably be discussing the latest scandal or the success of the new models in fashion shown by the great dressmakers, whose salons are near by in the Place Vendome.

The fact that life in the country is infinitely more pleasurable in October than July counts for nothing. The social calendar, whose laws are like those of the Medes and Persians—unchangeable—registers the last of October as the date for the villegiature's termination. Society bows to the decree, and as that propitious season has arrived Paris has once more come into her own.

Le Grand Prix d'Autumn is the first function which brings out the smart sporting set, announces socially that the Parisienne has returned to her beloved city, and that the season, with its pleasures and fetes, is on. The feminine world on the race day set out for Longchamps in all its bravery of new autumn attire. During the drive through the woods long coats and rain garments come into requisition, as the elements made up their minds to be sporty. By the time the track was reached the sun shone out brilliantly, lighting up the autumnal foliage surrounding the course. The costumes of the women toned in with the gown nature had donned, and beautiful Longchamps was a symphony in color and a dream of fair women. In the Jockey club's tribune reserved for the fair sex the display of toilets was positively regal, being composed for the greater part of velvet supline in various tones of fuschia, bordeaux, golden brown and green.

The hats were very elegant, covered with great plumes and draped with mousseline de soie. The new feathers worn on the hats at the races were of the shaded ostrich variety, so magnificent in proportion both in length and breadth that they are quite as much "property" as were the silk gowns of our grandmothers. These fascinating feathers are comparatively cheap in Paris—about half the price you pay for them in America. The woman who revels in a bargain will commission a friend stopping here to bring her home at least a feather or two.

Another sign of the sartorial times was brought out at this race event in the artistic touches of gold and silver daintily used on the new hats and frocks. This revived Parisian mode is introduced with such good effect that no fault can be found on the score of garishness. The gold is of a dull shade, and its value on a costume is like the chiaroscuro effect in a painting. An idea of the charming manner in which this gold galloon disports itself may be gathered from the description of a toilet worn by a well known sportswoman. The material of this creation was Havana brown sable cloth. Over the perfectly plain skirt appeared a brown velvet Louis XVI. jacket. A neat design of gold embroidery was just noticeable on the white cloth semi-vest peeping from beneath the lapels of the coat. A large brown velvet hat trimmed with gold braid and mordore plumes was an effective aid to the chic ensemble.

An enormous white cloth hat of the Louis style particularly appealed to me. It had a border of dull gold galloon outlining the brim and encircling the crown. Amber tipped white feathers gave the distinctive touch of elegance which is characteristic of the chapeau de style.

White cloth varying in tone from oyster white to ivory shades will have the same costume prominence it did last year, and bids fair to be the cloth of the exclusive. Taupe or moleskin is the trimming par excellence for the white cloth gown. Fur in sable, chinchilla and miniver bands trim many of the smartest tulle and lace evening frocks. Worth is glittering his evening toilets with silver and gold sequins, and is also employing a remarkable sleeve which begins at the elbow and consists of volants of some airy fabric. Point de venise is in great vogue for the ball toilet, and needless to say that the price of venise lace robe make it prohibitive except to the favored few.

The majority of us are doubtless more interested in the practical and indispensable street dress. The agitating question which has been tormenting the woman who insists upon being comme il faut at all times has been the skirt length. An edict from high authority has gone forth that the trotter skirt or the one reaching to the ankle is to be worn for walking or morning frocks. The skirt for afternoon and visiting gowns must just touch the ground, while evening toilets will be exceedingly long, resting in trailing billows on the floor all around.

It requires quite as much practice to successfully maneuver these gracefully flowing gowns as it does a piece of field artillery, and the debutante who trips the light fantastic toe may enter the ballroom with the idea of wrecking her costume.

A favorite material for the walking dress is a chevlot in blue and green plaid, so wonderfully woven that the tartan design is hardly visible.

The skirts of walking gowns are usually box plaited and caught with machine stitching to the knee, where they flare out in fullness. The bolero which accompanies these jupes is trimmed with a profusion of dull flat gold buttons and opens over a lingerie chemisette caught into a white taffeta band fastened with a large gold buckle. The sleeve on the strictly tailored coat is smaller than it has been for some time; indeed, a little fullness beneath the turned back cuff is all there is to be seen. A cachet is given to the bolero by adding a double flounce of plaited lace under the cuff. This adornment makes the hand look very dainty and attractive.

Mouse gray velvet is finding favor for the trottler gown, and this color, together with wood tans, is a dominant note in the color scheme of the season. Preference will be given this year to stronger colors rather than to the undecided pastel tints, royal blue and purple, a lovely shade of cerise and a bottle green being to the fore. We will not perhaps give our heart whole admiration to these brighter tones at once, as the soft, neutral tints were so alluringly becoming.

Fashions hark back to the sixties and the days of the second empire as well as to the all important 1830 period. The circular bands, ruchings and tucks which are now the chief form of skirt trimming belong to the sixties. Illustrative of the happy effects of circular trimming is a costume of soft, heavy black taffeta which is one of the leading fancies of the autumn. The well defined skirt at the hips flares out to meet the bouffant lower half trimmed with graduated rows of velvet ribbon. The bodice does not flaunt the ubiquitous cape perlerine, but the newer old time "crossover," which is being revived. This bodice trimming falls over the shoulders in full flutes, crosses at the waist line in front and is carried round to the back, where it terminates in a basque or plaited ends.

Women nowadays must "do" everything and be seen everywhere, as not to be seen means social extinction for the time being. In society's motor car race to be left behind is to be forgotten.

All this "being" and "doing" necessitates a lot of clothes for different functions, and the blouse, especially the elaborate affair the Parisienne adopts, worn with a dainty crape or net skirt is a costume change which may be rung with less expense than the ensemble toilet.

The Place de Madeline is the environment from which springs the dainty blouse, and the following are a few of the creations emanating from coutureres in this quarter:

A lovely separate blouse of champagne cloth has a bolero edged with a soft colored galloon on mousseline de soie. A tiny military vest is formed of black braid and gold buttons. Over a galloon trimmed round cloth shoulder collar is a smaller collar of white linon de sole outlined with a narrow plaiting of the same. This linen also makes the full underblouse and puffs which hang from under the kimono sleeve, also wristbands and ruffles.

A delightful dinner corsage is of grenadine de soie of the Bengal rose shade. This bodice is plaited from neck to waist line. A piece of old Venice lace outlines the bust, makes the epaulets on the long shoulders and fashions the high standing collar, cuffs and sleeve bands. A cocarde of black velvet with gold tasseled ends and a gold belt buckled give the Parisian touch of black.

Simple and chic is a bodice of tan peau de sole having a shawl shaped drapery of the silk edged with fringe and bands of brown velvet. The neck emplecement and cuffs are of guipure.

The American girl could not live without her "tuh" waist, but the Parisian mondaine scorns the hygienic wash waist and clings to the froufrou affairs just described.

Marcel-Prevost's sincere and earnest appeal for a return to the comfort and grace of the Greek costume is, I fear, meeting with scant courtesy here in Paris. There are no signs that the green ateliers are treating the matter seriously. Indeed, they have threatened us with a revival of the crinoline. The women of to-day have too highly developed a sense of the ridiculous to accept a semblance of the hoop-skirt from even the highest sartorial oracle. The creators of modes are perhaps retaliating by giving us the present exceptionally full skirts. Let us be thankful for the compromise.

Fashions come suddenly and go suddenly. It is no good buying for the future, for in a few months what you purchase now may be the most old-fashioned thing imaginable. The revolutions in fashion are certainly more decided and spirited than they used to be of old.

Ladies' fashions in out-door garments seem to take a military turn and rest themselves for the moment on the military style of overcoat and capes. Exceptionally smart are these, too, when well cut and built by a master hand. The model shown in the cut is one of the newest and smartest in its line. It is intended for any wide cloth or tweed, and is distinguished by its military collar and shoulder straps, the latter performing the useful duty of hiding the short darts which fit the cape to the shoulders.

Moleskin cloth will be an English novelty in mantel and coat fabrics. Velvet is to be extremely fashionable for gowns this season. It is splendid in its bright tones—old turquoise, lettuce green, burnt orange, rose color, Indian red. But it has its pros and cons. It is regal, therefore it is not for the poor. It drapes beautifully, but it creases fearfully. In its first estate it is fascinating; when the least bit worn it is the shabbiest of the shabby.

Hopsacking and matting effects are distinctive features of the autumn stuffs, with multi-colored spots or stripes introduced.

Some of the matting cloths have raised boucle stripes, others squares, but all present a rough surface. Some display broken, undefinable spots, introducing browns, greens, reds and blues on a dark ground.

In the wake of the velvets follow the painted velveteens with plain and stripes in browns, mauves and blue, and others in soft greens and blues with small red florets.

So far it seems most probable that dark rich colors will be more worn as a general rule than the pastel shades, the French showing a particular favor for a rich royal blue.

Some of the dress prophets proclaim a new gospel in gowns of severe simplicity, but it is not at all verified by the preparations that have been made in the way of trimmings.

Laces there are in abundance in all the heavy makes of cotton; linen and even woolen for the trimming of gowns, as well as minute embroideries and applique motifs.

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WHAT THE WELL DRESSED WOMAN SHOULD WEAR

BY KATE CLYDE

If there is one thing above another which makes me crazy—and there are several of them—it is the sight of a short woman covered with bobbydiddles. What is a bobbydiddle? Ah, my dear friends, surely you must have seen those meaningless tags and ends which certain women affect—the bows under the ears, the dangly chains, the multiplicity of side combs and neck beads, the—— But why go into the list? You know what I mean.

Strange, isn't it, that you hardly ever see the long, lank girl so bedecked? But, no. She stands up like a bare pine tree or a bleak mountain side. It is the little dumpling of a girl who can no more resist them than she can fly, and they dangle, flip and flop from all parts of her person, caricaturing her figure and taking away any appearance of style she may possess.

Once I dressed one of these short little persons to suit myself. I did up her hair on top of her head; I plucked two bows from her hair and another one from her collar, I cut off the tabs from her belt, I divorced her from a chain and a pearl necklace, and I made her wear a waist of the same color as her skirt. The result was worth noticing. With a tailor made waist having a tailor made stock, a tailor made skirt and a plain belt she was a revelation. She looked almost tall and slender.

There is no use in talking; the little plump girl must give up frillies and be content to dress simply if she would look well.

THE CORRECT COIFFURE.

I wonder how many of you are wearing your hair in the modish way—low at the neck. You have no idea how universally becoming this is when it is well done. The prettiest way is to part the hair on one side in the front and draw the rest simply down into a figure 8 at the nape of the neck.

First brush the hair downward over the face with strokes which make it roll out from the forehead, then throw it back and puff it into a regular pompadour with the side combs. Then, after you have made your 8, divide this front pompadour unevenly and hold it in place with your side combs. In the evening it gives a better effect if you insert two little rolls or "rats" under your divided pompadour. The central part is far more becoming for evening than for day wear on account of the large hats, but the low dressing of the hair is an improvement in nearly every case, and is particularly smart when worn with the new turbans. In the evening a brilliant star worn low in the pompadour is very pretty, especially in dark hair.

Feather hats are among the novelties of the winter. They are prettiest in green, gray or shaded red, and there are even stoles and muffs made to match them. The hats are untrimmed save for a rich buckle, and the majority are of the exaggerated turban shape raised at one side.

A long cloth coat faced with fur is a very useful and smart garment for cold weather. Made in deep red cloth and trimmed with skunk or marten, this need not be expensive to be pretty. The collar should be of the storm shape, with the lapels wide and gracefully rounded. A French sailor of red felt trimmed with an edging of the fur and a bunch of shaded roses would be smart worn with such a coat.

A beautiful range of Oriental garniture affords delight to the eyes with their rich but mellow coloring and military braids, fringes and tassels cater to the taste for chic and dashing effects.

Shirred waists of white china silk are particularly desirable for young girls whenever a dressy garment is required. They are made collarless, with shirred neck pieces and sleeve tops.

A beautiful wine-colored chiffon velours model was made after the style of an old picture frock, being cut away to show an underdress of accordion plaited chiffon with a deep bertha and long stoles of point de venise. The sleeves, reaching to the elbow, were turned back with a full cuff of this wonderful old lace. To a woman with fair hair wine color is peculiarly becoming, particularly at night, and in velvet or some such sumptuous fabric.

WINTER SHIRT WAISTS.

As regards the winter shirt waist, the white sicilienne and mohair blouse is about the most useful that can be invented. It should be made perfectly plain, with tuckings or box plaitings and no silk strappings, for if it is washed these will turn yellow. A set of turquoise or coral buttons makes a pretty finish.

The three-quarter white cloth coat will again be "the thing" for evening wear, and this can be made at home, for it requires no fitting on account of the looseness and the saving properties of the large cape collar of lace, velvet and embroidery. Pearl gray may be made equally pretty and is more serviceable. Ecru and coffee color, however, are not so dressy.

I can no longer bear—and neither can any smart woman—the large black ready-made hat trimmed with a single ostrich feather laid on haphazard. This style of millinery has absolutely gone out. Get a simple shape with good lines and trim it with rosettes of ribbons or flowers. If you want a feather-trimmed hat take it to the milliner. She will give it an odd touch which will save it from looking commonplace.

When you come right down to it the black hat is not in very great favor just now, except with the black gown, and even with that a colored hat is often used.

LATEST FASHIONS FOR GIRLS

In girls' dresses there is a greater variety in color than during the past season. Most of the garments are selected with an eye to the coloring. These colors are not gaudy, but strong, and will both wash and wear. They are serviceable, and harmonize with plain materials. Little coats are usually made of soft, fringed broadcloth, or soft finished albeline, with broadcloth trimmings. The embroidery is in a silk floss, and the color matches that of the coat.

Most of the dressy coats are three-quarter length, and are white when intended for everyday wear. The materials used and the coat distinguish the dress from an everyday garment and one intended for Sunday and for special occasions. A heavier material is used for those worn daily, and for the others a lighter material is used, such as dotted swisses and embroidered muslins. Broadcloths and cordurnys are the most used for coats. They wash, and can be cleaned, when they look bright and new.

For little girls from four to eight years a pretty dress is made with a square yoke in front, with a bodice plaited in three double box plaits, extending the length of the dress. The back of the dress is also plaited. It has a turnover collar, and the sleeves are extra wide, with a double box plait. The dress is worn with a belt, either around the waist or across the shoulders. The dress may be used for special occasions by the liberal use of embroidery or lace insertion for the yoke, and the collar and cuffs.

Pretty dresses for girls are also made of volle, and the pale shades are used for finer frocks. The more dressy frocks are trimmed with wide cape collars. The cuffs are frilled, and the sashes worn are wide and of lawn.

Dressy gowns are also made of pale blue volle, and trimmed with a deep four-pointed collar.

For girls between the ages of 12 and 16 years, the same material, generally, is used as for women.

Skirts for girls between these ages are mostly plaited, and all kinds of material is used. If the girl is thin a full plaited bodice, belted at the waist, is worn. For girls who are better formed, the backs of their bodices and coats are loose, and the fullness is held in by a belt across the shoulder.

Accordion plaited waists and skirts are smarter than ever, and this simple style is particularly effective for young girls.

The kilted short skirt is very becoming to a slight figure. This is put on a tight-fitting yoke and is trimmed with three stitched rows at the bottom.

Suede is used as a trimming, particularly on short skirt costumes and fur coats.

Buttons of all degrees and kinds are used in great quantities.

The high pointed collar in stitched linen or batiste is the vogue in Paris. Those who cannot wear such a plain collar use one of transparent guipure lace with scalloped edges. With tailor made blouses the nique or cheviot four-in-hand is always good form.

The plainer the shirt waist the better. When combined with a tailor-made walking suit and a tailor made hat it is far more becoming than a pretentious blouse.

Buttons are assuming almost dangerous proportions. It is a pity when a chic fashion reaches an exaggeration especially in tailor made garments. The introduction of buttons originated in the smart tailoring world. The tiny silver, jet or gold specimens are charming, but when a cheap serge is covered with gilt buttons it has become a vulgar mode, and the best dressed young girls will have none of it, although at the same time the button in itself, treated by the master hand, is a charming trimming.

Embroidered turnover collars are sold with cuffs to match. The latest is a hemstitched effect with a black and white monogram embroidered in the center.

Chiffon velvet is one of the new inventions of the year in dress material, and it will be much appreciated by those who have suffered from the weight of their velvet gowns.

Negligees, like dresses, are made with long flowing sleeves which fall back, displaying the arm. The favorite sleeve is shirred on the upper arm and from there down becomes a full frill edged with ruching. Shirred yokes without collars are also considered smart, and in general bands of shirring are particularly good form in trimming.

Some dresses designed for midwinter have the entire lower half of the skirt made of fur and bands of heavy silk, while a similarly contrived cape with

long front tabs gives an air of chic to the costume.

The ideal traveling coat is of soft silk or cloth, with a full cape reaching to the wrist. The length of the coat is three-quarters.

A fine sable stole seen recently was seven inches wide and reached to the bottom of the skirt. It was absolutely flat, the lower edge fringed with sable tails. It was worn crossed over at the waist line.

French girls are fond of the quiet, small, old fashioned black and white, brown and white and dark blue and white shepherd's plaid, made with the trotteuse skirt and a little plain cloth coat of corresponding color.

No sombreness touches the millinery of the season. Sapphire blue, flame-reds, orange and light yellows mingle with many shades of green, the new petunia color, fawns and browns, while white and light tints are not discarded, so brunette and blonde may alike easily suit themselves.

Beaver promises to be much worn, and birds are in high favor. The black hat of the first sketch shows both these features. It is a simple plateau of beaver felt caught up at one side with a white bird. The crown, or the place where a crown usually is, is draped with soft black satin ribbon and a rosette.

Equally characteristic of the new styles is the second hat sketched, a charming picture affair in black velvet and trimmed with handsome black feathers held by a long steel buckle. Beneath the brim is a band of soft ribbon or velvet, which keeps the hat on capitally and makes it firm, a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Everything points to a great vogue for velvet this fall and winter. It will take the richest tones—amethyst, dahlia, brown, laure, green, ultramarine blue, a lovely red with a bloom on it, all charming.

Fur and moleskin cloth will enter into the winter hats and other modish fabrics and felts of various descriptions, including beaver, and silk in black, white champagne and other chic tones, plaited after the fashion of straw.

Everywhere waves the ostrich plume, and bands of ostrich feather trimming give a soft grace. These are shaded or in two colors—black and white, brown and white, or mauve and white.

Black and white, the magic mixture that survives all moods of fashion, will have high favor in hats, being carried out in such schemes as that of the first sketch.

Birds of many and beautiful sorts nestle on or around the crowns of hats, wings come in pairs and are poised like exquisite butterflies, breasts lend their softness and bills their dash and style to the hats of the season. Nothing so softens the outlines of the face as the ostrich feather becomingly arranged, and in deed it should be an artist who handles the long plume and a woman of distinction who wears it.

Low crowns rule, yet there are medium high ones, and square, oval, indented, bell crowned or tapering effects are among bizarre novelties.

While picture hats are still worn, the tendency is toward smaller shapes, like the turban, for wear with street costume. A winter model in moleskin is fashioned after the heart shape, but the front is brought into a more acute point and the crown composed of fur, the brim of folded green velvet with a couple of pheasant quills at the side.

* * *

Millinery for Young Girls

The latest styles in millinery for young girls, are in hats: A soft mohair felt crasher, trimmed with ribbon band, colors, black, navy, castor, pearl, brown and cardinal.

Hat of six rows of machine stitching, trimmed in good quality of satin black velvet ribbon trimmings fastened with satin buttons, full ribbon streamers; colors, trimmed in red, brown, navy or cardinal.

One of the prettiest styles of mohair felt hats is trimmed in mohair with scarf of surrah silk and silk cord, two prettily poised quills form a most becoming trimming; colors, white, navy and brown.

Very jaunty rolled-rim sailor, for young lady, trimmed fully with satin scarf, pretty buckle; hat bound in satin; colors, black, castor, navy, brown and white.

Hand-made draped velvet hat, colors, black, navy and brown.

Child's rolled rim, smooth Venetian felt sailor, bound with seven rows of narrow ribbon, also ribbon streamers; colors, navy, cardinal, castor and pearl.

Soft mohair felt crusher, trimmed with ribbon band; colors, black, navy, castor, pearl, cardinal, Oxford and brown.

CHILDREN'S OUTFITTING

Patrons who visit our store are delighted with the variety and magnitude of our assortment of dainty and elaborate garments for women and children. We always carry a large assortment of imported hand-made goods as well as those of our own manufacture. Manufacturing largely under the most favorable conditions we are able to offer inducements not to be obtained elsewhere as to style, quality and price.

This pretty little short dress is made of Jones' longcloth; neatly tucked yoke; shoulder ruffles of embroidery; ruffles on neck and sleeves edged with Valenciennes lace. (See Illustration above); sizes, six months to 3 years. **50c**
Sizes 4 and 5 years, 65c.
By mail, postage prepaid, 7c extra.

Infants' Slip, made of Jones' longcloth; round yoke of tucks with hemstitched ruffle; hemstitched ruffle and neck and sleeve. A very dainty little dress..... **50c**
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OUR NEW FALL and WINTER CATALOGUE, with hundreds of illustrations and descriptions of stylish garments for women and children, will be sent free to those who will send their name and address and mention this magazine.

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are the most hygienic garments for children. Twenty-seven styles of garments of special interest, including Dr. Grosvenor's Gertrude suits for babies, Antiseptic Diapers, Infants' Night gowns, Infants' knit Undervests, Children's Sleeping Drawers and many other accessories for the wardrobe of women and children. We are exclusive Pacific Coast agents for these goods. Send for illustrated booklet

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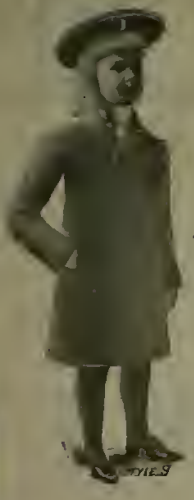
LATEST STYLES IN BOYS' CLOTHING



There are few changes in boys' fashions. They change less than those of girls and women. In suits the Norfolk is again in style for boys aged from four to ten years. For those from nine to fifteen years the double-breasted suit seems to be the most popular.

In overcoats, the long full cut Chesterfield with velvet collar is very popular. It looks well, and wears well. They are made from Miltons and all wool cassimeres in solid colors, navy blues, blacks and Oxfords. Some of them are in plaids.

Style 7 is a Knickerbocker suit, jacket closely fitting and tightly buttoned, three buttons on a side and plenty of pockets. The collar is rolling, and the young man carries a cane.

Style 8 is also a Knickerbocker, but the jacket is to be worn unbuttoned, and is rounded in front. The buttons are more for ornament than use, and the jacket has the full complement of pockets. The wearer of this pretty suit also carries a cane.

Style 9 shows a boys' long coat, with large buttons. The coat is to be worn closely buttoned, and fits snugly.

Style 10 is a boys' suit of knee pants. This kind of suit, while not worn as much as the two-piece double-breasted suit, is chosen by many boys who like the manly air of their elders.

Style 11 is to be the most popular suit for little fellows whose ages are between three and eight years.

Style 12 is suitable to little fellows just out of dresses, and their mothers prefer not to have them in jacket and pants, and want some kind of a suit different from dresses. This style is a go-between.

Boys' double breasted knee suits are also made of blue and fancy cheviot. They are strongly made and serviceable. There are a variety of patterns, suitable for boys from eight to fifteen years.

Boys' three-piece knee suits are also made of dark and fancy cheviots and cassimeres, and of fine blue serge. They are suitable for boys between the ages of nine and fourteen years.

There are also Tuxedo suits for dress wear, made of black cloth, coats with long silk-faced roll, vests low cut. These suits have knee pants, and are worn by boys from nine to sixteen years of age.

Brown Bros. & Co. of San Francisco are making a special feature of dressy suits for boys, and mothers will do well to inspect their styles.

Other suits for boys between nine and sixteen years are made of blue serge, black clay or black undress worsteds; also fancy worsteds and cassimeres. They keep color and wear well. Some of these suits are cut on the same lines as men's with long, narrow lapels, broad shoulders, self-restraining fronts, hand-finished collars, and hand-made buttonholes.

Suits for boys from three to eight years are made in fine serges, blue and red, with trimmings on the collars of the newest.

For children of the same age, Russian suits of seal, red, brown and royal navy are made. They are dressy, and are strongly made. Also suits in all wool cheviots and flannels are made for youths between these ages. The suits are neatly trimmed.

Materials of a heavier grade are in boys' frocks, and the edges finished as simply as possible in the form of a hem. The collars and cuffs are turned over.

Boys' coats are made in several styles. The blouse has a full belted back and is fastened at the left side; the sleeves have rolling cuffs. Another style is the reaper, which is double-breasted.

Boys' suits for school and everyday wear are also made of corduroy material. It makes a pretty coat, looks neat, and wears well.

MOTHERS:

the place to buy your clothing for the

BOY

in all the season's latest, or for the

CHILD

in assortment pleasing and complete is

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SAN FRANCISCO

CALIFORNIA
Co-Operative Medical Co.

DR. JOHN T. KELLETT, Founder, President and Manager

The charter of the California Co-Operative Medical Company was filed on record December 13, 1901, at Eureka, Cal., with fourteen charter members, and a capitalization of $1,000,000, divided into fifty thousand shares at twenty dollars each. Nobody can own more than one share, which entitles the owner to free medical advice and treatment. examination and medicine for themselves and little ones.

This company employs the very best physicians and specialists to be found on chronic diseases, which are cured without a knife, or legature, pain or detention from business.

Each member has as much voice and power in the management of its affairs as any other member, and the Initiative and Referendum which gives any five of the members the privilege to secure an investigation of its affairs, and appeal to the members for a change or amendment of by-laws, or rules and regulations.

They now have a membership of nearly two thousand and capitalization of $1,750,000 and have paid an average dividend of $2.76 per month.

This Company was organized for the purpose of enlightening the people how they could be cured of disease and pain without paying for experimenting and no benefit. You may say: "how can they do this?" I will tell you. They manufacture Oil of Eden, and Sweet Spirits of Eden which have proven their marvelous virtue as being the most wonderful, effective and valuable compounds known for the cure of Kidney, Liver, Stomach and Nervous Troubles. They are not cheap remedies, but are inexpensive cures. They are not used like cheap remedies.

A few drops of the Oil of Eden, applied with the end of the finger will relax and open the pores of the skin, dissolve and remove all impurities to the surface without injury to sound parts.

Sweet Spirits of Eden will regulate the circulation of the blood and strengthen the nervous system, which regulates the whole body.

When they begin making or clearing $1.00 a week on an average from each and every one of the 80,000 druggists in the United States, each member will draw a dividend of $12 a month, even if there were 25,000 members, not saying anything about any other business they may enter.

Shares are now selling for $35, and will raise soon, and the longer you wait the more it will cost you. So take your choice, if you want a share. Enclose price, name nationality, post office of birthplace, age and height.

Here are a few Testimonials from Prominent People—Hundreds More on Application

Mrs. Atkinson, of Fruitvale, says, "I suffered from rheumatism, liver, kidney, and stomach troubles for years. I was helpless and unable to move without assistance for twelve years. Six months ago I started to use "Oil of Eden" and "Sweet Spirits of Eden"; used two small bottles of each and am now well and able to do my own work and go from place to place as well as ever. I feel that I am cured and do not believe I will suffer from recurrence of trouble. I gladly recommend these two medicines to all who are afflicted, and will gladly tell those who may ask of my wonderful recovery.
MRS. W. J. ATKINSON,
Brandon St., Fruitvale, Cal.

Ankum Cal., Oct. 3, '03.
The California Co-operative Medical Co., Oakland Cal.
I read one of your circulars which came with a bottle of your most excellent medicine, "Oil of Eden." We have used quite a number of bottles and its merits can't be too highly recommended. Once it saved my daughter's life when she was almost dead of scarlet fever. I am, Very Respectfully, Your Well Wisher,
MRS. BESSIE VANCE.

Mrs. J. E. Phillips, Grass Valley, writes: "I write you concerning Oil of Eden. I had suffered for ten years with rheumatism; my hands became paralyzed and useless with the best medical aid. I heard of your remedy and was induced to try it and it has cured me."

W. H. Loomis, M. D., ex-consulting physician of Fabiola Hospital, Oakland, Cal., says there have been some remarkable cures made of rheumatism, neuralgia, eczema and enlarged glands with Kellett's Oil of Eden. Sweet Spirits of Eden will positively purify the blood and cure chronic constipation, diseased digestion, nervous prostration and restore lost vitality caused by old age, sickness or over-taxation.

Dr. C. F. Clark, San Francisco, says that he has made some remarkable cures of rheumatism and eczema with Kellett's Oil of Eden.

Mrs. Lizzie Smith, Eureka, says she suffered for three years with muscular and inflammatory rheumatism, with swollen and stiff joints, and was entirely cured with Kellett's Oil and Sweet Spirits of Eden.

Dr. B. Hammel, of El Dorado, says that he has cured sciatic rheumatism and catarrh of nine years standing with Kellett's Oil of Eden.

Dr. A. B. Leak, of Carson City, Nev., says Oil of Eden will cure deafness, sore eyes, neuralgia, sore throat, earache, cancer of the face and rheumatism.

H. W. McClellan, 723 B street, Eureka, says he has used Kellett's Oil and Sweet Spirits of Eden for pains in the head, back and knees, for sore throat and nervous troubles, and that they cure.

Dr. J. J. Caldwell, of Oakland, says that he uses Kellett's Oil of Eden for rheumatism and removing enlarged glands and false deposits of the joints.

Mrs. A. Wells, Eureka, says they have suffered a great deal with muscular and sciatic rheumatism, lumbago, and pains all through the head, caused from catarrh and kidney troubles, and have been entirely cured with Kellett's Oil and Sweet Spirits of Eden.

Mrs. C. E. Fardenwalt, of Sacramento, Cal., writes "In answer to your inquiry of my opinion of Oil of Eden, I can say that I have used it in neuralgia, and also my brother, P. A. Wise, of New Hope, Cal., has used it and cured a case of sciatic rheumatism. It gave perfect satisfaction in both cases."

Mrs. W. G. Finton, of French Corral, Cal., writes: "I wish to say that I had suffered for thirty years with neuralgia, and all treatment failed until I chanced to get a bottle of Oil of Eden, which cured me."

Dr. J. W. Lewis, Oakland, Cal., says that he has practiced medicine for thirty-five years and knows of nothing to equal Kellett's Oil of Eden for the cure of rheumatism; and will cure three-fourths of the diseases called heart disease.

Henry Schroder, of 1060 East 15th street, Oakland, says, in two days' time Oil of Eden cured his knee, which had been lame for some time.

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FANCY WORK

VERBENAS AS A MOTIFF FOR EMBROIDERY

BY MAY ASHTON REED.

It is seldom that one sees the verbena used in embroidery, and it is the more to be wondered at when one considers the beautiful colorings of this flower, the delicate pinks, rich purples and deep reds in which it grows.

There are illustrated here two different articles, each having the verbena for the decorative motif, and

BRUSH AND COMB TRAY.

each will be found beautiful worked out in one color, or the different sprays can be colored differently.

For instance, the brush and comb tray, figure No. 1, can have clusters of purple and red verbenas, or it may be worked out in reds alone or purple.

Three shades will be sufficient to work out each little floweret that comprises the clusters, but a wider range of color is needed to model a cluster and bring out all its beauty. If you decide to work the red verbena I would suggest that you use the geranium red line 1601 to 1605, blending the 1605 into 1203½, 1209, 1210. Keep the under flowerets darkest, and those that form the top of each cluster the lightest.

In the center of each little floweret is a small spot of delicate green, 1318x. If purple verbenas are preferred, use 1300, 1300½, 1301, 1301½, 1302, 1303. If pink flowers are desired use 1287½, 1288, 1288½, 1289, 1290. The brush and comb tray is 12x16 inches.

The side dish shown in figure No. 2 is 10x16 inches, and three of them comprise a set if they are used for vegetable and relish mats. The size of the side dishes is 10x16.

The borders are unique on each of these pieces. They can be made with a Duchess lace border or the braid may be omitted and in place of it a heavy padded buttonhole worked over the design, in place of the braid, with Dresden Floss No. 1201, white.

The lace stitches can be worked directly on the linen in either green or white Dresden Floss, leaving the linen under as a background. In this case, work the lace stitches in first and buttonhole afterward.

In case of the brush and comb tray and olive dish all the silks would not be used, but the number of shades requires the amount called for.

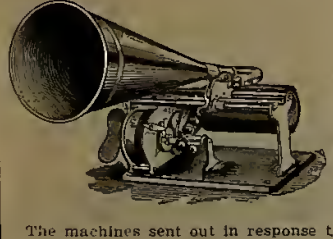
SIDE DISH.

The verbena is not at all difficult to work, as very little shading is required to get excellent and showy results.

Speaking of my own preferences I should work the border in silks instead of using the lace.

Your Money Back

If Not as Represented



This machine is not a toy, but a practical machine, and uses the same records as are used on $100 machines. During the next thirty days we will send you this machine, with 12 of the best cylinder records made, transportation charges prepaid, for $9.00. Cut out this coupon and mail to us with money order for the above amount and goods will be forwarded at once. A fine Christmas present. Take advantage of the opportunity offered.

The machines sent out in response to the advertisement will be equipped with the very latest large size reproducer, never before used on a talking machine sold at so low a price. The records are particularly fine, being the famous Columbia Records, known as the best wherever talking machines are used. Our guarantee goes with them.

Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l

125 GEARY ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Inclosed find $9.00, for which please forward to me, all charges prepaid, one of your new talking machines (type Q) with 12 of the new hard molded records advertised by you with the understanding that you will refund the money if I am not satisfied, and return the goods to you in five days, or will take them in exchange, allowing me $9 on account of any other machine if returned inside of thirty days from date.

.....

.....

....., 1903.

We accept this order on above conditions.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO.

Slippers in Black and White

Bed room slippers are not a luxury, they are a necessity, and there are many styles of these articles, but it is very difficult to get a good fitting model, one that will not spread out over spoce an dieave the foot in cold desolation.

The directions given here will pro-

duce a slipper that will fit the foot snug and trim, and it will stay fitted. The imitation of ermine on the toe and rolled top is very effective.

Cast on 22 stitches of white single Germantown, knit plain knitting 42 times across until an exact square is formed, and then knit on ten extra stitches which forms the turn-over border.

First row. Knit ten in white, put in color and finish the 22 stitch.

Second. Knit 23 colored and 9 white.

Third. Knit 10 white, 22 colored.

Fourth. Knit 23 colored and 9 white.

Fifth. Knit 10 white, slip 2 colored. Knit 2 white, slip two colored, knit 2 white, continue across the needle, 5 slip, 2 pearl, 2 white, knitting 9 white.

Sixth row. 10 white, 22 colored.

Seventh row. 23 colored, 9 white.

Eighth and ninth same as sixth and seventh; tenth and eleventh same as fifth and sixth.

Thirty-five rows are sufficient for No. 4 slipper, as they must be stretched on the sole. The black stitches in the toe and border are worked in as one fancies, with needle and black knitting silk.

Handkerchief Case

This handkerchief case is both novel and dainty. For it is required about half a yard of satin of any delicate shade, the same quantity of China silk of the same color, some cotton batting, thin cardboard, sachet powder, about a yard and a half of two and a half inch satin ribbon same color as the satin, and one very sheer embroidered lady's linen handkerchief as large a size as possible, for whatever its size the handkerchief case will be just the same. Cut a square of the cardboard about a quarter of an inch smaller all around than the handkerchief. Cut the handkerchief in four parts, as shown in the picture, and cut triangles of the China silk and satin same size as handkerchief sections, also cut from one thickness of the batting piece the same shape but a little smaller than the others. Sew the silk and satin together, with the batten for an interlining, and sprinkle the latter thickly with satchet powder. Cover one side of the cardboard with the China silk, then sew the triangles of satin wadded with batting and lined with the handkerchief piece, along the four sides of the square, so that they meet at the center of the latter. Make a pad of satin, with scented batting underneath, to just fit in the bottom of the case, glue it into position so that it hides the sewed edges of the other portions. Across the pad tack strips of half-inch satin ribbon from corner to corner, diagon-

ally, to hold the handkerchiefs in place. Catch the handkerchief pieces to the satin ones so that each flap will open and shut as one, and finish with a big bow sewed to the point of one flap.

FANCY WORK

PHOTO BOOKS

These convenient receptacles are very easily made. A piece of linen 11x30 inches will be required to make

the book. If a silk lining is desired, then a piece of silk the same size will be needed. In case you line the linen cover, sew the linen and silk together around the edges, then make up as described below. Place the linen right side down on a table, take the two ends and bring them nearly but not quite to center. A space of one-fourth inch must be left for a hinge. Featherstitch the edge with silk to match in color the lining. Sew the two sides of each pocket together.

Now to keep the book in shape cut two cardboard covers just a little narrower than the depth of the pocket. The ribbon bows should be made out of the best quality of silk or satin ribbon.

OPERA BAGS

Make a chain of 160 stitches, join and pull the loop out 1-3 inch long, put hook through next stitch, pick up silk, draw through, pushing up four beads, pick up silk and draw through 2 loops; pick up silk and draw through 2 again.

Then make 1 chain stitch, now draw out this loop 1-3 inch long, pick up silk, put hook through the chain stitch, pick up silk and draw through

as loop just made, 4 beads, pick up silk, draw through 2, pick up silk and draw through the 2 left, make a chain stitch, put hook through fourth loop in chain, pick up silk, draw through, pick up silk, draw through 2, make a chain stitch, and proceed as before until this double crochet is made all around the chain, putting a stitch in every 4th stitch of the chain.

Second round—Make the double crochet just as before, taking up the stitch where the chain stitch was made in the 1st round, making it as deep as one desires it to be.

This bag is lined with silk of any color, and may be finished with the "gate top" of silver, or with crochetted rings, through which a ribbon may be run.

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I will tell you, without charge, how to keep your skin young and your complexion clear and fresh; how to preserve your hair and keep your scalp pure and healthy.

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To be entirely successful in life you must appear all the times at your best. All the loveliness of character, all the grace of manner and all the brilliancy of intellect that challenge admiration, if hidden behind a wrinkled, blemished face, dull eyes and deformed features are apt to be passed unnoticed by the busy world.

With scientific, systematic, thorough treatment, I speedily, permanently and safely cure pimply faces, blackheads, large pores, blotches, dandruff, scale, crust, and all irritated, inflamed or eruptive conditions of the skin and scalp, stop hair falling, fading, splitting, and promote a strong, healthy growth.

I remove, painlessly, moles, warts, wens, cysts, scars, red veins, superfluous hair and all unsightly, humiliating or embarrassing blemishes on, in or under the skin without leaving a mark or any trace of former existence.

You can't afford to have your face tampered with by unreliable, inexperienced men and women—so called beauty specialists—who make all sorts of promises and give worthless guarantees to perform miracles they know are impossible and can never be accomplished.

WHAT PHYSICIANS AND PATIENTS SAY ABOUT DR WILLIAMS' TREATMENT.

A physical examination of Mrs. V P. McCabe, who has had one side of her face treated by Dr. Williams, was found to be free from wrinkles, freckles and of a youthful, healthy pink complexion, and a healthy luster to the eye, while on the other side of the face remained wrinkles, freckless yellow and flabby, baggy tissue above and below the eye and no luster in the eye.

C. H. H., M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 14, 1903.

Dr Williams' treatment is really wonderful. I find my deep lines and wrinkles have disappeared, the skin smooth and soft, my eyes are stronger and better, and altogether I have a different expression,

E. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3, 1903

Your treatment for the eradication of deep wrinkles, yellow and flabby skin is indeed remarkable. My skin is soft and clear where previously it had been very bad. I wish to congratulate you upon your simple method. I shall always remember you with gratitude.

S. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 3, 1903.

Have just finished treatment for the renewal of the skin and cannot speak too highly of his remarkable ability, The result is so entirely satisfactory and pleasing and the inconvenience such a mere trifle any one contemplating the treatment should have no fear of suffering any pain whatever. MISS A. M. S.

Original copies and addresses at office.

The Beauty of Our Wild Flowers

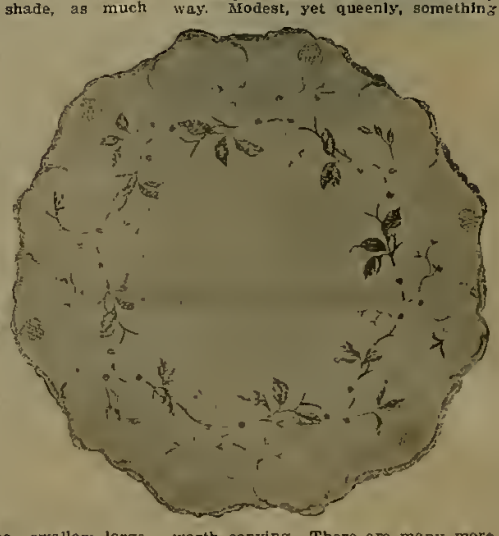
BY MRS. ANNIE KENLY.

Now as to wild flowers. In what abundance and beauty I have seen them this summer, traveling along the country roads as I have been doing. I have seen clover this summer in shades that I have never seen before, one being about our 1541 American Beauty shade, and such magnificent heads—as big as a large walnut. Our Buttercups, with their varnished petals, that silk can so much better reproduce than paint, but that we cannot make all one shade, as much as we sometimes would like to, because we must have our form, as the name indicates, and and so we take our three or four shades, and our light green for the few French knots right in the center, the yellow one all around the green up onto the petals.

And what shall we say about our pure white daisies? I don't like to see them growing along the side of the road. They are never so clean and beautiful as when shut in a field quite a bit away. As they are the emblems of purity, modesty and beautiful young womanhood, may we learn a lesson here.

Business women are often, too often, a necessity, but do not covet it, for she has many times to swallow large doses of things most bitter,. I am speaking now of the cultured woman who has had to forego the shelter of her home. But I have strayed away from my beautiful daisies. We have now most perfect shading for white flowers, as you know, if you have seen the shadow tones. All these extensions and improvements make me eager to find some time to try them. All white flowers must have their shadows and toning, the incomplete petals being done first and the complete ones being almost wholly pure white, then the green in the immediate center and the yellow surrounding it, both in French knots.

I saw daisies this summer 2½ inches in diameter, very long stalks and carrying themselves in a most queenly way. Modest, yet queenly, something



worth copying. There are many more wild flowers, but these we all know and love, and they are with us all summer. I would like to speak of the marvelous beauty (don't laugh) of the dandelion, especially the blow, but I am afraid your last shred of patience would be gone, but look for yourself, and look to see.

Young Lady's Novel Enterprise

BY J. M. SCANLAND

Miss May D. Doane, a worthy and deserving young lady, living at 307 Market Street, Portland, Oregon, has inaugurated a novel enterprise—canvassing by telephone—her number is Main 2900. Being an helpless invalid and unable to personally solicit, she had a telephone placed in her room, and " rings up" those whom she thinks would like to subscribe for the California Ladies' Magazine, and she is meeting with wonderful success. Were she physically able, no doubt she would become one of the leading business women of the country, for she has shown that she is gifted with business qualification in undertaking this little agency enterprise.

Hers in a lonely and sad life! She has been an invalid for eighteen years, and confined to her room for the past six years. In this little room, her only world, is her "office." On the walls are the texts to which her eyes frequently turn: "In God We Trust," "He Cares for You!" "Look unto Jesus!" and near by on a table is her Prayer Book.

MISS OOANE IN HER HOME OFFICE.

A writer for the California Ladies' Magazine called upon Miss Doane with a view of penning a short sketch of herself and her new enterprise. At first she was inclined not to talk "for publication," but upon being told that her "agency" was something novel and that she was entitled to credit for her ingenuity, she finally consented. In these few words, she related the sad history of her lonely life, and it is hoped, in the interests of suffering humanity that substantial aid will be extended her, for she certainly deserves encouragement and assistance:

"I am the daughter of a pioneer missionary, the Rev. Dr. Doane. My parents are very feeble, frail and poor, so that they cannot help me much, as they wish to do. And so, I am trying in the only possible way, for me now to help earn the money necessary for my recovery to health. From early childhood I have been an invalid, and a continual sufferer from spinal disease, caused by severe falls. I have now been shut in entirely for eighteen years, and confined to my bed most of that time. For many years my case was considered hopeless, but new methods and new treatments have proven so beneficial that now my physicians believe I can be cured, if I can only continue the right treatment long enough.

"My method of work is very simple: Thanks to kind friends, I have a telephone, which can be placed at my side on the bed. I ask my friends for lists of names of their reading friends and acquaintances who have telephones, and then I call them, and introduce myself and my work—meeting almost always with courtesy and kindness. Every movement, and all writing costs me additional pain, for I can only use the telephone while lying down, and then only on such days as my strength will permit.

"I was much attracted by the California Ladies' Magazine, which has become so popular throughout the West. It is so bright and piquant, and so full of that which every lady cares to know, that it wins upon its own merits, and I feel confident that I can secure a good many subscribers for it."

THIS SUPERB SMITH & BARNES PIANO ONLY $255

IN WALNUT OR MAHOGANY CASE, FINE OESIGN, BEST MATERIAL, ELEGANT FINISH.

Standard size, richer in case, more complete in action, and better everyway than styles heretofore sold for $400.00 and over. We need not say one word as to the quality of

THE SMITH & BARNES PIANO

The style we offer is one of the most popular that the Smith & Barnes factory has ever produced. We have 100 of this style to sell, and that fact will explain the remarkably low price.

SEE THESE EASY TERMS

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Think of it! Only $300 for the favorite Smith & Barnes piano on easy terms—only $7.00 monthly until paid for.

A piano of this style from almost any maker, would cost at least $376.00 on these terms, and for less money we give you the Smith & Barnes—an old, established make, representing much more actual musical value, and twice the durability. This proposition makes it the most enticing piano proposition ever offered you.

In our quarter of a century in the piano business, we have never before known so much piano value given for the money. It is really a wonderful bargain.

Smith & Barnes pianos are of the best grade, and always please purchasers. You take no chances whatever in buying a Smith & Barnes. We will ship it promptly. We ship pianos everywhere.

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Just like cut, made of finest mat or poster board, either bottle green, ruby red, pearl gray, or chocolate brown, decorated with ribbon to harmonize; rivated together, so that it can be opened and closed at will. Size when open 22x12 in., when closed 6x12 in. Send 30 cents for one to-day. You will want more when you see it. A set of four fans, one of each color, sent postpaid for one dollar.

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Out elegant eight-strand braided chains two yards long, heavy tassel, are $1.75, all colors and combinations of colors.

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AMERICAN SILK CO.,
311 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

French Ribbon Embroidery

BY MISS E. BERNER

This lovely work needs a fitting background of soft toned silk or satin. Cream gray, pompadour blue and pink, delicate canary are all especially effective.

The material needed to carry out the design is Filo floss for stems, veins and tendrils.

Very narrow pompadour ribbon shaded in pink, blue, green, yellow, red, purple and white; one edge of the ribbon is dark, the other edge is a pale shade of the dark color.

The pattern must be specially designed for the work, and the flowers most used are forget-me-nots, button bush rose, buttercup, pompadour pink rose, star clematis, lilac, tiny purple asters and miniature daisies.

A long eyed tapestry needle with sharp point and slender body will be necessary, and the background should be tightly stretched in hoop or frame. Use the ribbon exactly as you would use silk. Do not draw it too tight, as the flower should stand out well from the background. The double roses are made by gathering one edge of the ribbon and commencing on the outer edge of the flower, sew it with a fine needle and thread around the stamped outline of the rose. The daisies are made with a single stitch from tip of petal to center. Forget-me-nots are made in the same manner; also lilacs. In double flowers when the outer edges are to be darker than the center, the ribbon must be gathered on the light edge. Some petals can be made like a daisy loop with excellent effect. I have not tried clover yet, but will later, as I think it will work out effectively.

The photo frame shown worked in pink double rose, forget-me-nots and white star clematis is exquisite on a pearl gray or pompadour pink silk ground. The ribbon tying them should be a shade lighter than the background, but of the same color; two threads of Filo floss can be used for working the ribbon. The pillow can be worked out in the same manner, using the coloring for the flowers, except

PHOTO FRAME.

that on one side of the stem in each corner the roses could be worked pink, while on the other side they could be yellow button bush.

The work is fascinating. It is quickly and easily accomplished, and with very little practice the amateur can produce the most exquisite work.

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The first person from each community who writes us can obtain FREE a large treatise on Superfluous Hair, and a Full Size package of Beyara FREE.

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YOURS FOR THE ASKING

Would you have a form second to none, perfectly free from all scrawny and hollow places, and a bust as full, plump and firm as you could desire? You may easily obtain these inestimable blessings if you write to Mme. Hastings, the marvelously successful Form and Face Specialist of Chicago for her famous system of development, a discovery which vigorously stimulates the developing forces of nature and makes plump all the flat and sunken places and which creates the most fascinating and beautiful curves. It enlarges the bust measure 6 inches and makes the arms and neck plump and round. The Nadine system is the one praised so highly by leading society women everywhere. It is perfectly harmless and failure is unknown. Special instructions are given to thin women to gain 15 to 30 lbs. more in weight and round out the entire form. While using this treatment you will receive constant care by mail until you are entirely developed. Prominent physicians highly indorse and prescribe it because of its great superiority over everything else known for physical development. Upon request and a stamp for postage, a package, sealed in a plain wrapper, will be sent you containing beautiful photos and full information how to develop yourself at home. Do not fail to write at once to

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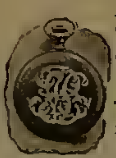

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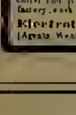

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AN XMAS DINNER IN CONSTANTINOPLE

The wife of the proprietor of the Levant Times in Constantinople, Mrs. Laffan-Hanly, wishing not long ago to show to some of the inhabitants of that city what an old-fashioned English Christmas was like, and incidentally to cement valuable friendships for her husband in certain influential quarters, sent out invitations for fifty persons. There was a curious mingling of nationalities in the guests representing Greek, Persian, Turkish, French, Armenian, Russian, English, American, Spanish, Hebrew, Italian, Albanian and one Japanese. Possibly there may have been more nationalities represented, but only thirteen different languages were spoken.

Mr. Laffan-Hanly's house was situated in Pera, directly opposite the konak of Fuad Pasha. As the guests arrived, some on horseback, a few on foot, a few in coupes, but more in sedan chairs, the faces of the women in the konak opposite could be faintly seen pressed against the kafass, for Fuad Pasha was one of the guests, and none of his wives could accompany him. Hadji Rassim Effendi was another. There were two Hebrew bank directors, the Persian ambassador and the Japanese consul.

The Greek and Armenian ladies were richly dressed in heavy silks and velvets under their fur-lined wraps. They wore a profusion of jewels of barbaric design. These ladies riot in bright colors and dazzling effects, and on this occasion were painted red and white and had their eyebrows blackened. The other ladies were handsomely

ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

dressed, but it remained for the two Jewish ladies to exhibit fine diamonds in extravagant numbers.

In such a mixed assemblage it was almost impossible to establish anything like sociability, and the poor hostess grew haggard with the effort. The Turks looked on with preternatural gravity and bowed with exceeding politeness on all occasions. The Persian ambassador might have been a wooden image for all the expression on his face. The Albanian stood in a corner in solitary grandeur, his stiffly starched fustanelle standing out like a ballet dancer's skirt. The Japanese consul smiled and bowed right and left with praiseworthy impartiality. The Englishmen stood in a group, while the Greek, French and Armenian got together and were soon talking with animation, while the word "parades" fell from their lips as if money was the only thing worth mention. The Russian, Spanish, Italian and German gentlemen paid strict attention to the ladies, who sat in the two upper parlors, while the men appropriated the main room.

Miss Laffan-Hanly, the very pretty daughter of the host and hostess, played Christmas carols on the piano, but nobody listened, and it was a relief when dinner was announced. It was understood that the dinner was to be representative of the Christmas in England, and so there was a roast of beef of astonishing proportions following an enormous boiled fish on a wooden tray. Two monstrous turkeys and a chicken pie filled the table, with the vegetables and small things, such as pickles, olives, etc. Everything was put on together save the dessert. Wines there were, and pure water for the Turks and Persians.

At last everybody was seated. The service was well done by three men from the big hotel. The Greeks and Armenians had come to dinner, and they did full justice to it. The rest of the guests were more circumspect, or had smaller appetites. The amount of bread they consumed was astounding.

The Pers[illegible] was the guest of ho[illegible], with Hadji Rassim Effendi opposite. The hadji was an orthodox Turk of the old school. Fuad Pasha was the same, but he was in some ways not so strict in his observances, so he took wine. As the first hunger passed, the wine began to loosen tongues, and one would have imagined oneself in a new Babel. Jests and couplets were made and toasts passed back and forth in all the thirteen languages spoken.

The dinner lasted nearly three hours. The dessert consisted of a great plum pudding covered with blazing rum and several fine mince pies. The Turks seemed to have an instinctive fear of a pudding blazing with Satanic blue lights, and took mince pie or fruits. As so much of the Turkish cookery is based on minced meats the Turks thought the mince pies were safe. The Greeks and Armenians managed both pie and fruits, and ate with a "good coming appetite" everything offered them. Then came coffee and cigars, and the ladies went back upstairs.

Mr. Laffan-Hanly had his cue to bring the gentlemen all up as soon as he could, so that they might have some Christmas games. They had become a little more sociable among themselves, but as soon as they were back among the women the different elements separated again into their component parts, and it was desperate work to get them interested in snapdragon. The Turks seemed to fear the flames of alcohol, and would not even try to pull out the plums.

Finally one of the Greeks sang one of the native seesaw caterwauling songs, and after that the games were given up in favor of an impromptu dance. The Persian and the Turks looked on gravely while the rest danced. They maintained their impassible gravity until Hadji Rassim Effendi signified that he wanted to go home. He had, secure in his belief of the innocence of the pie, eaten three big pieces. And the crust was shortened with the fat of the "unutterable flesh!"

His departure broke up the party. Not one of them had understood anything of the object lesson on an English Christmas, in spite of all the languages spoken.

The poor hostess' hair turned white that night, and next week her husband's newspaper type was distributed in the Bosporus. Hadji Rassim was the press censor.

PALACE OF THE SULTAN, CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE BUG AND THE FLY

Mister Antonius Andrew Bug
Most lovingly did sigh;
For to his heart he longed to hug
Sweet Miss Sophronia Fly.

He bowed and scraped; rubbed his nose
Advancing all the while;
Then gazing on her tender toes,
He winked with vicious smile.

"Oh Pshaw! you are too prim;
Your mother is not wise;
She surely sees how pale you are
For want of exercise.

Just come and take a little walk
Upon the terrace green;
You're not obliged to tell your ma
With whom and where you've been."

"Stand farther off or I'll report
You to the Fly police,
Then in a snap you'll stand before
A justice of the peace."

Antonius Andrew Bug waxed wroth
He turned from green to blue,
Sophronia took the peril in
And on his back she flew.

"Ah, ha," said she, "we'll take a ride
Upon the terrace green,
And I can tell my mother now
With whom and where I've been."

"Get off, I say, you old shoo-fly,
You're just the weight of lead."
Mercy, Mercy!" cried poor Bug,
"I cannot breathe, I'm dead."

CHRIST AND JUDAS

As the Christ-Child played one day with His little companions, they shaped from the clay, on the river's brink, tiny sparrows, and set them around the pools, left by the rain, as if they were drinking.

The Little Christ exclaimed: "See how prettily they drink! Now shall I make them sing and fly away?"

"Nay," answered the boy Judas with a frown, "that Thou canst not do. They are naught but clay."

But Our Lord said: "Fly, fly little sparrows! and while ye live remember Me." And the birds spread their wings and flew, singing into the sunshine.

Then Judas smote our Lord, and said: "Thou art a sorcerer! My mother oft hath told me, and warned me not to play with Thee, and I will do so no more."

But the Child gazed at him sadly, and said: "Ah, Judas! thou hast struck My side, and that is where the spear shall pierce Me when I die."

But the other children wondered, and some loved, and some feared, and some played no more with him.

And it is told to this day how a sparrow tried to loose the nail that pierced its Lord's right hand when, thirty years after, He hung dying on the Cross' tree.

"Good day, Miss Fly," said gallant bug,
"Yourself I'm glad to see;
Suppose we have a little chat
And then a cup of tea."

"I thank you, sir," she curtly said,
"I left some friends at home,
And mother thinks it is not well
For me so late to roam."

"Excuse me, sir," Sophronia said;
"I really cannot stay."
Then up she raised her silky wings
As if she'd fly away.

She lifted up her big black eyes
And said to him, "How dare
You, Andrew Bug, to make so free
And come to me so near?

"Get off my back, you ugly brute,"
Antonious cried aloud,
You are the boldest, fussiest thing
In all the flying crowd."

To shake her off with might and main
In vain did Andrew try,
The more he shook the firmer sat
Pert Miss Sophronia Fly.

When fly was fully satisfied,
She flew into a tree,
And sang to Bug: "You lost your treat;
You will not feast on me."

Poor Andrew gave one wistful look,
Then turned upon his side,
He could not brook the great defeat,
He breathed his last and died.

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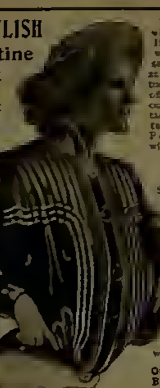

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When making cake always warm the basin before mixing the ingredients—it makes it as light again.

If when cleaning silver you moisten the powder with methylated spirit, instead of water, it will clean easier and not tarnish so quickly.

Frying pans, if black inside, should be cleaned with a crust of bread and washed with hot soda and water.

If a few drops of vinegar be added to the water in which eggs are poached they will set more quickly and perfectly.

When cleaning knives mix a tiny bit of carbonate of soda with the bath-brick on the knife board, and they will polish more easily.

Black lace can be cleaned and freshened by washing it in cold coffee, dry away from the fire, and, when nearly dry, iron with a cool iron, on the wrong side, on two thicknesses of flannel.

To try if eggs are fresh place them in a basin of water. If fresh they will sink; but if not fresh they will become more or less sunken, and if quite stale they will float on top of the water.

Warts may be cured by rubbing them three or four times a day with a potato. Cut of the end and rub the wart with the freshly cut part. A slice must be cut off after each rubbing.

The bolster roll has taken the place of the large pillows with shams. It is covered with the same material as the spread, which matches either the draperies of the room or the wall finish.

White wall paper in stripes and moire effects are in high favor for bedrooms.

When selecting hangings a good plan to follow is to choose plain ones when the walls have figured paper and with plain walls the hangings should be of figured material.

The white ivory keys of a piano should never be cleaned with water, which discolores them. Instead, they should be rubbed over with a soft flannel or piece of silk dipped in oxigenized water, which can be obtained at all chemists, and when the notes are stained or greasy use methylated spirits, gin or diluted whisky.

The toughest fowl can be made eatable, if put in cold water—plenty of it and cooked very slowly from five to six hours.

The addition of a tablespoonful of cream to brown gravy makes it deliciously rich. It is also a desirable ingredient in beef tea.

The water in which rice is boiled is too valuable to be thrown out. Add tomatoes to it and make a soup for the next day's luncheon or dinner.

Water for boiling fish should always be at the boiling point before the fish is put in. Salt and a few teaspoonfuls of vinegar should also have been added.

To broil salt codfish soak the fish to remove the salt, dry with a cloth, broil over a clear fire for ten or fifteen minutes. When cooked pour melted butter over it and serve hot.

Better than baking the pie crust inside the tins and pricking to prevent puffing, is to turn the tin upside down, fold the crust over it and bake thus. Turn the crust upon an earthen plate and fill with lemon or any soft filling desired.

Cover a soiled white felt hat with a cake of magnesia and let it remain in that condition over night. Unless the case is an extreme one, the grime will go with the magnesia when it is brushed off. Pulverized French chalk left for several hours over a blemish made by milk on a wool fabric will usually restore the cloth to its original color. If the stain is not a stubborn one it will yield to a sponging in diluted alcohol.

To remove mildew, mix lemon juice with salt, powdered starch and soft soap. Apply with a brush, and lay in the sun, or you may rub soap on the spots, scrape chalk on them, moisten and lay in the sun.

To wash a lace collar, first sew the lace with long stitches upon a double thickness of white flannel, plunge into warm soapsuds and wash, then rinse in clear water, to which a little borax and blueing have been added. Gently squeeze in the hand, place between dry flannel and press till dry with a hot iron.

To prevent the fringe of towels and doilies from breaking and wearing off snap the article when the fringe is damp.

If a garment is badly scorched in ironing lay it in the brightest sunshine you can find, and unless the fabric is burned the stain will all come out.

Dry colored cambrics indoors and if possible in a darkened room, for nothing is more likely to bleach colored cotton than strong light upon it while it is wet.

Old stains may be removed from white goods by soaking the article in a weak solution of chloride of lime, a tablespoonful of lime to eight quarts of water.

When washing sateen or any cotton fabric with a satin finish put a little borax in the last rinsing water. This will cause the material to be glossy when ironed.

When washing muslin curtains always rinse them in alum water, which does not spoil their color and renders them non inflamable. Allow two ounces of alum to a gallon of water.

When it is necessary to wring clothes out of very hot water, instead of scalding the hands, as may easily happen, lift the cloth from the water with a fork into a vegetable or fruit press and squeeze out the water.

White veils may be nicely cleaned by soaking for half an hour in a solution of ivory or castile soap. Then press between the hands until clean. Rinse in clear water. Make a cupful of very weak starch or gumarabic water, soak the veil in it a few moments, then clap in the hands until nearly dry. Spread a towel over a pillow and pin the lace in each point smoothly over it, letting it remain until perfectly dry.

If you find scratches on the woodwork made by matches, rub quickly with a slice of lemon, then with whiting, and last of all with a cloth wrung out in soapy water.

Gloves that have been wet should be allowed to dry in a cool room. When they are dry, the pliability may be restored by massaging them with olive oil.

It is little known that silk may be cleaned by sponging the soiled parts in the water that potatoes have been boiled in.

To clean oil paintings, take a raw potato and rub it with the addition of a very little water, over the painting until it begins to lather. Wipe this off with a soft, wet sponge. Continue this until the paintings look clean. Change the potato if necessary, then wash with tepid water and wipe perfectly dry with a soft silk rag.

China that has borders and decorations of gold should be washed in hot water without soap. The mildest soaps will in time dull the gilt and wear it away.

Occasionally when colored articles of silk, cotton or wool have been cleaned their color requires to be made deeper. At other time it may be desirable to change the color altogether. Any color on re-dyeing will take a darker tint than at first. It is generally necessary to take out the color in the stuff if it is to be dyed another color. Most colors can be faded out by boiling the articles in water with a small quantity of spirits of salts in it. White silk and cotton goods can be dyed almost any color, but as cotton, silk and wool all take dye differently it is almost impossible to re-dye any fabric or mixed stuff any color except a very dark one. It is better in most cases to first steep the article in a solution of alum and water before dyeing. Remember always when dyeing gloves to sew up the tops to prevent the dust from getting in.

⁂

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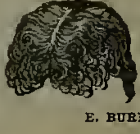

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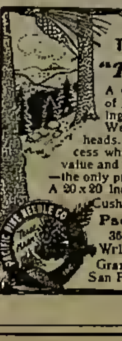

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MOUNT MELLICK EMBROIDERY — By Mrs. Shepard Oliver

The origin of the above style of embroidery is not authentically known, but it is generally credited to the Nuns of Mt. Carmel, Ireland. Originally it was a very crude sort of work, done with common knitting yarn, and with a meager variety of stitches. To-day the work is amongst the most decorative of modern embroideries, and no material is considered too rich to be decorated with Mount Mellick. In best taste, however, are the cushion and table covers of unfinished linens in natural colors or fancy dyes, embroidered with white or self-tones with rope silk. In this connection I show a lovely design for table cover. There should be a deep hemstitched hem, then the border, and above it another row of double drawn work. The border may be in white or a line of color. Thus if the cloth be an old rose, the border can be worked out with three or four shades of old rose, an ecru background, and a range of tan shades are also lovely. I have used the border without the corners for a front decoration of piano scarf surah silk, white rope silk and gold in white and gold, using cream white thread combined, the effect is lovely. The stitches are very simple.

FIGURE 25 M.

FIGURE 18 M.

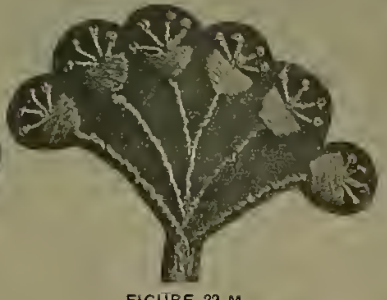


FIGURE 22 M.

FIGURE 24 M.

FIGURE 28 M.

FIGURE 19 M.

FIGURE 23 M.

FIGURE 27 M.

FIGURE 26 M.

FIGURE 20 M. FIGURE 11 M.

FIGURE 21 M.

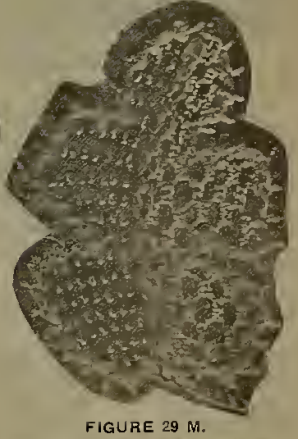


FIGURE 29 M.

Mount Mellick Centerpiece

NO. 833M.

This wreath of acorns and leaves is very graceful. The material on which it is worked is a rich, red linen. It is therefore adapted to a variety of uses where a white centerpiece would be too delicate. The edge is finished in scalloped buttonholing with C. C. Co. Mount Mellick Embroidery Silk, size FF.

An examination of the design shows that each cluster of acorns is worked differently. In one the cup is filled in solid with French knots as shown by Fig. 11M, the nut being outlined and filled in with cross bars and French knots. In Fig 12 shows the same method with the exception of the French knots. In Fig. 13M the method of working is reversed, French knots being used for the nut and the cup outlined and filled with chain stitch.

The rest of the acorns show couching substituted for the French knots. These acorns are reproduced actual size, and the stitches can be easily followed.

Several different ways are shown of working the flower sprays, which are woven into the wreath. Of course it is not necessary to use so many stitches, unless one desires, but the variety will be found to make a very effective centerpiece.

The leaves may be worked in one of several ways. Figure 24M shows stitches which are commonly used in embroidery. The edge is worked in long and short stitch and the veins in brier stitch. In Fig. 26M the edge of the leaf is worked in buttonhole stitch, the center vein in Cable Plait stitch, and the sides filled with fancy stitches. Fig. 25M shows the Cable Plait stitch used for the edge, Cable stitch for the center vein, and Honey comb and other fancy stitches used for filling in.

In Fig. 27M the edge is worked in Cording stitch, the center vein Feather stitch, and the small veins in Brier stitch. The edge of leaf shown by Fig. 28M is outlined and a row of French knots worked along inner edge.

The center vein is worked in Cable Plait and the others in Outline stitch. Another method of working is shown in Fig. 29M. The edge is worked in Snail Trail stitch, the center vein in Cable stitch, and Darning and Point de Venise lace stitch are used for filling in. These are only suggestions as to different methods of working. It is not necessary to use more than three or four patterns. Different stitches may be used throughout the designs for stems, such as Chain, Cable Plait, Cording, Cable and Outline. It is very important that these stitches are thoroughly mastered before commencing a piece as elaborate as this. Much of the beauty of Mount Mellick embroidery depends on the perfect accuracy with which the work is done.

FIGURE 16 M.

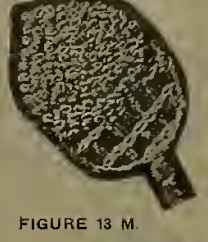


FIGURE 13 M.

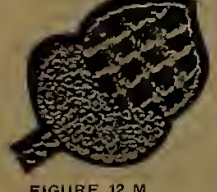


FIGURE 12 M.

FIGURE 17 M.

MOUNT MELLICK CENTERPIECE, NO. 833 M.

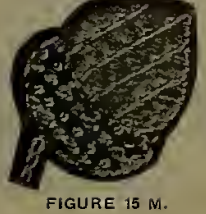


FIGURE 15 M.

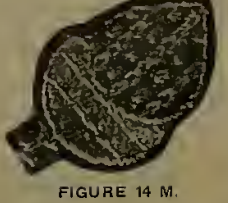
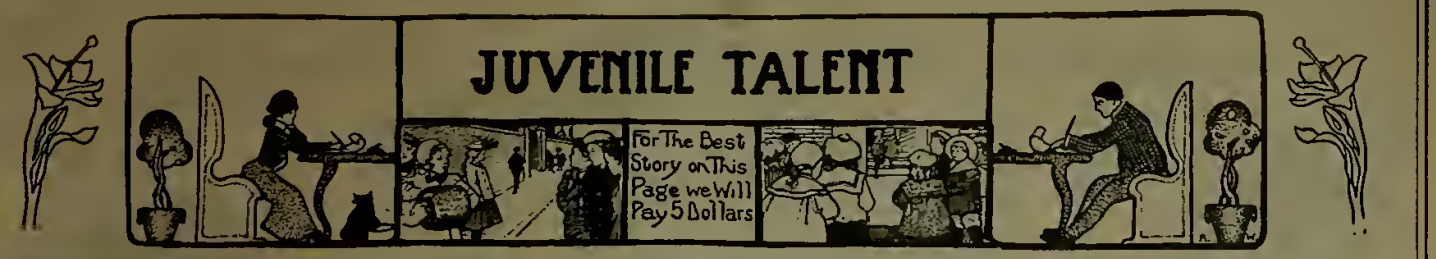


FIGURE 14 M.



A GHOST STORY

BY BESSIE OWEN.

I was riding along wondering where those old horses could have taken it into their heads to go. I had spent the whole day searching for them, and as yet had not found them. I suddenly realized that it was raining hard, and there I was out on the plain more than twenty miles from camp.

After riding about a half hour in the rain I saw a house at the foot of a small bluff not far distant. It did not look very inviting, but I resolved to seek admission. As I knocked at the door it seemed as if I could hear unearthly sounds, and an ominous looking scorpion came out of a crack in the wall and disappeared around the corner. At length I heard a creeping sound from within, and directly the door was opened by a little, old dried-up woman, who looked more like some unearthly being than a mortal. She looked me over for a few moments to see if I looked dangerous, but finally said I could stay there for the night.

She showed me in and pointing to a meditative object sitting in an arm chair, said: "That's John, me husband." She busied herself about the table and presently said: "John, go and get some bread!" Thus commanded, John immediately disappeared into the rear of the house, but soon came hobbling back with bread.

After a scant supper he told of how he wanted to go to some town and live, but his wife had rather live out there. She said one wasted too much money in town. We talked on for a while, and presently she said: "Well, I reckon it is bedtime, don't you, John?" John replied, "I 'lows 'tain't fur from it, Mary Ann." She then conducted me to a little, hot, squeaky room, which had only one window.

I went to bed and tried hard to sleep, but, alas! such a thing seemed out of my power in those quarters, and on that straw mattress. I lay there a long time, thinking of when I was a boy, when Sarah and I played together.

At about midnight I would judge I heard a faint buzz, and when I looked about me, I saw a shadowy form floating in the air. It gradually came closer to me and I tried to move, but I could not. It came nearer and nearer and soon a cold and skinny hand was placed upon my forehead and two demoniac eyes looked into mine. I gave one violent scream, and clutched it around the neck. The next thing I knew, I was standing in the middle of the floor, grasping with all my might, a dead mosquito.

HE EARNED HIS SKATES

BY GERTRUOE MAINE.

"Oh, mamma, may I have a pair of skates? Please say I may," cried Howard Grey, as he came home from school one day last winter.

"I am sorry, Howard," said his mother, "but you know we haven't the money to spare now, so I shall have to say no."

Howard sat very still on the stool that he had drawn up by his mother's feet when he first came in. At last he said: "May I earn them if I can earn the money to buy them with?" "Why, yes, dear; of course you may," said his mother.

"I'll have them, then," said Howard, determinedly.

Then he went out of the house and did not come in again till nearly dark. When he did come, he put a quarter into his mother's hand and said: "There's so much toward my skates already. I earned that by carrying some things that had just come into the store."

Howard filled Mr. Banks' big wood-box every night, and when he got home he gave Howard a quarter.

The next week he earned another quarter by getting up an hour earlier every morning and building a fire in the school.

One dollar was the price of the skates that he wanted, and as he had seventy-five cents now he still had twenty-five cents to earn.

One day, however as he was "hanging around" Mr. Banks' store after school was let out for the day, he heard him say to a customer, I'd give a quarter to know what Howard Grey is hanging around trying to earn some money for; he has asked me a dozen times if I wanted him to help me Then Howard stepped up and said, "I'll tell you what; I'm trying to earn enough money to buy a pair of skates, and when I get another quarter I'll have enough. I'll take the quarter, please, because you know, now."

The storekeeper laughed, but didn't seem inclined to give Howard the money, but his customer, knowing that Mr. Banks was able to afford it, said: "The boy caught you, Banks. Better give him a quarter."

And Mr. Banks, fearing to displease the man, as he was one of his regular customers, threw a quarter across the counter, and Howard went off laughing.

Howard bought his skates, and learned to use them, too. He became the best skater in town, and maybe some time I'll tell of a race he won.

HOW FRANK WON

BY WILLIE LESTER.

A prize of $100, to be used for educational purposes, was offered in a school for boys. Among the contestants was a boy of seventeen, named Frank Harlow. He did not succeed in winning the prize, and a day or two later one of his schoolmates, named Harry Murks, said to him.

"Didn't get the prize, did you, Frank?"

"No, I did not," replied Frank, cheerfully.

"Feel kind o' cut over it, don't you?"

"No; not particularly,"

"Well, I'd hate to make as hard a fight as you did to win that prize, and then fail."

"I don't think that I have failed, Harry.

"Well, I'd like to know why you haven't failed! Didn't George Dayton win the prize?"

"Yes, I know he won the money; but I won just as much as George in that which comes from hard study. But you know, Harry, if you'll excuse me for saying it, your failure has been most marked."

"My failure! Why, what do you mean? I didn't go in for the prize at all. I made no attempt to win it."

"I know it," replied Frank; and then added: "They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

"Oh! I see what you mean," said Harry, rather soberly, "I suppose there is something in that."

"There is a good deal in it," replied Frank. "It is so true that not one of the eighteen boys who competed for the prize may be said to have failed. All of us won the prize that comes from honest effort. It was a pretty big prize for most of us. I thought at first that I would not compete for the prize, for I felt quite confident that some of the other boys were so much farther advanced than I was that I had very little chance of winning in the contest. One day I came across this verse:

"'Straight from our mighty bow this truth is driven:
'They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.'

"'That's a fact,' I said to myself, and I went straight to work and did my very best."

"You stood next to George Dayton at the examination, too," said Harry. "No, Frank, you did not fail after all."

Harry was right. How could Frank fail to be a winner, after the honest effort he had put forth?

A BLACK BOY'S HEART

BY JOSEPH OSTERMAN.

There are the prettiest pair of ponies ever exhibited at the State fair, and their groom was only a colored boy, who ran by their side as they went round and round the ring, obeying every word or motion of his.

"What is their price?" asked a horse dealer, for it was well known that they were for sale.

"Five hundred dollars," said Cato.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the horse-dealer, "I'll give $300 cash."

Cato shook his head and turned away for another offer; but, though everyone admired them, no one wanted to buy them.

"There," said the horsedealer, 'you see no one wants them. Tell me who owns them. He will be glad to take my offer."

"Dey 'longs to my young misses, an' she ain't gwine to sell 'cept she gits $500 for 'em," said Cato.

"Humph!" said the horsedealer. "A young girl owns them, does she? Well, if you will swear that one of them went lame I'll give you $50. You never had so much money in your life; did you, now?"

Cato gave such a start that the ponies started, too. Then, looking up, he said:

"Reckon yer t'ink dat 'cause de Lord done give Cato a black skin, he gave him a black heart, too. 'Tain't so, an' he ain't gwine blacken it dat way, nuther."

"Cato," said a gentleman standing by, who had overheard the conversation, "why does your young mistress want to sell her ponies?"

"De plantation, it bound to be sold nex' week," he said, "if me an' Miss Helen can't raise de money. Marser, he got all but $500, an' he took sick an' de barn burn down. Dat's how come Miss Helen sell de ponies.'

"Well," said the gentleman, "you take them back and tell her they are sold for $500. My man will go up with you and take the money. Tell her I am going to Europe for a year and will consider it a favor if she would use them while I am away. If she can buy them back when I return I shall be very glad to sell them to her."

"Ef Cato ever kin serve you, sir, he jes' boun'ter to do dat t'ing."

"You have done it already, Cato."

"What, sah? I ain't never seen you befo'."

True; but you have given me an opportunity to help another in trouble. You gave it to me just now when I overheard you refuse to blacken your heart for that man's money."

Etiquette of Weddings

We all know what a state of excitement a house is thrown into by the anticipation of a wedding.

Mamma is busy giving a hundred-and-one orders to the tradespeople; the bride is closeted with her dressmaker, or writing notes of thanks for wedding presents; grandmamma recalls reminiscences of the narrow-skirted dress in which she was married, and weeps over the extravagant notions of modern days. Papa, who has nothing whatever to do, grumbles more than any one, and says he shall be thankful when all the fuss and parade is over, and the house settled down into its comfortable ways. Wedding presents are coming all day, and there are constant little notes to be written. The house is infested with callers, and every one comes with the same questions: "What will she wear?" "Where is the wedding to take place?" "Who are the bridesmaids?" and where will they go for their honeymoon?"

In the midst of all this clatter and confusion the bridegroom is almost forgotten. He hardly ever gets a word with his intended, for she is constantly in the hands of the milliners, or saying good-by to friends. Everyone makes much of the bride, and the bridegroom's visits are looked upon somewhat in the light of an encumbrance. The bridegroom complains that he sees nothing of his bride, but the sisters tell him laughingly he need not grudge her to them now, for very soon he will be the first consideration, and all the rest of the world of but secondary importance.

PROPER SEASONS FOR WEDDINGS.

June and October are the favorite months for weddings. May is discarded, because it is supposed to be unlucky.

In every rank of society it is the bride who names the day. In old times the season of the wedding used to be governed to a certain extent by the place where the honeymoon was intended to be passed; but at present the honeymoon is generally governed by the season at which the wedding takes place. Honeymoons are growing shorter and shorter, and few people now have the leisure to take as extended a trip as used to be considered en regle.

THE TROUSSEAU.

The trousseau should be in accordance with the social position about to be occupied by the bride. The wife of a clerk will not need the elaborate toilette suitable to the lady of fashion, and the bride who is going out to India will need an entirely different outfit from that of the one who is going to settle down as the wife of a country clergyman. It is impossible, therefore, to give any precise rule which will meet every case, as a woman's dress is always dependent on the circumstances of her life.

It is unwise for a bride to have more dresses made up than are absolutely necessary, as fashions change so rapidly that unless a thing is worn at once it quickly loses its value. A good stock of dresses is requisite, however, and there should be mantles and bonnets to match all the toilettes. A bride is certain to want a good many evening dresses, as it is customary for all the friends of both parties to give entertainments in her honor directly she returns from her honeymoon. If the party is of sufficient importance, the bride should wear white the first time she goes to a house.

Very good under-linen is an economy in the long run, and attention to the fineness and neatness of her lingerie is one of the marks of a lady. All eccentricities in the way of colored silk underclothing, etc., should be eschewed, and the fineness of trimming and neatness of the work should constitute the chief beauty of this department of the trousseau. At least a dozen of each article should be provided. Handkerchiefs, gloves, corsets, hosiery—all have a place in the trousseau, and there are furs, and ulsters, and carriage wraps, theater-cloaks, and dinner dresses, and a hundred and one things a young lady finds she must buy once she sets about getting a trousseau.

The best way for a person of moderate means is to write out a list of all the things she thinks she needs, with the probable price of each; if the total sum is more than she can afford, she should draw her pen through what she can most easily do without. By this means she is able to calculate her expenses at starting, and is saved from laying out money on luxuries that she needs for necessaries.

In addition to buying her trousseau, the bride had at one time to furnish all the house linen. At present the bridegroom provides it, along with the furniture of the house, for the contrary custom is doubtless a survival of the time when a woman was a spinster in the most literal sense of the word, and the maiden brought the result of her labor to her new home as not the least important part of her dower.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Presents to the bride and bridegroom elect should be sent about a fortnight before the wedding, or at any rate not later than a week. Their exhibition forms such a prominent feature of modern weddings, that it is more than ever necessary that they should arrive in good time.

A present should be in accordance with the position of the recipients. One would not present a Quakeress with a diamond necklace, or give a set of ice-plates to a couple who could not afford to give parties. There are, however, so many beautiful articles in the way of silver and glass to be bought nowadays, that the difficulty rather lies in the abundance of choice than in the reverse.

In one particular etiquette has much improved. Once on a time a wedding present used necessarily to imply something ornamental, and if you were to inquire the origin of all the useless objects in a house, you invariably discover they were bridal gifts. At present we have changed all that, and an ornamental chair or afternoon teatable is quite within the region of practical politics. It would not be correct to make a present of this kind to a person who was greatly your superior in wealth or social position, but to your equal you may perfectly well give something useful, with the certainty that it will be welcome and appreciated.

A still more utilitarian fashion is that of the bestowal of checks, but we cannot commend it except in the case of a near relation or an old and intimate friend. There is no doubt that money is the most welcome of all things, and that when people are going to be married they are only too thankful to have plenty of it in hand; but when a slight acquaintance presents a beautiful young bride with a check, one feels that he would have treated her more courteously had he taken the trouble to select a gift in accordance with her tastes.

The question of duplicates is one of the worst features of a haphazard system of bestowing gifts. It is very difficult to see how the difficulty is to be combated, unless we were to adopt the fashion of the bride, who calmly wrote out a list of things she would like, and scratched each article through as it was presented to her. Surprise is half the secret of pleasure, so that the young lady referred to would lose half the delight which she might have experienced from her gifts; still, nobody likes a disagreeable surprise, and it is not possible to welcome the sixth cruet stand with anything like the same enthusiasm with which we welcomed the first.

Some donors try to solve the Gordian knot by asking the bride-elect to name something she would like. It is manifestly unfair to place any one in the unpleasant position of choosing a gift for themselves without the least idea of what the giver wishes to spend. It would be allowable for a very old friend to say, "I thought of giving you a tea-set, my dear, but I do not know if you would prefer something else?" but the more delicate way would be to commission the bride's sisters to find out what presents would be the most welcome to her.

(To be continued in next number.)

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if you decide not to buy, simply return the article to us at our expense. Whether you buy or not, we pay all express and other charges—you pay nothing, neither do you assume any risk or obligation whatever. We submit our goods on their merits, with absolute confidence that their quality, low price and our easy terms of payment will command your favor. We ask but one opportunity for adding your name to the largest list of pleased customers with which a Diamond house was ever honored.

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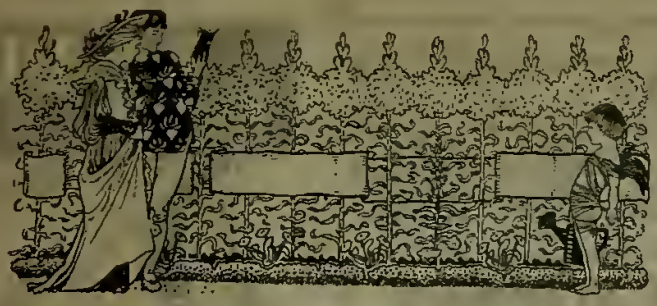

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Questions and Answers

Mrs. T.: My height is only 5 feet 5 inches and I weigh over 200 pounds Please give me full instructions as to diet.

If you are in good health, try this Take two slices of dry toast at breakfast, with all the fruit you can eat, and one small cup of weak tea. At the middle meal of the day take the same. At night take two small lamb chops, one dish of some kind of vegetable and one cup of tea. You will not starve on this, and it will help you to get thin rapidly.

Mrs. Y.: I took your dietary for some mohths and lost quite a little flesh. Now give me your dietary for the second reduction month.

If eggs agree with you, live on poached eggs and toast. Take them three times a day, with a small cup of tea or coffee, and nothing else. If you can't stand eggs, take one chop at noon and one slice of toast.

Miss T.: I purchased an electric needle and am using it on my face with fine results. The hair disappears with each little jab of the needle.

Mrs. T.: I found that the pumice stone was all that I required for the removal of the superfluous hair from my lips. I scrubbed my lip with it and it is now perfectly smooth. The hair does not seem to return again.

Miss Y.: Give me a wrinkle paste. Try the pure oil of mutton tallow. Heat in a double boiler and add half the quantity of white vaseline. Into this beat enough sweet almond oil to make a paste. Beat with an egg beater until perfectly cold.

Miss G.: What is the best way to keep cold cream, and how can I perfume it?

Our grandmothers heated the cold cream and stirred clover leaves into it. You might use a little clover perfume. Egg shells, tied with ribbon and suspended at the side of the dresser, make a good receptacle for the cream.

Miss H.: Give me a hand whitener.

Take soap jelly and dissolve it in hot water. Add a handful of powdered oatmeal. Soak the hands in this and rinse with clear hot water.

Mrs. V. G. B.: I would like to have a good bust developer. What can you recommend? Which patent bust developer is best?

I have never personally seen any tried, so cannot say. If you want to develop the bust slowly you can do so with cocoa butter gently rubbed into the skin. Do not try to massage, but be content with applying the cocoa butter to the surface.

Miss H. G.: How shall I use the salve stick which you advise for superfluous hair?

Take the stick and heat it. Apply it to the afflicted portion. Let it get cold. Pull it off and it will bring the hairs with it.

Miss H.: Do you think powdered pumice would keep the hair off my arms?

It is difficult to tell. You might try it and see what it will do. Scrub the hair off with the pumice stone and wait. Sometimes it does not return. The constitution of the hair is different in different cases.

Miss T.: I am yellow, and there is no lightening up my face, try as I will.

Your complexion can be brightened if you eat fruit late at night, before going to bed. In the morning take a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda in hot water. Continue this for a month. Be sure the fruit is of a sort that agrees with you.

M. C.: I pulled the superfluous hairs off my lip, taking a little patch at a time. I then applied diluted ammonia, and was gratified to find that the hairs did not come back. I wonder how this would work on my arms, which are covered with soft down.

You could hardly pull the down off your arms, but you could apply the salve stick hot, and pull it off, taking the down with it. Then you could apply diluted ammonia, not hot enough to blister the skin.

D.: The hair on my arms is jet black and long, so that I am almost disfigured. What could you do in my case?

I should apply peroxide of hydrogen with ammonia, until the hairs were bleached so that they would not show so plainly. Then I would keep on with the applications until I had injured the roots of the hair, so it would die.

Miss T.: Is there anything that can be done for hard white lumps underneath the skin where there have been large pimples?

Apply hot water to the place to draw the substance to the surface. It must be pressed out.

Mrs. H.: What remedy would you advise for an obstinate case of pimples?

Obstinate pimples invariably come from within. You must eat the right kind of food and take the right kind of exercise, and pay strict attention to the laws of hygiene. A society woman troubled with pimples places herself upon liquid food for two weeks, with excellent results.

H.: How can I restore hair that is partly gray.

Often it is found that hair which is partly gray can be restored by rubbing a little oil into the roots. Take a small quantity, not over ten drops, and make it do for the entire head. Do not oil the hair, but only the roots.

W. F.—If you had a rough, red skin like mine, what would you do with it?

I would rub it every night with cold cream without glycerine in it. In the morning I would wash it with soap jelly and hot water. I would then rub a little skin food into it and use a little face powder. Meanwhile I would take a course of internal treatment for a bad skin.

Mrs. W.—How can I make a good face cream that will not be lumpy? I would like a peach cream.

You probably mean a pinkish cream that will slightly tint the skin. Take of pure mutton tallow about half a cup and melt it in a double boiler. Add a teaspoonful of glycerine if your complexion will stand glycerine. Add half a cup of almond oil and six drops of good perfume. Tint with fruit juice.

Mrs. Y.—What do you consider a good flesh reducing food? I have tried all sorts of things but my weight continues to increase.

An English physician has placed six of his stout patients upon a vegetarian diet. He allows them to drink one glass of water a day. The remainder of the time they must eat fruit which contains a sufficient amount of water to nourish the body.

Miss X.—A friend of mine has taken off fifteen pounds by following your reduction treatment. I would like to do the same but I cannot walk, as my feet hurt me. What would you tell me to do?

I would advise you to get your feet in good walking condition. Then walk. It is impossible that you cannot have your feet made so they can answer all ordinary walking purposes.

X.—How can I take superfluous hair off my face? It is the trouble of my life, my only real grief.

Hair can be taken off the face in one of several ways. The best is the electric needle, which you can, of course, apply yourself, if you do not want to go to a physician for the purpose. It is not at all difficult.

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Modern Etiquette for Ladies

INTRODUCTIONS.

Never introduce people to one another unless you feel quite sure it will be agreeable to both parties. Take care to catch the attention of both the people you are about to present to one another, or you will make one or the other look awkward.

You are not obliged to introduce visitors to one another on your afternoon At Home days, because it is a perfect accident that they happen to be there at the same time. But you are bound to introduce your guests to one another at a dinner-party, because you have invited them to meet one another.

Always introduce the unmarried lady to the married one, and the inferior to the superior in rank. Never, on any account, commit the horrible blunder of introducing a lady to a gentleman. The gentleman is presented to the lady even when the rank of the former is higher, because ladies always take precedence of gentlemen.

If you are walking with a friend and meet some one you know, you are by no means bound to introduce them to one another. Ladies are not obliged to consider their ball-partners as acquaintances, but may bow or not, on their next meeting, just as they please.

Letters of introduction should only be given to introduce the bearer to one of your very intimate friends. You put yourself under a very great obligation to the person whom you request to show civility or kindness to a stranger, and if the result is unsuccessful, you are liable to offend both.

Should you have a letter of introduction given to you, it is proper to send it, enclosing your card, at the same time. If the receiver of the letter is well-bred, she will call upon you the next day, and you may then return the visit. She ought to invite you to her house, if possible, or show you any other attention in her power.

A letter of introduction is always given unsealed. You should request your friend to fasten it previous to delivering it, which is virtually giving her permission to read it first.

NOTES OF INVITATION.

A vast difference exists between the present and past system of issuing invitations for a dance. In old times the angularly written, gilt-edged missive humbly requested the pleasure of your company, nor did it even venture on so great a liberty unprefaced by the presentation of compliments. At present the printed card merely mentions that Mrs. So-and-So is At Home on such a day, the magic word "dancing" appearing in one corner to indicate the nature of the entertainment. The insertion of R. S. V. P. denotes the necessity for a speedy reply, and the name of the recipient (at the top of the card) is probably the only part of the affair in which the handwriting of the hostess makes its appearance. The invitation is answered with almost equal brevity. Compliments are never presented now, except by tradespeople, although an invitation is still generally alluded to as "kind." Mrs. Smith is pleased to accept, or regrets to decline, as the case may be, and that is the end of the matter. Some people say they are "obliged to decline," but it is a peculiarly ungracious form of speech. What is far more important than the words of the answer is that it should be despatched in good time. It is very inconsiderate to delay replying, as the hostess likes to be able to calculate on the number of guests she may expect.

An invitation to dinner is a social compliment, and as such it is necessary that it should be speedily acknowledged. We ask all the world to our big receptions and afternoon At Homes, but a dinner guest is a person whom we desire to honor, and whom we select with care from the mass of our acquaintance. A hostess has some little trouble in arranging a dinner-party—in settling the number of guests and inviting the people whom she thinks likely to suit one another; and nothing distresses her more than for some accident to happen at the last moment, so that she has an empty place at the table when the day arrives. For all of these reasons it is the duty of a guest to respond to an invitation at once, and, having once accepted, let nothing except the most serious reasons prevent his appearance.

There are two kinds of dinner invitations, just as there are two kinds of dinners—the formal and the informal. In the first instance you receive a card telling you that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So requests the pleasure of your company to dinner at such a date; in the second you receive a pleasant little note from your hostess, written in the first person, and asking you to come and dine at some very early date. The style of your answer is naturally dependent on that of your invitation. In one case you write in the third person: Mrs. Blank has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. Asterisk's kind invitation for such a date; and in the other you write a friendly note, accepting or declining, as the case may be.

Invitations to small evenings are almost invariably sent on large-sized cards, with the word music or dancing written at the righthand side of the lower half. In an invitation for a Cinderella dance, the word "Cinderella" would be inserted in place of "dancing;" the guests would then understand that the dance would terminate exactly at twelve o'clock.

Notes of invitation and reply are either written on correspondence cards or on small paper of good quality. Engraved cards are useful for invitations, and certainly save a good deal of trouble. At Home cards, with blank spaces to fill up, can now be bought at any stationers; but if the people are in the habit of entertaining much it is better to have the name of the hostess engraved at the top of the card.

Drawing-room meetings are becoming so common that it may be worth while to say a few words on the subject. The invitation is generally sent out on an engraved card, mentioning the subject on which the meeting is to be held and the names of the speakers.

It is not necessary to reply to an invitation for a drawing-room meeting, nor are you expected to call afterward. The lady in whose house the meeting takes place usually stands at the drawing room door and greets the guests as they enter, and if you come across her when you are leaving you can thank her for having given you the opportunity of being present at such an interesting meeting. But to call would be contrary to etiquette, and look as if you were trying to extend an acquaintance where none had been desired.

Without ladies society cannot exist. All invitations (with the exception of those for dinner parties) are, therefore, sent out in the name of the mistress of the house, it being taken for granted that the gentlemen will welcome his wife's guests, although his name does not figure in the invitation.

AFTERNOON PARTIES.

An afternoon party is distinguished from an ordinary At Home by the sending of a special invitation, stating the date. The invitation is written on an At Home card, with the hours at the left hand corner at the bottom, and the nature of the entertainment exactly opposite. The hours are generally three till seven, and the entertainment may be music, theatricals, or even dancing.

With regard to your toilette, it will be outdoor dress, only a little more handsome than for an ordinary visit. You will not be shown into a dressing room to take off your wraps, and so on no account take any superfluous impediments. Even if it is a dance, you must dance in your bonnet and boots, so be very careful that the former is secure and the latter of unimpediments. Even if it is a dance, must always be left in the hall, but a pretty sunshade is permissible in a drawing-room.

(To be continued in next number.)

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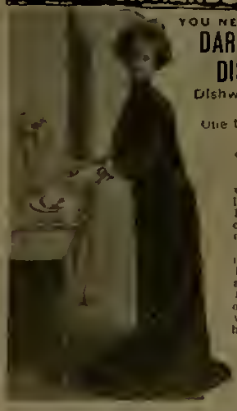

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Cream Candies for Christmas

BY MRS. E. M. LUCAS.

The foundation of cream candies is fondant, and once the intricacies of boiling the sugar is mastered, the variety of bon bons from this basis is almost limitless. The fondant can be prepared weeks in advance, and if closely covered and kept in a cold place it will stand unchanged for months.

Of course "practice makes perfect," and to insure perfection begin the practice in the right way.

Select, if possible, a bright, clear day for operations, as nothing is more easily affected by the atmosphere than sugar. It is best for the beginner to take but a small portion of sugar at a time, say one pound, in measurement one pint. Use granulated sugar. Place in a saucepan and if the weather is dry add a scant half pint of water; if the weather is damp use still less. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and boiling begins, then remove the spoon and in a few moments, with a clean cloth dipped in cold water, wash down the sides of the saucepan to remove any grains of sugar that have been thrown up in boiling. Cover the saucepan, and let cook about five minutes, then uncover. This process will tend to decrease, if not obviate entirely, the accumulation of sugar on the sides of the pan, which, if left, will cause granulation in the candy.

Now add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, being very careful not to stir or jar the syrup in any way.

After about ten minutes' cooking, dip a fork into the syrup, hold up the fork, and if, after most of the syrup has run back into the saucepan a long silk-like hair hangs from the fork, take up a little syrup in a spoon and drop it into a cup of cold water. If it can be gathered into a soft ball beneath the water it has boiled enough. Take the saucepan from the fire and stand in a cool place. The tests must be made rapidly, for the syrup passes very quickly from one degree to another, and if boiled a fraction of a minute too long, the work must be done over again. When the surface has a smooth, jelly-like aspect, and a dent, made with the finger, will remain on the top, begin to stir with a spoon. It will soon begin to look white and creamy, and will quickly get so stiff that it must be worked with the hands like bread dough. If it seems too crumbly at first, there is no cause for despair, but work and squeeze and press as quickly as possible, until the whole mass is smooth and soft, yet firm, like dough, then pack into a jar or bowl, and cover. Having made the first portion correctly, it will be a simple matter to cook as many pounds of sugar as wanted.

If the syrup has boiled too long or has been stirred or jarred, it will granulate. If due care be not exercised in washing down the particles of sugar from the saucepan, or the syrup be not cooked enough before working with a spoon, the fondant will be granular, and no amount of working will produce a soft, creamy state. To remedy this add a cup of boiling water and cook over again, with greater attention to details.

If the syrup has not been cooked enough it will not harden, but remain like thick cream. In this case add two tablespoons of water and repeat the whole process. When a few days before Christmas the candies are to be made up, have some flavorings, as a fresh, deep-skinned orange, a lemon, some unsweetened chocolate, nuts and coloring matter. Yellow coloring is made by boiling five cents worth of saffron in a half pint of water until reduced to a gill, then squeeze through muslin. There will be a very dark yellow liquid, of which one drop will color half a pound of candy a pale lemon tint.

* * *

For pink coloring have the druggist prepare one half ounce of powdered carmine, one half ounce of cream of tartar and one drachm of alum. Boil these in a gill of water for ten minutes, strain and bottle. One or two drops is sufficient for half a pound of candy according to the tint desired. But color all the candies a delicate tint.

* * *

For a green put a pint of washed spinach leaves in a saucepan, add three tablespoons of water; when it boils stir for a few minutes. Lay a piece of muslin over a cup, pour the spinach into the muslin and press out all the juice. A few drops will give a very pretty green tint that harmonizes with the pink in a charming manner.

* * *

Cocoanut Creams.—Take equal parts of dessicated cocoanut and fondant, says half a cup of each, add two drops of extract of vanilla and work and knead together until well mixed. Cut into small cubes and set aside on paraffine paper to harden for dipping. If the mixture seems a little too soft to cut into shapely cubes, add a very little powdered confectioners' sugar, just a dusting will be sufficient.

* * *

Orange Creams.—Grate the yellow rind of the orange on a plate, being careful to scrape every bit from the grater, add a speck of tartaric acid (what can be taken up on the end of a match), mix, put to it a teaspoon of orange juice and enough powdered sugar to make a stiff paste. Form into balls and place on the oiled paper.

Make lemon creams in the same manner, omitting the tartaric acid.

* * *

Raspberry Creams.—Take a piece of the boiled candy about the size of an egg and one teaspoon of raspberry jam, with a speck of tartaric acid; mix, add powdered sugar to stiffen and roll into balls, set aside for dipping.

To some of the white fondant add a few drops of vanilla and mix with broken nut meats, make into balls or squares. Now these are ready for dipping. Place some boiling water in the lower part of a double boiler, in the upper part place a piece of fondant, and with a fork mash and stir until it is softened to a thick cream. The stirring is obligatory, as if left untouched the fondant will melt to a clear syrup.

Bring the boiler to the table, have a piece of paraffine paper upon the right hand, at the left have the cocoanut creams. Drop one of these with the left hand into the melted fondant, take it up quickly with the right on a fork, give it a little shake and turn neatly into the paraffine paper. If the cube is left too long in the hot fondant it will melt, so the work must be done as rapidly as possible. If the fondant becomes too stiff before all are covered, set it on the stove for a moment, or add boiling water to the lower part of the saucepan. Now dip the cubes again, if wanted extra nice; they will then be a pure, glossy white.

If any melted fondant is left, add a drop or two of vanilla to it and drop in whole almond or walnut meats, or bits of crystallized fruits. When the fondant is used, melt some more, add a drop of the yellow coloring matter to produce a pale lemon tint and dip the lemon cream, dipping each bon bon twice. Make the melted fondant a little deeper in tint for the orange creams. Then wash the boiler, melt some more fondant and color it pink, and dip the raspberry creams. Some of the fondant can be flavored with rose extract, rolled in little balls and dipped in the pink color. Flavor a piece with mint or with pistachio extract, and dip in green colored melted fondant. Two drops each of lemon and vanilla extract and one drop of almond extract produces an excellent pistachio flavor. The nut creams can be dipped in any of the colored fondant, or dipped in melted chocolate. To prepare the chocolate melt a piece of fondant in weight about one-fourth of a pound, in this dissolve three oblong dvisions of sweetened chocolate, and dip as before. For vanilla cream chocolates flavor a piece of the fondant with vanilla and form into little cone-shaped bits, then dip twice in the melted chocolate.

* * *

For tutti frutti creams chop a few raisins, an equal amount of cocoanut, and the same amount of nuts. Mix with fondant, flavor with a drop or two of vanilla, cut in neat cubes, and dip in any colored melted fondant. Again the soft centers can be tinted various shades, then dipped in melted white or in chocolate fondant, and so suggestions may be multiplied, and the bon bon dish filled, which does duty all the year around, so universal is the 'sweet tooth" with Americans. For informal affairs its contents are now counted as indispensable; in fact, bon bons and delicate wafers with a cup of tea or a glass of lemonade often constitute the light refreshments for receptions and small evening affairs.

* * *

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WOMEN MANAGERS

Some of Them Do Nothing Properly.

BY MAUD ROBINSON.

"It's mostly a case of management in this world," remarked the wise woman.

"Of bad management, you mean," snapped the bachelor. His dinner had disagreed with him, and he felt pessimistic.

"Don't let an incompetent cook put you at odds with the whole sex. But, seriously, I am willing to admit part of your statement. There are lots of women in this world who are shockingly bad managers, and they ought to be ashamed of themselves."

"You might divide them into three classes—those who can't manage their personal affairs, those who can't manage their households, and those who can't manage other people," growled the bachelor.

"And not a bad idea," she agreed. "Take the first class, for instance. Who is not familiar with the woman who always dashes in at the last minute, who goes through life out of breath, keeping appointments by the skin of her teeth, so to speak? She never has time to brush her hair properly, to do her mending or to write her letters. And whose fault is it half the time? Her own. She does not manage properly. She dawdles over one thing to rush through a hundred as a consequence. And who has not met the woman whose wardrobe never 'fitses,' whose hats never match her gowns, and who always has something the matter with every dress she owns? She is the woman who spends recklessly on small things and never has any money for the large ones. Of course this sort of woman never keeps accounts, nor does she try to apportion her income in a sensible manner—that is, she may try for two or three days, but she never keeps it up."

"And the woman who can't manage her household? Aha!" chortled the bachelor.

"Yes; the woman who can't manage her own household. I agree with you in saying 'aha!' She is a wonder. The family eats partridge one day and pea soup the rest of the week. She economizes by shaving a dollar off the servants' wages. Result, a poor servant who throws away more in one week than a decent one would in a month, and as the poor servant has no art at fixing over things the family lives on roasts, steaks, and chops, while the remnants are thrown away and the bones ditto, while the soup they should furnish is bought in cans, and the bread and pastry are also purchased from a nearby expensive bakery."

"And the woman who can't manage others?"

"Why, she simply has not learned to deal with her own kind. People either walk over her and have no respect for her or else they quarrel with her all the time. And it is her own fault. There is a way of repelling familiarity, of avoiding the people we don't like and of attracting the people we do, of turning aside a quarrelsome disposition and meeting an insult in a dignified manner. And if a woman doesn't know how to do these things, she'd better learn. That's all."

* * *

"POEMS OF JOY."

A neat little volume entitled "Poems of Joy," by Alice Kingsbury Cooley, has just been published. Each poem is a gem, and possesses the true fire of genius. "Christmas Tide" breathes of peace and happiness when the Savior of mankind first smiled upon the world. "My Heart Sings Like a Bird" is a sweet song to Nature, and is written in a pleasant vein with a heart that tells of its own happiness. The book is very entertaining, and the lover of good poetry lays it down with a regret that there is not more. It is dedicated, in the words of the author, to "The sweet singer and kind, beautiful lady, Ina D. Coolbrith, with loving friendship."

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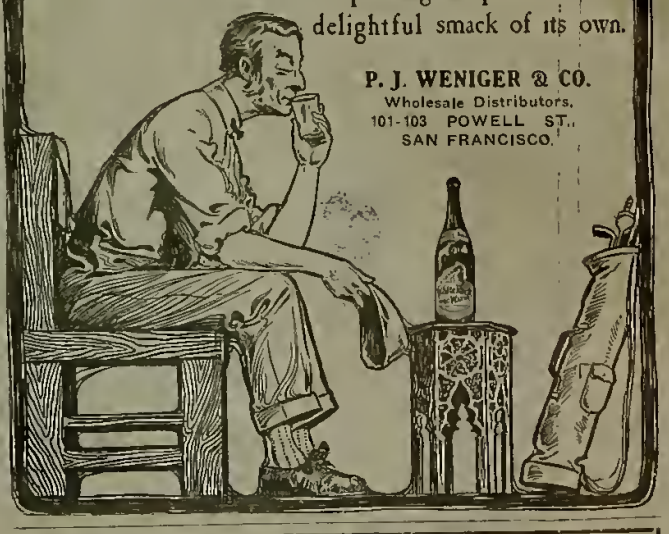

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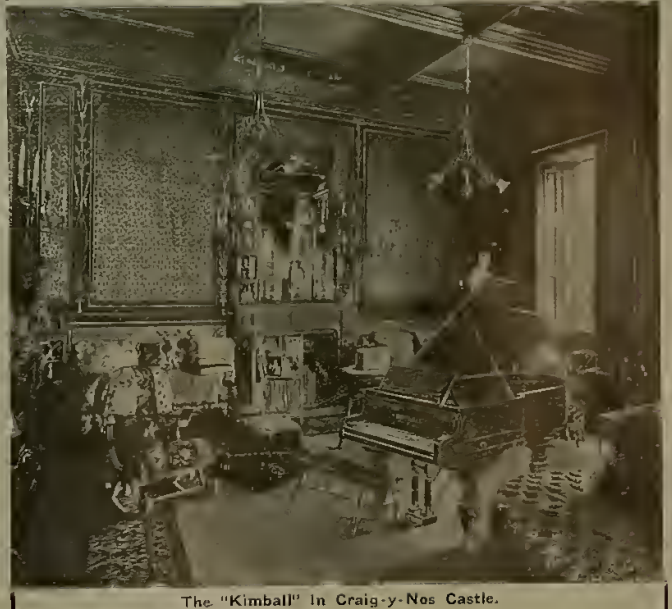

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Craig-y-Nos Castle, Ystradgynlais, R. S. O.
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Dear Mr. Kimball—It is with great pleasure that I write to acknowledge the safe arrival of the Kimball baby grand piano. It is indeed a beautiful piano, and has an exquisite tone. It has already been greatly admired by many connoisseurs, who are all united in pronouncing it a chef-d'oeuvre. With kind regards, believe me, yours truly,

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